

The Jaurus Dramaticus.

Containing all the Celebrated

PASSAGES, SOLILOQUIES,

SIMILIES, DESCRIPTIONS,

AND OTHER

Poetical Beauties

IN THE

Body of English PLAYS,

ANTIENT and MODERN,

Digested under Proper TOPICS;

WITH THE

Names of the PLAYS, and their AUTHORS,
referr'd to in the *Margin*.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Purissima Mella Stipant.

VIRG. Georg.

L O N D O N;

Printed by SAM. ARIS, for THOMAS BUTLER,
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THE
HISTORICAL COLLECTION
OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM
AND OTHER
PUBLISHED BY THE
MUSEUM
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THE
P R E F A C E.



THE following Sheets contain in them, a Collection of the Brightest Similes and Allusions; and other Beauties of the most Celebrated Writers of our Nation in the Dramatic Way. As the collecting them was an agreeable, tho' laborious Amusement, I hope the Reader, who has any Taste of this Kind of Poetry, may be delighted, and in some Measure instructed, when he shall have it in his Power, to observe at one View, what the greatest Poets, both Ancient and Modern, to this Time, have written on those Subjects.

I TOOK this Task upon my self at first purely out of Curiosity, and for my own Satisfaction, and without any Design of making it public: But, upon shewing it to a Friend, he advis'd me to publish it, as he said, for the Benefit of young Gentlemen, who might either occasionally improve some of those glorious Hints they will here meet with, or avoid running into that common Error of making Use of Similies, which have been worn thread-bare by a Succession of Authors, though poorly disguis'd, and barbarously maim'd at the same Time.

I HAVE ranged this Collection Alphabetically under all the Passions and Accidents of Life, or whatever may happen to the greatest, or other Mortals in lower Stations, and have omitted nothing that might contribute to make it the most complete and perfect Book of this Kind, that is now extant.

T H E

THE Authors who have formerly wrote on this Subject, have blended together all Kinds of Poetry; which has obliged them to be so much the more Voluminous, and yet defective in this Particular.

AS the following Sheets are confin'd within the Bounds of the Tragic Muse, they contain some Thousand Lines on that Subject, more than are to be met with in those Authors; towards which, several Tragedies, that have been acted since the Publication of those Volumes, have not a little contributed.

IT is agreed, I think, by all that understand our Language, that we have equall'd, if not surpass'd all other Nations in Dramatic Poetry; and that our Tragedies excel those of other Countries, both in Majesty of Style, and Variety of Incidents: And that this Part of the Drama is a Sort of Poetry peculiarly

adapted to the Martial Genius of the British Nation; the Thoughts of which at first induc'd me to this Undertaking, which I submit with the utmost Deference to the Candor of every impartial Reader.



THE



THE
NAMES
OF THE
PLAYS and AUTHORS,
Quoted in the following Books.

Plays.

Authors.

A.



MPHYTRION, or the Two Sofias	<i>Dryden</i>
Antony and Cleopatra	<i>Sedley</i>
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Shakespear</i>
Ambitious Stepmother	<i>Rowe</i>
Aurenzebe, or the Great Mogul	<i>Dryden</i>
All for Love, or the World well lost	<i>Ibid.</i>
Appius and Virginia	<i>Dennis</i>
Auglaura	<i>Suckling</i>
Alcibiades	<i>Otway</i>
Antiochus the Great, or Fatal Relapse	<i>Mrs. Wiseman</i>
Adventures of five Hours	<i>Tuke</i>
Abramule, or Love and Empire	<i>Trap</i>
Albovine, King of the Lombards	<i>Davenant</i>
All's well that ends well	<i>Shakespear</i>
Alphonso, King of Naples	<i>Powell</i>
As you like it	<i>Shakespear</i>
Albion and Albanus	<i>Dryden</i>
Atheist, or 2d Part of the Soldier's Fortune	<i>Otway</i>
	<i>BRENO-</i>

B.

B RENORALT, or the Discontented Colonel	<i>Suckling</i>
Bonduca	<i>Beaumont and Fletcher</i>
British Inchanters, or no Magic like Love	<i>Ld. Lansd.</i>
Brothers	<i>Shirley</i>
Belifarius	<i>Wm. Phillips</i>

C.

C ATO	<i>Addison</i>
Caius Marius	<i>Otway</i>
Conquest of Granada	<i>Dryden</i>
Cæsar Borgia	<i>Lee</i>
Cataline's Conspiracy	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>
Cleomenes, or the Spartan Hero	<i>Dryden</i>
Captain	<i>Beaumont and Fletcher</i>
Circe	<i>Dr. Davenant</i>
Coriolanus	<i>Shakespear</i>
Chances	<i>Duke of Buckingham</i>
Cynthia's Revels, or a Fountain of Self-love	<i>B. Johns.</i>
Cymbeline	<i>Shakespear</i>
Cheats	<i>Wilson</i>
Coxcomb	<i>Beaumont and Fletcher</i>
Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub	<i>Etheredge</i>
Custom of the Country	<i>Beaumont and Fletcher</i>
Constantine the Great	<i>Lee</i>

D.

D ON Sebastian, King of Portugal	<i>Dryden</i>
Duke of Lerma	<i>Howard</i>
Don Carlos, Prince of Spain	<i>Otway</i>
Duke of Guise	<i>Dryden and Lee</i>
Double Marriage	<i>Beaumont and Fletcher</i>
Disappointment, or Mother in Fashion	<i>Southerne</i>
Distress'd Mother	<i>Amb. Phillips</i>
Darius, King of Persia	<i>Crown</i>
Distress'd Innocence, or Princess of Persia	<i>Settle</i>

E.

E LFRID, or the Fair Inconstant	<i>Hill</i>
Earl of Warwick	

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Fair Penitent	<i>Rowe</i>
Fatal Vision, or the Fall of Siam	<i>Hill</i>
Fatal Mistake, or the Plot spoil'd	<i>Haynes</i>
Force of Friendship	<i>Johnson</i>
Fate of Capua	<i>Southerne</i>
Fair Captive	<i>Mrs. Haywood</i>

G.

G ENEROUS Conqueror	<i>Higsons</i>
Governor of Cyprus	<i>Oldmixon</i>
Greenwich Park	<i>Mountford</i>

H.

H EROIC LOVE	<i>Ld. Lansdowne</i>
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I.

I NDIAN Emperor, or the Conquest of Mexico	<i>Dryden</i>
Julius Cæsar	<i>Shakespear</i>
Iphigenia	<i>Dennis</i>
Jane Shore	<i>Rowe</i>
Indian Queen	<i>Dryden</i>
Jew of Venice	<i>Ld. Lansdowne</i>
Jane Gray	<i>Rowe</i>
Jealous Lovers	<i>Randolph</i>
Island Princess, or Generous Conqueror	<i>Motteux</i>
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Tate</i>
Italian Husband	<i>Ravenscroft</i>
Irene, or the Fair Greek	<i>Goring</i>

K.

K ING, and no King	<i>Beaumont and Fletcher</i>
King Lear	<i>Shakespear</i>
<i>Ibid.</i>	<i>Tate</i>
King Henry IV.	<i>Shakespear</i>
— Henry V.	<i>Ibid.</i>
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	<i>King</i>

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King Henry VI.	<i>Shakespeare</i>
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— John	<i>Ibid.</i>
— Richard II.	<i>Ibid.</i>
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<i>The same alter'd by</i>	<i>Cibber</i>
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— Edward III.	<i>Mountfort</i>
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L OYAL Brother, or Persian Prince	<i>Southerne</i>
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Lucius Junius Brutus, the Father of his Country	<i>Lee</i>
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Loyal General	<i>Tate</i>
Lover's Progress	<i>Beaumont and Fletcher</i>
Lying Lovers, or Ladies Friendship	<i>Steele</i>
Love and a Bottle	<i>Farquhar</i>
Love and Duty, or the Distress'd Bride	<i>Sturmy</i>
Love's Cruelty, or the Martial Maid	<i>Beaum. and Flet.</i>
Loyal Subject	<i>Ibid.</i>

M.

M ARRIAGE A-la-mode	<i>Dryden</i>
Mourning Bride	<i>Congreve</i>
Mithridates, King of Pontus	<i>Lee</i>
Mariamne	<i>Fenton</i>
Much-a-do about Nothing	<i>Shakespeare</i>
Macbeth	<i>Ibid.</i>
Massacre of Paris	<i>Lee</i>
Measure for Measure	<i>Shakespeare</i>
Missummer-Night's Dream	<i>Ibid.</i>
Merchant of Venice	<i>Ibid.</i>
Maid's Tragedy	<i>Beaumont and Fletcher</i>

N.

N ERO	<i>Lee</i>
Night-Walker, or little Thief	<i>Beaum. and Fletch.</i>
O. ORIHAN	

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O.

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Othello
Old Batchellor

Otway
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P.

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Phœdra and Hyppolitus
Pyrrhus, King of Epyrus
Perolla and Izadora
Princess of Cleves
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Hopkins
Cibber
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Q.

QUEEN of Corinth

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R.

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Rival Ladies
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Revenge
Rollo, Duke of Normandy
Rinaldo and Armida

Rowe
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Shakespear
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Younge
Beaumont and Fletcher
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S.

STATE of Innocence, or Fall of Man
Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen
Spanish Friar, or Double Discovery
Sophy
Sophonisba, or Hanibal's Overthrow
Slighted Maid
Siege of Damascus
Sea Voyage
She-Gallants
Sir Walter Raleigh
Spanish Curate
Successful Pyrate
—— Strangers

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Ibid.
Ibid.
Denham
Lee
Stapleton
Hughes
Beaumont and Fletcher
Ld. Lansdowne
Dr. Sewell
Beaumont and Fletcher
Johnson
Mountfort
Soldier's

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Soldier's Fortune
Siege of Rhodes

Otway
Davenant

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TAMERLANE

Rowe.

Tyrannic Love, or Royal Martyr

Dryden

Theodosius, or the Force of Love

Lee

Troilus and Cressida

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The same alter'd by

Dryden

Tempest, or Inchanted Island

Shakespear

The same alter'd by

Dryden

Twelfth Night, or, What you will

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Ibid.

The same alter'd by

Shadwell

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Shakespear

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U.

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Beaumont and Fletcher

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Unnatural Brother

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Ben Johnson

W.

WIFE for a Month

Beaumont and Fletcher

Winter's Tale

Shakespear



The saurus



The *thesaurus Dramaticus*.



ABSENCE.



BELIEVE me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia's*
Absence

Life hangs upon me, and becomes a
Burden;

And yet when I behold that charming
Maid,

I am ten times more undone, while Hope, and Fear,
And Grief, and Rage, and Love rise up at once,
And with Variety of Pain distract me. *Addison's Cato*.

OH! where now,

Where is my *Ethelinda* now? --- That dear One,
That gently used to breathe the Sounds of Peace,
Gentle as Dews descend, or Slumbers creep;
That us'd to brood o'er my tempestuous Soul,
And hush me to a Calm. *Rowe's Roy. Convert.*

Theſaurus Dramaticus.

It was not kind,
 To leave me, like a Turtle, here alone,
 To droop, and mourn the Abſence of my Mate.
 When thou art from me, ev'ry Place is deſart,
 And I, methinks, am ſavage and forlorn.
 Thy Preſence only 'tis can make me bleſſed,
 Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

Otway's Orph.

NIGHT muſt involve the World till ſhe appear;
 The Flowers in painted Meadows hang their Heads;
 The Birds awake not to their Morning Songs;
 Nor early Hinds renew their conſtant Labour:
 Ev'n Nature ſeems to ſlumber 'till her Call,
 Regardleſs of the Approach of any other Day.

Rowe's Ulyſſ.

WINDS murmur'd thro' the Leaves your ſhort
 Delay,
 And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your Stay;
 But with your Preſence chear'd, they ceaſe to mourn,
 And Walks wear freſher Green at your Return.

Dryd. St. Inn.

THE Joys of meeting pay the Pangs of Abſence;
 Elſe who could bear it?

When thy lov'd Sight ſhall bleſs my Eyes again,
 Then will I own, I ought not to complain,
 Since that one Hour is worth whole Years of Pain.

Rowe's Tam.

I CHARGE thee, loiter not, but haſte to bleſs me;
 Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage, I burn;
 For ev'ry tedious Minute how I mourn:
 Think how I call thee cruel for thy Stay,
 And break my Heart with Grief for thy unkind De-
 lay.

Rowe's Ulyſſ.

FLY

Theſaurus Dramaticus.

3

FLY ſwift, ye Hours, you meaſure Time for me
in vain,

Till you bring back *Leonidas* again.

Be ſwifter now, and to redeem that Wrong,

When he and I are met, be twice as long.

Dr. Mar. Alamode.

LOVE reckons Hours for Months, and Days for
Years;

And ev'ry little Abſence is an Age.

Dr. Amph.

THE tedious Hours move heavily away,

And each long Minute ſeems a lazy Day.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

OH Love! how ſwiftly thy Hours fly away

When we are bleſs'd? How tedious are thy Minutes

When cruel Abſence parts two longing Lovers?

Carrol's Perj. Husband.

OH! can you think that Death is half ſo dreadful,

As 'tis for me to live, and live without thee.

Smith's Phed. Hipp.

LIFE of it ſelf will go, now thou art gone;

Like Flies in Winter, when they loſe the Sun.

Dr. Cong. Granad.

SHE's gone, and I like my own Ghoul appear:

It is not living when ſhe is not here.

Ibid.

WITHOUT her Preſence all my Joys are vain;

Empire a Curſe, and Life it ſelf a Pain.

Ibid.

WITH thee to live is Paradife alone,

Without the Pleaſure of thy Sight is none. *Dr. St. Inp.*

WHAT ſhall I do? Oh, how alone am I!

I walk, methinks, as if half of me were loſt.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

MY Eyes are robb'd of what they lov'd to ſee;

My Ears of the dear Words they us'd to hear;

My longing Arms of the Embrace they covet.
 Forgive me, Heaven, if when I theſe enjoy,
 So perfect is the Happineſs I find,
 That my Soul ſatisfy'd, feels no Ambition
 To change theſe humble Roofs, and ſit above.

Roch. Valent.

OH! 'tis in vain to ſtruggle with Deſires,
 Strong as my Love to thee; For every Moment
 I'm from thy Sight, the Heart within my Boſom
 Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle,
 Whoſe Nurſe had left it: Come, and with the Songs
 Of gentle Love perſwade it to its Peace. *Ot. Ven. Pref.*

MOMENTS to abſent Lovers tedious grow:
 'Tis not how Time, but how the Mind does go.

Sed. Ant. Cleo.

LOVE's a high mettled Hawk, that beats the Air
 But ſoon grows weary when the Game's not near.

Dr. Sir Mart. Mar.

ABSENCE alone can make our Sorrows leſs;
 And not to ſee what we can ne'er redreſs.

Dr. Ind. Em.

MY Heart can Danger, but not Abſence bear:
 To love, 'tis Wax, but Adamant to fear.

Sed. Ant. and Cleo.

ADULTERY.

ALL Women will deny:
 What have we for your Truth, but your bare Words
 The ſubtle Path is trodden without Print;
 Not the leaſt Footſtep to be traced for Truth.

Lanf. Her. Lot.

THE Stain of Violation is upon thee,
The ruddy Spot fresh ardent on thy Face :
Thy Cheeks are burning with the Adulterer's Mark ;
His Print is on thy Lips ; thy melted Eyes
Yet glow with languish'd Luſtre. *Ibid.*

JUST reeking from my Arms ! O thou Adultereſs !
Whoſe Name, to mention, ſure, would rot my Lungs,
And bliſter up my Tongue ! Inſatiate *Scylla* !
Bark'ſt thou for more ? Then let the Furies ſeize thee,
Whoſe burning Luſt damns to the loweſt Hell,
Smokes to the Heavens, and ſullies all the Stars.
Had ſhe not fallen thus, Oh ! ten thouſand Worlds
Could ne'er have ballanced her ; for Heaven is in her,
And Joys which I muſt never dream of more.

Lee's Cæſ. Borg.

FOR I would chuſe to ſcramble at a Door ;
Make my loath'd Meals out of the common Basket,
With Dungeon Villains ; wallow in the Stews,
And get my Bread by poiſoning my firm Limbs ;
E'er paſs an Hour with her I have eſpouſed,
If but in Thought conſenting to another. *Ibid.*

AFFLICTION.

THE Sun, who with one Look ſurveys the Globe,
Sees not a Wretch like me : And could the World
Take a right Meaſure of my State within,
Mankind muſt either pity me, or ſcorn me.

Dr. Maid. Queen.

ALL Days to me henceforth are equal :
To Morrow, and the next, and each that follows,

Will undiſtinguiſh'd roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe.

Cong. M. Bride.

Oh, *Lucia, Lucia* ! might my big ſwollen Heart
Vent all its Griefs, and give a Loofe to Sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in Sighs, keep pace
With all thy Woe, and count out Tear for Tear.

Add. Cato.

AND where Misfortunes great and many are,
Life grows a Burden, and not worth our Care.

Dr. Cong. Granad.

BUT know, young Prince, that Valour ſoars above
What the World calls Misfortune and Affliction:
Theſe are not Ills, elſe they would never fall
On Heaven's firſt Fav'rites, and the beſt of Men.
The Gods in Bounty work up Storms above us,
That give Mankind occaſion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues which ſhun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth Seasons, and the Calms of Life.

Add. Cato.

LET us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our Sorrows,
But to the Gods permit the Event of Things:
Our Lives diſcolour'd with the preſent Woes,
May ſtill grow bright and ſmile with happier Hours.
So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of ruſhing Torrents, and deſcending Rains,
Works it ſelf clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by Degrees the floating Mirror ſhines;
Reflects each Flower that on the Border grows,
And a new Heaven in its fair Boſom ſhews. . .

Ibid.

A SOUL exaſperated in Ill, falls out
With every Thing, its Friend, it ſelf.

Ibid.

AFFRONT'S.

AFFRONTS.

YOUNG Men ſoon give, and ſoon forget Affronts:

Old Age is ſlow in both.

Add. Cato.

It wounds indeed,

To bear Affronts, too great to be forgiven,

And not have Power to puniſh.

Dr. Sp. Fryar.

AFRICAN.

BEHOLD the *African*,

That traverses the vaſt *Numidian* Deſarts

In queſt of Prey, and lives upon his Bow;

Coarſe are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chafe;

Amidſt the running Stream he ſlakes his Thirſt;

Toils all the Day, and at the Approach of Night,

On the firſt friendly Bank he ſits him down,

Or reſts his Head upon a Rock till Morn;

Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted Game;

And if the following Day he chance to find

A new Repaſt, or an untasted Spring,

Bleſſes his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

Add. Cato.

AMBITION.

AMBITION is at diſtance

A goodly Proſpect, tempting to the View;

The Height delights us, and the Mountain Top

Looks beautiful, becauſe 'tis nigh to Heaven:

But we ne'er think how ſandy's the Foundation,

What Storms will batter, and what Tempeſts ſhake us.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

AMBITION! the Desire of active Souls,
That pushes them beyond the Bounds of Nature,
And elevates the Hero to the Gods. *Rowe's Am. Step.*

O ENERGY divine of great Ambition!
That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,
And ripen 'em to Men in spite of Nature. *Ibid.*

AMBITION's never safe, till Power be past;
As Men, till impotent, are seldom chaste.

Sed. Ant. and Cleop.

AMBITION is the Dropsy of the Soul,
Whose Thirst we must not yield to, but controul. *Ibid.*

IF Glory was a Bait that Angels swallow'd,
How then should Souls ally'd to Sense resist it?

Dr. Sec. Love.

AMBITION's like a Circle on the Water,
Which never ceases to enlarge it self,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to Nought. *Sh. H. VI.*

AMBITION is a Lust that's never quench'd,
Grows more inflam'd, and madder by Enjoyment.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

OH *Elfrid*! I believe thee chaste as Snow,
Soft as the Morning Breezes of the Spring;
Kind as the billing Turtles; yet I fear thee!
What will not curs'd Ambition work in Woman!
Ambition first taught Angels to rebel;
Ambition made *Eve* fall: And sure, my *Elfrid*,
If ever Woman could resist, 'twas she,
Who knew no Power to wish, but was her own.

Hill's Elfrid.

CROMWELL, I charge, fling away Ambition:
By that Sin fell the Angels. How can Man then,
The Image of his Maker, hope to win it?

Love thy self last, cherish those Hearts that hate thee:

Cor-

Corruption wins not more than Honesty.
Still in thy right Hand carry gentle Peace,
To silence envious Tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the Ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,
Thy God's and Truth's : Then if thou fallest, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed Martyr. *Sb. Hen. VIII.*

WHAT is Ambition but Desire of Greatness ?
And what is Greatness but Extent of Power ?
But Lust of Power's a Dropsy of the Mind,
Whose Thirst encreases while we drink to quench it,
Till swoll'n and stretched by the repeated Draught,
We burst and perish. *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

AMBITION is an Idol, on whose Wings
Great Minds are carry'd only to Extreame ;
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing. *Son. Loy. Br.*

AMBITION, the Disease of Virtue, bred
Like Surfeits, from an undigested Fulness,
Meets Death in that which is the Means of Life.
Denh. Soph.

AMBITION, like a Torrent, ne'er looks back ;
It is a Swelling, and the last Affection
A high Mind can put off. It is a Rebel
Both to the Soul and Reason, and enforces
All Laws, all Conscience ; treads upon Religion,
And offers Violence to Nature's self. *Johns. Catal.*

ALREADY *Cæsar* has ravaged
More than half the Globe ; and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive Sword.
Should he go further, Numbers would be wanting
To form new Battels, and support his Crimes.
Ye Gods ! what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works ! *Add. Cato.*

ANGEL.

FROM the bright Empire of eternal Day,
Where waiting Minds for Heaven's Commission stay
Amariel flies : A darted Mandate came
From that great Will which moves this mighty Frame.

Dr. Tyr. Love.

So Angels, when they stoop to mortal Sight,
Strike us with Awe, yet ravish with Delight.

Lee's Nero.

MORTALS in Sight of Angels mute become :
The nobler Nature strikes th' inferior Dumb.

Dr. Aurenz.

ANGER.

HE carries Anger as the Flint bears Fire,
Which much enforced, will shew a hasty Spark,
And strait is cold again.

Shak. Jul. Cæs.

My Heart swells at him, and my Breath grows short :
But whether Fear or Anger choaks it up,
I cannot tell.

Dr. Riv. Lad.

Racks of Fury,
Like hurry'd Clouds over the Face of Heaven,
Before a Tempest, in his Looks appear.

Suck. Bren.

Frowning he went ;
His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams ; as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-Star, scorch the Earth,
And kindle Rivers in its Course.

Cong. M. Bride.

OH ! do not look so terribly upon me !
How your Lips shake, and all your Face disorder'd !

Otw. Ven. Pres.

WITH

WITH fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
He coin'd his Face in the ſevereſt Stamp,
And Fury ſhook his Fabrick like an Earthquake.
He heav'd for Vent, and burſt, like bellowing *Ætna*,
In Sounds ſcarce human. *Dr. All for Love.*

OH! I burn inward; my Blood's all o' fire:
Alcides, when the poiſon'd Shirt ſate cloſeſt,
Had but an Ague Fit to this my Fever. *Dr. Oedip.*

ANGER is like
A full-hot Horſe: Allow him but his Way,
Self-Mettle tires him. *Sh. Hen. VIII.*

THERE is a fatal Fury in your Viſage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces Deſtruction.
Rowe's Fair Pen.

APOTHECARY.

I DO remember an Apothecary,
In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,
Culling of Simples: Meagre were his Looks,
Sharp Miſery had worn him to the Bones;
And in his needy Shop a Tortoiſe hung,
An Alligator ſtuff'd, and other Skins
Of ill-shap'd Fiſhes; and about his Shelves
A beggarly Account of empty Boxes,
Green earthen Pots, Bladders, and muſty Seeds,
Remnants of Packthread; and old Cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make up a Shew.
Shak. Rom. and Juliet.

ASPICK.

ASPICK.

Welcome thou kind Deceiver,
 Thou beſt of Thieves ! who with an eaſy Key
 Doſt open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,
 Ev'n ſteal us from our ſelves : Diſcharging ſo
 Death's dreadful Office better than himſelf,
 Touching our Limbs ſo gently into Slumber,
 That Death ſtands by deceiv'd by his own Image,
 And thinks himſelf but Sleep. *Dr. All for Love.*

ASTONISHMENT.

I COULD a Tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt Word
 Wou'd harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,
 Make thy two Eyes, like Stars, ſtart from thy Spheres,
 Thy knotty and combined Locks to part,
 And each particular Hair to ſtand an End,
 Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine. *Shak. Ham.*

PREPARE to hear
 A Story that ſhall turn thee into Stone.
 Could there be hewn a monſtrous Gap in Nature,
 A Flaw made thro' the Centre by ſome God,
 Thro' which the Groans of Ghoſts might ſtrike thy
 Ears,
 They would not wound thee as this Story will.
Lee's Oed.

My Heart ſinks in me,
 And every ſlacken'd Fiber drops its Hold,
 Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life.
Dryd. Sp. Fryar.

NOT the last Sounding could surprize me more,
That summons drowfy Mortals to their Dooms;
When call'd in haste, they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble, unprovided for their Charge.

Dryd. D. Sebast.

THE pale Assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd:
The still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,
And died imperfect on the fault'ring Tongue.

Dryd. Theod.

IT drives my Soul back to her inmost Seats,
And freezes ev'ry stiff'ning Limb to Marble.

Rowe's Ulysses.

THIS is a Sight, that like the Gorgon's Head,
Runs thro' my Limbs, and stiffens me to Stone.
He blushes, and would speak, and wants a Voice;
And stares, and gapes, like a forbidden Ghost.

Dr. Cleom.

WHAT means that gasty Look?
Hast thou the Furies seen? Why stand'st thou speech-
less?

What means that deep-fetch'd Groan? Why does
Despair

Stare thro' thy Haggard Eyes.

Den. Iphig.

THY late dreadful Tale

Had rais'd such various Furies in my Soul,
As left me impotent of Thought or Speech.

Den. Liberty Ass.

FIX'D in Astonishment I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heaven,
Who pants for Breath, and stiffens yet alive,
In dreadful Looks, a Monument of Wrath!

Add. Cato.

O MY

O MY Heart pants, and every Nerve is shaken ;
 Upon my Forehead ſits a Damp like Death :
 My Blood runs cold ; I feel the Channel freeze.
 Scarce will my trembling Limbs ſupport my Weight ;
 But ſhake like Cowards on a Day of Battle.

Lanf. Her. Love.

ATTENTION.

MY Soul is wrapp'd in dreadful Expectation,
 And liſtens to thee, as if Fate were ſpeaking.

Den. Ap. Virg.

I'LL lie and liſten here as reverently
 As to an Angel. If I breathe too loud,
 Tell me, for I would be as ſtill as Night.

Beau. King, and no King.

STILL as a Statue, lo !

I ſtand ; nor ſhall the Wind preſume to blow :
 Speak, and it ſhall be Night ; not one ſhall dare
 To ſigh, tho' on a Rack he tortured were ;
 Nor for his Soul whiſper a dying Prayer. *Lee's Soph.*

OH ! I will hearken like a doating Mother,
 To hear her Children praiſed by flattering Tongues.

How. D. Lerm.

WHEN he ſpeaks, the Air
 A charter'd Libertine, is ſtill,
 And the mute Wonder lurketh in Mens Ears,
 To ſteal his ſweet and honey'd Sentences. *Sh. Hen. V.*

SURE 'tis the Calm of Nature ;
 So hush'd a Silence, as if all the Gods
 Look'd down, and liſten'd to what we were ſaying.

Lee's L. J. Brut.

AVER

AVERSION.

LEAD me o'er Bones, and Skulls, and mould-
dring Earth

Of human Bodies ; for I'll mix with them :
Or wind me in the Shrowd of ſome pale Corſe,
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia's* more deteſted Bed. *Cong. M. Bride.*

As well the noble Savage of the Field
Might tamely couple with the fearful Ewe ;
Tygers ingender with the fearful Deer ;
Wild muddy Boars defile the cleanly Ermine ;
Or Vultures ſort with Doves ; as I with thee.

Lee's Mithrid.

No ! were we join'd, even tho' it were in Death,
Our Bodies burning in one Fun'ral Pile,
The Prodigy of *Thebes* would be renewed,
And my divided Flames ſhould break from thine.

Dr. Don Sebaſt.

AUGUR.

THE ſacred *Calchas*, who reads every Page
Of ſecret Fate, and knows the Hearts of Gods.

Lanſ. Her. Love.

SOME frantick Augur has diſturb'd the Skies :
Some Victim wants a Heart, or Crow flies wrong.
Shall I go publiſh *Hector*'dARES not fight,
Be cauſe a Madman dream'd he talk'd with *Jove* ?
What could the God ſee in a brainſick Prieſt,
That he ſhould ſooner talk with him than me.

D. Troil. and Creſſ.

Now

Now, Dotard! now, thou blind old Wizard Prophet!

Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now,
Your Birds of Knowledge, that in dusky Air,
Chatter Futurity? *Lee's Oed.*



BAD NEWS.

BECAUSE I knew 'twas harsh, I would
not tell
All at once, but by Degrees and Glimpses
I let it in, least it might rush upon you,
And quite o'erpower your Soul: In this, I think,
I shew'd a Friend. Your Part must follow next,
Which is to curb your Choller, tame your Grief,
And bear it like a Man. *Sh. Troilus and Cress.*

I BRING you, Brother, most unwelcome News;
But since of Force you are to hear it told,
I thought a Friend and Brother best might tell it:
Therefore, before I speak, arm well your Mind,
And think y' are to be touch'd ev'n to the Quick;
That so prepared for Ill, you may be less
Surpriz'd to hear the Worst. *Ibid.*

BASTARD.

WHY should dull Law rule Nature, who first
made
That Law, by which herself is now betray'd?

E'er Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most noble, who was born most free :
Each of himself was Lord, and unconfin'd,
Obey'd the Dictates of his Godlike Mind.
Law was an Innovation brought in since,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call'd their Slavery Safety and Defence.
Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood,
Because I came not in the common Road,
But born obscure, and so more like a God ?

Orway's Don Car.

HE's a Bastard ! Got in a Fit of Nature !
She shook him from her Nerves in a Convulsion ;
His Father stamp'd the Bullion in a Heat,
And taking from the Mint the fiery Ore,
His Image bless'd, and cry'd, It is my own.
Yet more ! A Priest begot him ; and 'tis thought,
That Earth is more obliged to Priests for Bodies,
Than Heaven for Souls. Nay, and a young Priest too !
Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,
Who ventur'd Life to clasp the hasty Joy.

Lee's Cæs. Borg.

THOU Nature, art my Goddeffs ; to thy Law
My Services are bound : Wherefore should I
Stand in the Plague of Custom, and permit
The Curiosity of Nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen Moonshines
Lag of a Brother ? Why Bastard ? Wherefore base ?
When my Dimensions are as well compact,
My Mind as generous, and my Shape as true,
As honest Madam's Issue. Why brand they us
With base, with Baseness, and with Bastardy ;
Who in the lusty Stealth of Nature take

More

More Composition, and fierce Quality,
 Than does within a dull, ſtale, tired Bed,
 Go to the creating a whole Tribe of Fops,
 Got between Sleep and Waking. *Shak. K. Lear.*

BATTLE.

THIS Battle fares, like to the Morning's War,
 When dying Clouds contend with growing Light;
 What Time the Shepherd blowing of his Nails,
 Can neither call it perfect Day, nor Night.
 Now ſways it this Way like a mighty Sea,
 Forc'd to retire by Fury of the Wind.
 Sometime the Flood prevails, and then the Wind :
 Now one the better, then another beſt ;
 Both lugging to be Victors, Breſt to Breſt ;
 Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquer'd :
 So is the equal Poiſe of this fell War.
 Here on this Mole-Hill will I ſit me down,
 To whom God will, there be the Victory :
 For *Margaret* my Queen, and *Clifford* too,
 Have chid me from the Battle : Swearing both,
 They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
 Would I were dead, if God's good Will were ſo ;
 For what is in this World but Grief and Woe.
 O God ! methinks it were a happy Life
 To be no better than a homely Swain,
 To ſit upon a Hill, as I do now,
 To carve out Dials quaintly, Point by Point,
 Thereby to ſee the Minutes, how they run,
 How many makes the Hour full compleat ;
 How many Hours bring about the Day ;
 How many Days will finiſh up the Year ;

How

How many Years a mortal Man may live :
When this is known, then to divide the Time ;
So many Hours muſt I tend my Flock ;
So many Hours muſt I take my Reſt ;
So many Hours muſt I contemplate ;
So many Hours muſt I ſport my ſelf ;
So many Days my Ewes have been with Young ;
So many Weeks e'er the poor Fools will ean ;
So many Years e'er I ſhall ſhear the Fleece :
So Minutes, Hours, Days, Months, and Years,
Paſt over to the End they were created,
Would bring white Hairs unto a quiet Grave.
Ah ! what a Life were this ! How ſweet ! how
lovely !

Gives not the Hawthorn Buſh a ſweeter Shade
To the Shepherds, looking on their ſilly Sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd Canopy
To Kings that fear their Subjects Treachery ?
O, yes, it doth, a thouſand fold it doth.
And, to conclude, the Shepherd's homely Curds,
His cold thin Drink out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted Sleep under a freſh Tree's Shade,
All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a Prince's Delicates ;
His Viands ſparkling in a golden Cup,
His Body couched in a curious Bed,
When Care, Miſtruſt, and Treason wait upon him
Sh. Hen. VI.

B A W D.

CURSE on that formal ſteady Villain's Face.
Juſt ſo do all Bawds look : Nay, Bawds, they ſay,
Can

Can pray upon Occaſion, talk of Heaven,
Turn up their goggling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,
Diffemble, lie, and preach like any Prieſt. *Otw. Orph.*

WELL, firſt or laſt, all Women muſt be won ;
It is their Fate, and cannot be withſtood,
The wiſe do ſtill comply with Fleſh and Blood :
Or if, thro' peeviſh Honour, Nature fail,
They do but loſe their Thanks, Art will prevail.
Roch. Valen

BEAUTY.

ALL Hearts, alike all Faces cannot move,
There is a ſecret Sympathy in Love.
The powerful Loadſtone cannot move a Straw,
No more than Jet the trembling Needle draw.
Sed. Ant. and Cleop.

BEAUTY has Bounds,
And can no more to every Heart be ſo,
Than any Coin thro' every Land can go.
Dr. Tyr. Love.

'TIS not a Set of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin, that I admire :
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye; and palls upon the Senſe.
The virtuous *Marcia* towers above her Sex :
True, ſhe is fair; Oh! how divinely fair !
But ſtill the lovely Maid improves her Charms
With inward Greatneſs, unaffected Wiſdom,
And Sanctity of Manners. *Cato's Soul*
Shines out in every Thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks ;
While winning Mildneſs, and attractive Smiles

Dwell in her Looks, and with becoming Grace
Soften the Rigour of her Father's Virtues. *Add. Cato.*

What a Skin ! The *Alpes*

Was never whiter : Lips, which eager Birds
Would peck at for ripe Cherries : *Cæſar's Eyes*,
That conquer Nations they but look upon.

Stapylton's Slight. Maid.

HAD you leſs beauteous been, you 'ad known leſs
Care :

Ladies are happieſt moderately fair.

Ether. Love in a Tub.

WITH this Reward, the great Reward of Beauty,
The batter'd Soldier crowns his glorious Labours,
And ſoftens all the rugged Toils of War.

Beau. Bonduca.

WHAT Images ſhall Eloquence prepare
To paint a Form ſo perfect and divine ?

Others by ſlow Degrees advance in Love,
And Step by Step, and leiſurely get Ground :

We article with Judgment e'er we yield,
Reason rejecting oft, where Fancy's fond.

SHE ſeizes Hearts, not waiting for Conſent,
Like ſudden Death, that ſnatches unprepared ;
Like Fire from Heaven, ſcarce ſeen ſo ſoon as felt :

All other Beauties ſeem inferior Stars,

At her Appearance vaniſhing apace ;

Whene'er SHE mounts They ſet. *Lanſ. Her. Love.*

OH ſhe is the Boaſt,

The lovely chance-work Maſter-piece of Nature ;
Who bluſh'd to ſee what her own Hands had made,
As if, miſtaking Moulds, the unawares

Had caſt *Semandra* in a Form Divine. *Lee's Mith.*

O SHE is all Perfection !

All that the blooming Earth could ſend forth fair ;
All that the gawdy Heavens could drop down glorious.
Lee's Theod.

BUT *Theodoſius* comes ! Hide, hide thy Charms :
If to his clouded Eyes ſuch Day ſhould break,
The royal Youth, who doats to Death for Love,
I fear would forfeit all his Vows to Heaven,
And fix upon the World, thy World of Beauty. *Ibid.*

FOR endleſs Joys are in that Heaven of Love,
A thouſand *Cupids* dance upon her Smiles ;
Young bathing Angels, wanton in her Eyes,
Melt in her Looks, and pant upon her Breasts :
Each Word is gentle as a Weſtern Breeze,
That fans the Infant Boſom of the Spring ;
And every Sigh more roſy than the Morn.

South. Loy. Broth.

SHE whoſe Eyes

Meet ready Victory where'er they glance ;
Whom gazing Crowds admire, whom Nations court :
One who could change the Worſhip of all Climates,
And make a new Religion where'er ſhe comes,
Unite the differing Faith of all the World,
To idolize her Face. *Dr. Love Triumph.*

HER Eyes, her Lips, her Cheeks, her Shapes, her
Features

Seem to be drawn by Love's own Hand ; by Love
Himſelf in Love. *Ibid.*

AS at *Troy*,

When *Hellen* paſſes thro' the crowded Streets,
Who curs'd her out of Sight, ſtrait bleſ'd aloud,
And cry'd, ſhe's worth the War : Who would not
fight,

Tho'

Tho' sure to die, to save such wondrous Beauty ?
So when the fair *Chruseis* comes in View,
Her Beauty reconciles the most Enraged ;
The Sick, who know they perish for her Sake,
Crawl from their Tents to gaze upon her Face,
And, looking on her, feel Returns of Strength.
Soldiers and Captains swarm in Crowds about her ;
All with loud Cries approve the General's Love,
And with one Voice consent to their own Ruin.
To lose the Sight, seems what they fear
More than the Loss of Life or Victory.

Lanf. Her. Love.

SHE was her Sex's Pride :

Nor think my Tongue too lavish, if I speak her,
Fair as the Fame of Virtue, and yet chaste
As its cold Precepts, wise beyond her Sex,
And blooming Youth soft as forgiving Mercy,
Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her Honour.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

SHE's outwardly

All that betwixches Sense, all that entices :
Nor is it in our Virtue to uncharm it.
And when she speaks, O *Angilo* ! then Musick
Such as old *Orpheus* made, that gave a Soul
To aged Mountains ; and made rugged Beasts
Lay by their Rage ; and tall Trees, that knew
No Sound but Tempests, to bow down their Branches,
And hear, and wonder ; and the Sea, whose Surges
Shook their white Heads in Heaven, to be as Midnight,
(Still and attentive) steals into our Souls
So suddenly and strangely, that we are
From that Time no more our's, but what she pleases.

Beau. Capt.

BEAUTY,

BEAUTY, like Ice, our Footing does betray ;
 Who can tread ſure on the ſmooth ſlippery Way ?
 Pleas'd with the Paſſage, we glide ſwiftly on,
 And ſee the Dangers which we cannot ſhun.

Dr. Auren.

BEAUTY! thou art a fair, but fading Flower ;
 The tender Prey of ev'ry coming Hour.
 In Youth, thou, Comet like, art gaz'd upon ;
 But art portentous to thy ſelf alone ;
 Unpunish'd thou to few wer't ever given,
 Nor art a Bleſſing, but a Mark from Heav'n.

Sed. Ant. and Cleop.

Is ſhe not as harmleſs as the Turtles of the Woods ?
 Fair as the Summer-Beauty of the Fields ?
 As op'ning Flowers untainted yet with Winds ?
 The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Senſe ?

Otway's Cai. Mar.

THE Bloom of op'ning Flowers, unſullied Beauty
 Softneſs, and ſweeteſt Innocence ſhe wears,
 And looks like Nature in the World's firſt Spring.

Rowe's Tam.

Is ſhe not more than Painting can expreſs,
 Or youthful Poets fancy when they love.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

A LAVISH Planet reign'd when ſhe was born,
 And made her of ſuch Kindred Mould to Heav'n,
 She ſeems more Heav'n's than our's. *Dryd. Oed.*

Is ſhe not brighter than a Summer's Morn,
 When all the Heav'n is ſtreak'd with dapple Fires,
 And fleck'd with Bluſhes like a riſt'd Maid.

Lee's Duke of Guiſe.

HE

HER Tears, her Smiles, her ev'ry Look's a Net,
Her Voice is like a Syren's of the Land,
And bloody Hearts lie panting in her Hand.

Dr. Conq. Gran.

IF that be she who yonder pensive comes,
She seems some bright Inhabitant of Heav'n,
Shot with a falling Star from yond bright Region,
To light the World below.

Hill's Elfrid.

MARK her majestick Fabrick ! She's a Temple
Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands divine :
Her Soul's the Deity that lodges there ;
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.

Dr. D. Seb.

OH she has Beauty might ensnare
A Conqueror's Soul, and make him leave his Crown
At random, to be scuffled for by Slaves !

Otw. Cai. Mar.

OH she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues
Of mighty Kings, and set the World at Odds !

Otw. Orph.

No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,
Tho' the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be so lovely.

Ibid.

NOT purple Violets in the early Spring,
Such graceful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring ;
The orient Blush which does her Cheeks adorn,
Makes Coral pale, vies with the rosy Morn.

Cupid has ta'en a Surfeit from her Eyes,
Whene'er she smiles, in lambent Fire he fries,
And when she weeps, dissolv'd in Pearls, he dies.

}
}

Lee's Nero.

BEHOLD her stretch'd upon a flow'ry Bank,
With her soft Sorrows lull'd into a Slumber :
The Summer's Heat had to her nat'ral Blush

Added a brighter and more tempting Red :
 The Beauties of her Neck, and naked Breasts,
 Lifted by inward Starts, did rise and fall,
 With Motion that might put a Soul in Statues :
 The matchless Whiteness of her folded Arms,
 That seem'd t' embrace the Body whence they grew,
 Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that Field of Love.
 While to my ravish'd Eyes officious Winds,
 Waving her Robes, display'd such well-turn'd Limbs,
 As Artists would in polish'd Marble give
 The wanton Goddess, when supinely laid,
 She charms her gallant God to new Enjoyment.

Lee's Mith.

BUT oh ! what Thought can paint that fair Perfection ?

Not Sea-born *Venus*, in the Courts beneath,
 When the green Nymphs first kiss'd her Coral Lips,
 All polish'd fair, and wash'd with orient Beauty,
 Could in my dazzling Fancy match her Brightness.
 Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts,
 So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre,
 Such all Perfection, that I took whole Draughts
 Of killing Love, and ever since have languished
 With ling'ring Surfeits of her fatal Beauty.

Lee's Theod.

HER Gally down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,
 The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold:
 The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails :
 Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were
 plac'd,
 Where she, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.
 She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,
 And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,

As

As if ſecure of all Beholder's Hearts.

Neglecting ſhe could take them. Boys like *Cupids*,
 Stood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds
 That play'd about her Face. But if ſhe ſmiled,
 A darting Glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad,
 That Mens deſiring Eyes were never weary'd,
 But hung upon the Object. To ſoft Flutes
 The Silver Oars kept Time: And while they play'd,
 The Hearing gave new Pleaſure to the Sight,
 And both to Thought. 'Twas Heav'n, or ſomewhat
 more !

For ſhe ſo charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
 Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
 To give their welcome Voice. *Dr. All for Love.*

HER Eyes have Power beyond *Theſſalian* Charms,
 To draw the Moon from Heav'n. For Eloquence,
 The Sea-green *Syrens* taught her Voice their Flattery;
 And while ſhe ſpeaks, Night ſteals upon the Day,
 Unmark'd of thoſe that hear. Then ſhe's ſo charming,
 Age buds at Sight of her, and ſwells to Youth:
 The holy Priests gaze on her when ſhe ſmiles,
 And with heav'd Hands, forgetting Gravity,
 They bleſs her wanton Eyes. Ev'n I who hate her,
 With a malignant Joy behold ſuch Beauty,
 And, while I curſe, deſire it. *Ibid.*

HER Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,
 From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the diſtant Vows
 Of ſighing Kings, and at her Feet were laid
 The Sceptres of the Earth, expos'd on Heaps,
 To chuſe where ſhe wou'd reign. *Ibid.*

HER Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night,
 Like a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear.
 Beauty ! too rich for Uſe, for Earth too dear.

So shews a snowy Dove, trooping with Crows,
As yonder Lady o'er her Fellow shows.

Shak. Rom. and Jul.

WHAT art thou, Beauty !

Whose Charm makes Sense and Valour grow as tame
As a blind Turtle.

Fenton's Mariamne.

Mariamne with superior Charms
Triumphs o'er Reason ; in her Look she bears
A Paradise of ever-blooming Sweets.
Fair as the first Idea Beauty prints
On the young Lover's Soul : A winning Grace
Guides every Gesture, and obsequious Love
Attends on all her Steps : For Majesty,
Streams from her Eye to each Beholder's Heart,
And checks the Transport, which her Charms in
spire.

Ibid.

B E E S.

So work the Honey-Bees ;
Creatures that, by a Rule in Nature, teach
The Art of Order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King, and Officers of Sorts :
Where some, like Magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like Merchants, venture Trade abroad ;
Others, like Soldiers, armed in their Ships,
Make Boot upon the Summer's Velvet Buds,
Which Pillage they with merry March bring home
To the Tent Royal of their Emperor ;
Who (busied in his Majesty) surveys
The singing Mason building Roofs of Gold ;
The civil Citizen kneading up the Honey ;
The poor mechanick Porters, crowding in

The

Their heavy Burdens at his narrow Gates;
The ſad-ey'd Juſtice, with his ſurly Hum,
Delivering o'er to Executors pale
The lazy yawning Drone.

Sh. Hen. V.

B E G G A R.

I'd rather wander thro' the World a Beggar,
And live on fordid Scraps at proud Mens ſurly Doors.

Otw. Orph.

WILL you then quite caſt off your poor *Lavinia*,
And turn me, like a Vagrant, out of Doors,
To wander up and down the Streets of *Rome*,
And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Maſter's Plenty, when I aſk
A little Pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Nights,
To ſeek a Shelter under dropping Eves?
A Porch my Bed, a Threshold for my Pillow,
Shivering and ſtarv'd for want of Warmth and Food,
Swell'd with my Sighs, and almoſt choak'd with
Tears?

Muſt I at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great Men implore Relief in vain?

Otw. Cai. Mar.

B I R D.

THE watchful Birds, impatient for the Morning,
Already, hark! begin to call it forth,
With Notes, like Trumpets ſounding a Retreat.

Hopk. Pyrrh.

SECURE

SECURE and free they pass their harmless Hours,
 Gay as the Birds that revel in the Grove,
 And sing the Morning up. *Tate's Loy. Gen.*

So to th' appointed Grove the feather'd Pair
 Fly chirping on, unwatchful of the Snare ;
 Pursuing Love, and wing'd with am'rous Thought,
 The wanton Couple in one Toil are caught ;
 In the same Cage in mournful Notes complain
 Of the same Fate, and curse perfidious Man.

Lanf. Br. In.

So in the Fields,
 When the Destroyer has been out for Prey,
 The scatter'd Lovers of the feather'd Kind,
 Seeking, when Dangers past, to meet again,
 Make Moan, and all by such Degrees approach,
 Till joining thus, they bill, and spread their Wings,
 Murmuring Love and Joy, their Fears are over.

Otw. Orph.

BLESSING.

HEAR me, bounteous Heaven !
 Pour down your Blessings on this beauteous Head,
 Where everlasting Sweets are always springing,
 With a continual giving Hand : Let Peace,
 Honour, and Safety always hover round her ;
 Feed her with Plenty ; let her Eyes near see
 A Sight of Sorrow, nor her Heart know Mourning ;
 Crown all her Days with Joys, her Nights with Rest,
 Harmless as her own Thoughts ; and prop her Virtue.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

THE bounteous Heavens
 Rain on your Head whole Deluges of Mercies,
 For this great Goodness. Hear me, O ye Powers !

Hear

Hear me upon my Knees! where'er he goes
Guard him with Bleſſings; give him his own Wiſhes:
If to the Wars he paſs, Renown attend him,
And growing Conqueſt dwell upon his Arms:
Let him attain, by a long Courſe of Valour,
And gallant Acts, to the old *Roman* Greatneſs;
And when at laſt in Triumph he returns,
May all the ſighing Virgins ſtrew his Way,
And with new Garlands crown his coming Glory.

Lee's Cæſ. Borg.

O GRACIOUS Heaven!

Thou that has endleſs Bleſſings ſtill in ſtore
For Virtue, and for filial Piety;
Let Grief, Diſgrace, and Want be far away;
But multiply thy Mercies on his Head:
Let Honour, Greatneſs, Goodneſs ſtill be with him,
And Peace in all his Ways. *Rowe's Fair Pen.*

REWARD him for the noble Deed, juſt Heaven!
For this one Action guard him, and diſtinguiſh him
With ſignal Mercies, and with great Deliverance;
Save him from Wrong, Adverſity, and Shame:
Let never fading Honours flourish round him,
And conſecrate his Name even to Time's End:
Let him know nothing elſe but Good on Earth,
And everlaſting Bleſſedneſs hereafter. *Rowe's J. Sh.*

ANGELS, preſerve my deareſt Father's Life,
Bleſs it with long uninterrupted Days!

Oh, may he live till Time it ſelf decay,
Till good Men with him dead, or I offend him!

Otw. Orph.

KIND Heaven has ſurely endleſs Stores
Horded for thee of Bleſſings yet untaſted.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

THE

THE Seal of Providence is ſure upon thee,
And thou wer't born for yet unheard of Wonders.

*Ibid.***BLINDNESS.**

ALL dark and comfortleſs !

Where are thoſe various Objects that but now
Employ'd my buſy Eyes ? Where are thoſe Eyes ?
Dead are their piercing Rays, that lately ſhot
O'er flow'ry Vales to diſtant ſunny Hills,
And drew, with Joy, the vaſt Horizon in.
Theſe groping Hands are now my only Guides,
And Feeling all my Sight.
Shut from the Living while among the Living ;
Dark as the Grave amidſt the buſtling World ;
At once from Buſineſs and from Pleaſure barr'd ;
No more to view the Beauty of the Spring ;
Nor ſee the Face of Kindred, or of Friend.

Tate's K. Lear.

O H Happineſs of Blindneſs ! Now no Beauty
Inflames my Luſt ; no other's Good my Envy,
Or Miſery my Pity : No Man's Wealth
Draws my Reſpect, nor Poverty my Scorn.
Yet ſtill I ſee enough ! Man to himſelf
Is a large Proſpect, rais'd above the Level.

*Ibid.***BLUSH.**

SEE, my *Palmyra* comes ; the frighted Blood
Scarce yet recall'd to her pale Cheeks :
Like the firſt Streaks of Light broke looſe from Dark-
neſs,
And dawning Bluſhes.

Dryd. Mar. Alam.

LET

LET me forever gaze,
And bleſs the new-born Glories that adorn thee :
From ev'ry Bluſh that kindles in thy Cheeks,
Ten thouſand little Loves and Graces ſpring,
To revel in the Roſes. *Rowe's Tam.*

How brightly her betraying Bluſhes move,
And ſeem a glorious Traytor to her Love.
How. Veſt. Virg.

WHAT means, alas ! -
That Blood which fluſhes guilty in your Faces.
Dr. St. Inn.

THE *Muſti* reddens, mark that holy Cheek ;
He frets within, froths Treason at the Mouth,
And churns it thro' his Teeth. *Dr. D. Sebaſt.*

B O A R.

FORTH from the Thicket ruſh'd another Boar,
So large, he ſeem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high ;
They ſeem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back :
Foaming he came at me, where I was poſted,
Whetting his huge long Tuſks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his Prey ;
Till brandiſhing my well-pois'd Javelin high,
With this bold executing Arm I ſtruck
The ugly brindled Monster to the Heart. *Otw. Orph.*

WE purſued the Chafe,
When from behind the Wood, with ruſtling Sound,
A monſtrous Boar ruſh'd forth : His baleful Eyes
Shot glaring Fire, and his ſtiff-pointed Bristles
Roſe high upon his Back : At me he made,
Whetting his Tuſks, and chewing hideous Foam.
Then, then *Hippolitus* flew in to aid me !

Collecting all himſelf, and riſing to the Blow,
He launched the whiſtling Spear, the well-aim'd
Javelin

Pierced his tough Side, and quiver'd in his Heart ;
The Monster fell, and gnashing with huge Tuſks,
Plough'd up the crimſon Earth. *Smith's Phed. Hipp.*

BOASTING.

BUT when we join'd Battle,
Fierce as a Winter-Storm upon the Main,
I ranged the Field, whiſt my affrighted Foes,
Like Billows at the angry *Neptune's* Frowns,
Succellively did vaniſh from my Sight.
Did I not pour upon their foremoſt Ranks
Sudden and fierce as Lightning ; ruſh among
Their thickeſt Squadrons, and in glorious Heat,
Like Thunder breaking from a teeming Cloud,
Make Deſolation wait upon my Arms ?
With my drawn Sword I pointed out the Paths
Of dazzling Fame, which none but I could tread ;
Mounting that ſtately Pyramid alone,
Whiſt all my Army lagged, and you below,
Trembled like Girls but to behold my Daring.

South. Loy. Bro.

By *Mars*, the ſingle Virtue of this Arm
Diſpers'd their Troops, and drove them from the Field.

DID his Genius

Know mine, the ſtronger *Demon*, fear the Grapple,
And, looking round him, found this Nook of Fate,
To ſkulk behind my Sword.

Dr. D. Seb.

DISCRETION,

And hardy Valour, are the Twins of Honour ;

And

And nurs'd together, make a Conqueror ;
Divided, but a Talker :
And we that have been Victors, beat our selves
When we insult upon our Honour's Subject.

Beam. Bond.

BOWER.

GO bid her steal into the pleached Bower,
Where Honey-Suckles, ripen'd by the Sun,
Forbid the Sun to enter: Like Favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that advance their Pride
Against the Power that bred it.

Shak. Much ado about Nothing.

BEHOLD the unlaboured Ground
Bounteous of Fruit : Above our shady Bowers
The creeping Jessamin thrusts her fragrant Flowers ;
The Myrtle, Orange, and the blushing Rose,
With bending Heaps so nigh their Blooms disclose,
Each seems to smell the Flavours which the other
blows ;

By these the Peach, the *Guava*, and the Pine,
And, creeping 'twixt them all, the mantling Vine }
Does round their Trunks her purple Clusters twine.

Dr. St. In.

BEHOLD the Bower,
Where from the Jessamin Roof the Dew distill'd,
And trickling from thy Brow, perfum'd thy Tears :
Whilst to correct the Vapours of the Night,
Officious Love celestial Perfumes breath'd.
And tann'd the Moon Beams with more shining
Wings, *Tate's Loy. Gen.*

Tate's Loy. Gen.

BRAVE.

B R A V E.

THE Brave do never ſhun the Light ;
 Juſt are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers ;
 Freely without Diſguiſe they love or hate :
 Still are they found in the fair Face of Day,
 And Heav'n and Men are Judges of their Actions.

*Rowe's F. Pen.***B R I D E.**

THE Virgin Bride, who ſwoons with deadly Fear,
 To ſee the End of all her Wiſhes near ;
 When, bluſhing from the Light, and publick Eyes,
 To the kind Covert of the Night ſhe flies,
 With equal Fires to meet the Bridegroom moves ;
 Melts in his Arms, and with a Loofe ſhe loves.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

WHAT ſtrange Diſorders youthful Brides expreſs,
 Impatient Longings for the Happineſs ;
 Approaching Joys will ſo diſturb the Soul,
 As Needles always tremble near the Pole.

Orway's D. Carlos.

SHE is reſerved, you ſay, when you approach her ;
 Why let her weep too : Was it ever known
 A ſubtle Bride laugh'd on her Wedding-Day,
 Or clasp'd her Lover in the Eye o'th' World ?

It is their Trade,
 The very Nature, Soul, and Life-Blood of them,
 To whine, and cry, and turn their Heads away,
 When their Hearts doat on what they ſeem to ſcorn.

Lee's Caſ. Borg.

THESE are the Fears which wait on every Bride,
 And only ſerve for Preludes to her Joys ;
 Short Sighs, and all thoſe Motions of thy Heart

Are

Are Nature's Call, and kindle warm Deſires :
 Soon as the friendly Goddeſs of the Night
 Shall draw her Veil of Darkneſs o'er thy Bluſhes,
 Theſe little, cold, unneceſſary Doubts
 Shall fly the Circle of my folding Arms ;
 And when I preſs thee trembling to my Boſom,
 Thou ſhalt confeſs, if there be room for Words,
 Or even for Thoughts, that all thoſe Thoughts are
 Blifs.

Rowe's Am. Step.

I'm mad ! as promiſed Bridegrooms, born away
 With Thoughts of nothing but the joyful Day.

Otw. Cai. Mar.



C A L M.



HE Tempeſt is o'erblown, the Skies
 are clear,
 And the Sea charm'd into a Calm ſo
 ſtill,
 That not a Wrinkle ruffles her ſmooth
 Face.

Dr. D. Sebaſt.

WE often ſee againſt ſome Storm
 A Silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack ſtand ſtill,
 The bold Winds ſpeechleſs, and the Orb below
 Is huſh'd as Death.

Shak. Ham.

C A M P.

DANGER and Death in Camps I've learn't to court ;
 In Camps, where Death's rough Buſineſs is a Sport.

Dav. Circe.

Go

Go to the Camp, Preferment's nobleſt Mart,
Where Honour ought to have the faireſt Play, you'll
find

Corruption, Envy, Diſcontent, and Faction,
Almoſt in every Band. How many Men
Have ſpent their Blood in their dear Country's Ser-
vice,

Yet now pine under Want ; while Selfiſh Slaves,
That even would cut their Throats whom now they
fawn on,

Like deadly Locuſts, eat the Honey up,
Which thoſe induſtrious Bees ſo hardly toil'd for.

Otw. Orph.

So in a Camp, tho' at the dead of Night,
If but the Trumpet's chearful Voice is heard,
All at the Signal leap from downy Reſt,
And every Heart awakes, as mine does now. *Ibid.*

C A T O.

GREATLY unfortunate, he fights the Cauſe
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and *Rome* :
His Sword ne'er fell but on the guilty Head :
Oppreſſion, Tyranny, and Power uſurp'd,
Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon them.

Add. Cato.

Not all the Pomp and Majeſty of *Rome*
Can raiſe her Senates more than *Cato's* Preſence :
His Virtues render our Aſſembly awful ;
They ſtrike with ſomething like religious Fear,
And make even *Cæſar* tremble at the Head
Of Armies ſluſh'd with Conqueſt. *Ibid.*

T U R N

TURN up thy Eyes to *Cato*,
There thou may'ſt ſee to what a Godlike Height
The *Roman* Virtues liſt up mortal Man,
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his Friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf;
Renouncing Sleep, and Food, and Reſt, and Eaſe;
He ſtrives with Thirſt and Hunger, Toil and Heat;
And when his Fortune ſets before him all
The Poms and Pleaſures that his Soul can wiſh,
His rigid Virtue will accept of none. *Ibid.*

CHARNEL HOUSE.

BEHOLD a Charnel Houſe
O'er cover'd quite with dead Mens ratt'ling Bones,
With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapleſs Sculls.
Shak. Rom. and Jul.

CHASTE.

SHE's chaſte as the fann'd Snow,
Twice bolted o'er by the bleak Northern Blaſts.
Lee's L. J. Brutus.

CHASTE as the Icicle
That's curdled by the Froſt from pureſt Snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* Temple. *Shak. Coriol.*

CHASTER than Chriſtal on the *Scythian* Cliffs,
The more the proud Winds court it, ſtill the purer.
Beau. D. Mar.

IN thy fair Brow there's ſuch a Legend writ
Of Chaſtity, as blinds the adult'rous Eye:
Not the Mountain Ice,
Congealed to Chryſtal is ſo froſty chaſte

As thy victorious Soul, which conquers Man,
And Man's proud Tyrant Passion. *Dr. Av. Albo.*

COLD as candy'd Ice ;

Not a Thought starting free from warm Desires :
As the bleak Girl upon the Mountain's Top,
Cover'd with Snow, beaten with constant Winds,
That feeds on Herbs and Roots, and drinks the Dew
Lee's Mith.

OH! she's a Cake of Ice,
Whom all the Love in th' Empire cannot thaw ;
A dull cross Thing, insensible of Glory,
Deaf to all Promises, dead to all Desire :

She has in her

All the Contempt of Glory, and vain Seeming
Of all the *Stoicks* ; all the Truth of Christians,
And all their Constancy: Modesty was made
When she was first intended : When she blushes
It is the holiest Thing to look upon,
The purest Temple of her Sex that e'er
Made Nature a bless'd Founder. In vain were all
Our Promises, Perswasions, Reason's Wealth,
All that can make the formost Virtue bend,
To alter her : Our Arguments, like Darts
Shot in the Bosom of the boundless Air,
Are lost, and do not leave the least Impression.

Shak. Val.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, the blind Effects of Love and
Chance,
Bear from their Birth the Impressions of a Slave.

Dr. Aur.

WHEN

WHEN Parents their Commands unjustly lay,
Children are privileg'd to disobey. *Dr. Conq. Gran.*

WHY do we pray for Children, call 'em Blessings,

And deem the barren Womb a Curse? O Marriage!
Unhappy, most unhappy of all States!

Matching with Sorrows, teeming still with more,
The vex'd Womb seems to bring forth to vex.

Lanf. Her.

FOR Children Blessings seem, but Torments are,
When young our Folly, and when old our Fear.

Otw. Don Carl.

CLIFF.

LET us advance tow'ards the Cliff's dreadful Brow,
From which the fearful Downfal of the Precipice,
And the wild Horrors of the rocky Beach,
Lie subject to our View. *Den. Iphig.*

BEHOLD with what laborious Task they mount
To climb the craggy Steepness of the Cliff;
While some at distance, with unequal Pace,
Pursuing, pant behind 'em. — *Ibid.*

BEHOLD the Summit of yond shaggy Mountain,
That bending its black Brow, with dreadful Scoul,
Over the gloomy Deep, affrights great Neptune. *Ibid.*

WE seem to lean over some hanging Cliff,
O'er looking all the Wrecks that float below:
Should we stretch more beyond the Verge, we fall
Infinite Fathoms down, and sink for ever.

Hopk. Pyrr.

As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who sees before his Eyes the Depth below,

Stops

Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub
To break his dreadful Fall. *Dr. Sp. Fryar.*

BEHOLD a Cliff, whose high and bending Head
Looks dreadful down upon the roaring Deep :
How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low !
The Crows and Choughs that wing the midway Air,
Shew scarce so gross as Beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire : Dreadful Trade!
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach
Appear like Mice ; and yond tall anch'ring Bark
Seems lessen'd to her Cock, her Cock a Buoy
Almost too small for Sight. The murmuring Surge
Cannot be heard so high. *Shak. K. Lear.*

As from steep and dreadful Precipice
The frighted Traveller casts down his Eyes,
And sees the Ocean at so great a distance,
It looks as if the Skies were sunk beneath him ;
If then some neighbouring Shrub, how weak soever,
Peep up, his willing Eyes stop gladly there,
And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it :
So, in my desperate State, each little Comfort
Preserves me from Despair. *Dr. R. Lach.*

FROM the Brow

Of a wild Precipice, immensely horrible
And painful to the Sight : The curdling Blood
Chills in his Heart who treads the dangerous Cliff ;
For from the out-jetting Top, a dreadful Steep
Falls many a Mile direct : The dizzy Eye
Akes with Contraction, and grows dim in vain
To search the unfounded Bottom. *Hill's Fat. Vision.*

C O M B A T.

WHEN at the Legion's Head the brave old King,
And I, like Clouds with Thunder charged,
Encountring ruſh'd together.

Long was the Tug of Fate, and mutual Wounds
On each Side were receiv'd; at laſt my Stars
Prevail'd, and *Gondibert*, o'erthrown by Fate,
Reſign'd that Life he ſo deſerved to keep.

Hig. Gen. Cong.

BEHOLD thoſe Wounds,
Thoſe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
When the gentle *Severn's* ſedgy Bank,
In ſingle Oppoſition, Hand to Hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an Hour,
In changing Hardiment with great *Glendower*.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,

Upon Agreement of ſwift *Severn's* Flood,
Who then affrighted with their bloody Looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his criſped Head in the hollow Bank,
Stain'd with the Blood of thoſe brave Combatants.

Shak. Hen. IV.

C O M E T.

BID Meteors keep their Luſtre,
When all the ſhining Exhalations ſpent,
That fed their ſhort-liv'd Glory.

Lee's Miſh.

FOR

FOR like a blazing Meteor, hence he ſhot,
And drew a ſweeping Train of Fire along.

Dr. D. Guiſe.

FALLEN is that Comet which on high
Portended Ruin, he has ſpent his Blaze,
And ſhall diſtract the World with Fears no more.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

COMFORT.

I WOULD bring Balm, and pour it in your Wound,
Cure your diſtemper'd Mind, and heal your Fortunes.

Dr. All for Love.

I CAME

To ſooth the ſecret Anguiſh of her Soul,
To comfort that fair Mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her Steps to know the Paths of Peace.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

AND can'ſt thou miniſter to a Mind diſeaſed ;
Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow ;
Raze out the written Trouble of the Brain ;
And with ſome ſweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanſe the foul Bottom of that perillous Stuff,
Which weighs upon the Heart?

Shak. Macbeth.

A BEAM of Comfort, like the Moon thro' Clouds,
Gilds the black Horror, and direct my Way.

Dr. Love Trium.

THY Words have darted Hope into my Soul,
And Comfort dawns upon me.

South. Diſap.

COMFORT, like the golden Sun,
Diſpels the ſullen Shade with her ſweet Influence,
And cheers the melancholy Houſe of Care.

Row's J. Shore.

NOW

Now whither ſhall I fly to find Relief?
What charitable Hand will aid me now?
Will ſtay my failing Steps, ſupport my Ruins,
And heal my wounded Mind with balmy Comfort?
Rowe's J. Shore.

COMPASSION.

NATURE has caſt me in ſo ſoft a Mould,
That but to hear a Story, feign'd for Pleaſure,
Of ſome ſad Lover's Death, moiſtens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood. *Dr. All for Love.*

LET them be cruel who delight in Miſchief;
I'm of a ſofter Mold: Poor *Phedra's* Sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding Heart, and wound my Soul.
Smith's Phed. Hip.

SURE Nature form'd me of her ſoſteſt Mold,
Enfeebl'd all my Soul with tender Paſſions,
And ſunk me even below my own weak Sex:
Pity and Love by Turns oppreſs my Heart. *Ad. Cato.*

A FLOOD of Tenderneſs comes o'er my Soul;
I join my Grief to your's, and mourn the Evils
That hurt your Peace, and quench your Eyes in Tears.
Rowe's Fair Pen.

WHAT Rage could hurt a Gentleneſs like thine,
Whoſe tender Soul could weep
O'er dying Roſes, and at Bloſſoms fall. *Shak. Coriol.*

How few, like thee, enquire the Wretched out,
And court the Offices of ſoft Humanity!
Like thee, reſerve their Raiment for the naked,
Reach out their Bread to feed the crying Orphan,
Or mix their pitying Tears with thoſe that weep!
Rowe's J. Shore.

WHAT

WHAT is Compaſſion, when 'tis void of Love?
To one who asks the warm Returns of Love,
Compaſſion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death.

Add. Cato.

WHEN Fortune, or the Gods afflict Mankind,
Compaſſion to the Miſerable's due :
But when we ſuffer what we may prevent,
At once we forfeit Pity and Eſteem. *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

CONCEALMENT.

SHE ne'er told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Prey on her Damask Cheek : She pined in Thought,
And ſat like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief. *Shak. Hen. VI.*

I FIND ſhe loves him much, becauſe ſhe hides it.
Love teaches Cunning even to Innocence ;
And where he gets Poſſeſſion, his firſt Work
Is to dig deep within a Heart, and there
Lie hid, and like a Miſer in the Dark,
To feaſt alone. *Dr. Temp.*

I LOVE like thee, and yet conceal my Flame,
Which burns the more, the more it is ſuppreſs'd.
Hig. Gen. Con.

I WORE my Flames concealed ;
And ſilent as the Lamps that burn in Tombs,
Sighed only to my ſelf, and to the Winds ;
Gaz'd on your Beauties with the diſtant Crowd :
Your ſelf at laſt perceiv'd my drooping Care,
And forced the trembling Secret from my Breſt.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

A MURD'ROUS Guilt ſhews not itſelf more ſoon,
than Love that would ſcem hid.

Shak. Twelfth Night.

CONQUEST.

I CLAIM by Right

of Conqueſt; for when Kings make War,
No Law betwixt two Sovereigns can decide,
but that of Arms, where Fortune is the Judge,
Soldiers the Lawyers, and the Bar the Field.

Dr. Love Triumph.

THEN Crimſon Conqueſt clasp'd me in her Arms,
and laurell'd Triumphs welcom'd my Return.

South. Loy. Broth.

CONQUEST is not given by Chance,
but bound by fatal and reſiſtleſs Merit,
Waits on his Arms.

Rowe's Tam.

IT is too much, you dreſs me
like a Uſurper in the borrow'd Attribute
of injured Heaven: Can we call Conqueſt ours?
Call Man, this Pigmy, with a Giant's Pride,
vaunt of himſelf, and ſay, Thus have I done this?
vain Pretence to Greatneſs! Like the Moon,
We borrow all the Brightneſs which we boaſt,
mark in our ſelves, and uſeleſs: If that Hand
that rules the Fate of Battles, ſtrike for us,
crown us with Fame, and gild our Clay with Ho-
nour,

were moſt ungrateful to diſown the Benefit,
and arrogate a Pride that is not our's..

Ibid.

CON-

CONSCIENCE.

OH Power of Guilt ! How Conſcience can up-
braid !

It forces her not only to reveal,
But to repeat what ſhe would moſt conceal.

Dr. Cong. Granad.

OH Power of Conſcience ! ev'n in wicked Men,
It works, it ſtings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one, not to clear himſelf
From the moſt baſe, deteſted, horrid Act,
That e'er could ſtain a Villain.

Lee's Oed.

How ſhall I 'ſcape the Stings of my own Con-
ſcience ?

Which will for ever wrack me with Remembrance,
Haunt me by Day, and torture me by Night ?
Caſting my blotted Honour in the Way ?
Where'er my melancholy Thoughts ſhall guide me ?

Lee's L. 7. Brut.

OH ! what's this that rends my Heart,
That rides my Days, and clouds my Nights with
Horror !

Is it not Conſcience, which ſometimes appears
Like a She-Wolf, and drags me on the Floor ?
Then in a Lion's Form it comes,
And grins, and roars, juſt gaping to devour me !

Lee's Maſſ. Par.

WERE all well here, what Force, what Roman
Arms,

What General marching at the Head of Millions,
Could daunt the bold, the forward *Mithridates* ?
But here, *Pharnaces*, in my guilty Boſom,

The

The fatal Enemy undermines me quite ;
Black Legions are my Thoughts: Not *Pompey*, but
Ziphares comes with all his Wrongs, and Arms,
Like the Lieutenant of the Gods againſt me.

Semandra too, like bleeding Victory,
Stands on his Side, and cries out, Kill, kill, kill
That curſed Parricide, that Ravisher.

Oh Heaven ! ſuſtain me, or I ſhall grow mad !

Lee's Mith.

I TELL thee, Boy, Remorſe and upſtart Fear
Oppreſs me even in ſpight of all my Knowledge ;
Tho' none of thoſe that boaſt Philoſophy
Have made a deeper Search in Nature's Womb
Than I ; (the Midnight Moon has ſeen my Watch-
ings :)

I tell thee, none can name her infinite Seeds
Like me ; nor better know her Sparks of Light,
Thoſe Gems that ſhine in the blue Ring of Heaven :
None knows more Reaſon for or 'gainſt yond' firſt
Bright Cauſe, can talk of Accidents, above me.

Yet there's a Thorn, call'd Conſcience, makes its
Way

Thro' all the Fence of Pleaſure, fortified
With Reaſons, that this Ill ſeems Good to me,
And ſtings thy guilty Father to the Soul. *Ibid.*

I'LL to the Wars ; and as the *Corybantes*,
With clashing Shields; and braying Trumpets, drown'd
The Cries of Infant *Jove*, I'll ſtifle Conſcience,
And Nature's Murmurs, in the Din of Arms.

Smith's Phed. Hip.

LEAD me where my own Thoughts themſelves
may loſe me ;

Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,

Forget my ſelf, and this Day's Guilt :
Cruel Remembrance, how ſhall I appeaſe thee !

Otw. Ven. Pref.

CONSCIENCE is a Word that Cowards uſe,
Deviſ'd at firſt to keep the Strong in Awe.

Shak. Rich. III.

THEN let us go together,
Full of our Guilt, diſtracted where to roam,
Like the firſt wretched Pair, expell'd their Paradife :
Let's find ſome Place where Adders neſt in Winter,
Loathſome and venomous ; where Poiſons hang
Like Gums againſt the Walls ; where Witches meet
By Night, and feed upon ſome pamper'd Imp,
Eat with the Blood of Babes : There we'll inhabit.

Otway's Orph.

CONSPIRACY.

OH, the curs'd Fate of all Conſpiracies !
They move on many Springs ; if one but fail,
The reſtive Machine ſtops.

Dr. D. Sebaſt.

OH Conſpiracy !

Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dangerous Brow by Night,
When Evils are moſt free ? O then by Day,
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough
To mask thy monſtrous Viſage ? Seek for none ;
Hide it in Smiles and Affability :
For if thou put thy native Semblance on,
Not *Erebus* itſelf were dark enough
To hide thee from Prevention.

Shak. Jul. Caſ.

C O N

C O N S T A N C Y.

CONSTANT as Courage to the Brave in Battle;
Constant as Martyrs burning for their Gods.

Lee's Theod.

THERE'S no ſuch Thing as Conſtancy we call;
Faith ties not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all.
Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
Fiſt Conſtancy in Love a Virtue made:
From Friendſhip, they that Landmark did remove,
And falſly plac'd it on the Bounds of Love.

Dr. Conq. Granad.

I COULD wander o'er the World a Beggar,
Or fill a Throne with thee, all with one Pride,
And the ſame equal Pleaſure.
In Love, like Heav'n, the Monarch and the Slave
Wear the ſame Wreath of Blifs.

BE conſtant, *Bellamira*, to thy Vow,
ſo ſhall we ſhine as in the inmoſt Heaven,
The fix'd and conſtant Stars, with ſilent Glory,
Where never Storms nor Lightnings ſaſh, nor Stroke
Of Thunder comes: But if you fail in ought,
Then ſhall we fall, like the curs'd Angels, down,
Never to riſe again.

Lee's Cæſ. Borg.

WHEN I am falſe, forſake me all that's true.

That! parcel Love,
like common Dole, by Scraps, to every Eye
that hungers after Luſt? Shall I do this?
No, my frank Soul gives largely all at once,
Nothing by Halves: True Love has no Reſerve.

Yes, my *Chruſeis*, I am only thine,
Only and all: The Soul that's ſnatch'd by Death

Returns no more, nor will her Eyes give back
The Heart she keeps in her eternal Chain.

Lanf. Her. Love.

NOT rooted Oaks, the Force of raging Winds,
Nor Nature's Bars, on their strong Basis fix'd,
Repel the Fury of insulting Waves
With greater Firmness, than resolv'd *Armida*
Defies the Charms of Majesty and Power.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

FAIR tho' you are
As Summer-Mornings, and your Eyes more bright
Than Stars, that twinkle in a Winter's Night ;
Tho' you have Eloquence to warm and move
Cold Age, and praying Hermits into Love ;
Tho' *Almahide* with Scorn reward my Care ;
Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to despair.

Dryd. Conq. Gran.

WHEN yet a Virgin free and undispos'd,
I lov'd, but saw you, only with my Eyes ;
I could not reach the Beauties of your Soul :
I have liv'd since in Contemplation,
And long Experience of your growing Goodness ;
What then was Passion is my Judgment now,
Thro' all the several Changes of your Life
Confirm'd and settled in adoring you. *Hayn. Fat. M.*

CONSTERNATION.

NEVER was known a Night of such Distraction
Noise so confus'd and dreadful : Justling Crowds
That run, and know not whither : Torches gliding
Like Meteors, by each other in the Streets.

Dr. Span. Fry

WHERE

WHEREFORE stare you thus with haggard Eyes?
Why are your Arms a-croſs?
Your heavy and deſponding Heads hung down?
What iſ't you more than ſpeak in theſe ſad Signs?

Cong. Mourn. Bride.

C O N T E N T.

SINCE all great Souls ſtill make their own
Content,
We to our ſelves may all our Wiſhes grant;
For, nothing coveting, we nothing want.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

THEY cannot want who wiſh not to have more;
Who ever ſaid an *Anchoret* was poor?

Dr. Sec. Love.

REST we contented with our preſent State;
'Tis anxious to enquire of future Fate. *Dr. K. Arth.*

WERE it not better in ſome diſtant Clime
To live, and love, and peaceably poſſeſs
The ſmall Remainder of our Lives to come?
What tho' we quit all glitt'ring Pomp and Greatneſs,
The buſy noiſy Flattery of Courts,
We ſhall enjoy Content: In that alone
Is Greatneſs, Power, Wealth, Honour, all ſumm'd
up. *Powel's K. of Naples.*

C O U N T R Y L I F E.

AH Prince! haſt thou but known the Joys which
dwell
With humble Fortunes, thou would'ſt curſe thy
Royalty.

Had Fate allotted us ſome obſcure Village,
 Where with Life's Neceſſaries bleſt alone,
 We might have paſſ'd in Peace our happy Days,
 Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empire bring:
 No wicked Stateſman would with impious Arts
 Have ſtriven to wreſt from us our ſmall Inheritance,
 Or ſtir the ſimple Hinds to noiſy Faction.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

C O U R A G E.

THE greateſt Proof of Courage we can give,
 Is then to die when we have Power to live.

Dryd. Ind. Queen.

BUT when true Courage is of Force bereft,
 Patience, the only Fortitude, is left. *Dr. Conq. Gran.*

ALL deſperate Hazards Courage do create,
 As he plays frankly who has leaſt Eſtate :
 Preſence of Mind, and Courage in Diſtreſs,
 Are more than Armies to procure Succeſs.

Dryd. Auren.

LET us appear not raſh, nor diffident :
 Immoderate Valour ſwells into a Fault ;
 And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
 Betrays like Treason.

Add. Cat.

HE dares much ;
 And to that dauntleſs Temper of his Mind,
 He has a Wiſdom that ſtill guides his Valour
 To act in Safety.

Shak. Mach.

A WISE well-temper'd Valour,
 For ſuch is his : Thoſe Giants, Death and Danger,
 Are but his Miniſters, and ſerve a Maſter
 More to be fear'd than they ; and the blind Goddeſs

Is led among the Captives in his Triumph :
Yet Fortune, Valour, all is over-born
By Numbers, as the long-refiſting Banks
By the impetuous Torrent.

Den. Soph.

METHINKS my Soul is rous'd to her laſt Work,
Has much to do, and little Time to ſpare :
She ſtarts within, juſt like a Traveller,
Who ſluggiſhly out-ſlept his Morning Hour,
And mends his Pace to reach his Inn betimes.

Dr. Creſſ. Troil.

WHAT Man dare, I dare.

Approach thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th' *Hyrcanian* Tyger,
Take any Shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble.

Sh. Macb.

A NOBLE Freedom

Dwells with the Brave, unknown to fawning Sico-
phants,
And claims a Privilege of being believ'd.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

DANGER is nothing but a Bugbear Word :
Did Mountains of black Horror me ſurround,
I'd ſcale 'em all.

When Fortune, Honour, Life, and All's in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

Suck. Augl.

C O U R T.

I HAVE no Buſineſs there ;
I have not ſlavish Temperance enough
T'attend a Fav'rite's Heels, and watch his Smiles,
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face.

And thank the Lord that wrong'd me, for his Fa-
 your. *Orw. Orph.*

BE still, and learn the smoothing Arts of Courts;
 Adore his Fortune, mix with flattering Crowds,
 And when they praise him most, be you the loudest.
Dr. D. Sebast.

THE Court is full of Eyes,
 As Eagles sharp, fatal as Basilisks,
 Who live on looking, and who see to Death.
Dr. Love Triumph.

WOULD you be happy, leave this fatal Place;
 Fly from the Courts pernicious Neighbourhood,
 Where Innocence is shunn'd, and blushing Modesty,
 Is made the Scorners's Jest; where Hate, Deceit,
 And deadly Ruin, wear the Masks of Beauty,
 And draw deluded Fools with Shews of Pleasure.
Rowe's Jane Shore.

COURTIERS are
 High Cowards in Revenge amongst themselves,
 And only valiant when they mischief others:
 Stars that would have no Names
 But for the Ills they threaten in Conjunction:
 A Race of shallow and unthinking Pilots,
 Who oft misguide the Ship even in a Calm,
 And in great Storms serve but as Weights to sink it.
Suck Bren.

Of all Court-Service learn the common Lot,
 To Day 'tis done, to Morrow 'tis forgot.
Dryd. D. Seb.

THE Court's a golden, but a fatal Circle,
 Upon whose magick Skirts a thousand Devils,
 In chrystal Forms sit, tempting Innocence,
 And beckon early Virtue from its Centre. *Lee's Nero.*
BE

BE careful to avoid both Courts and Camps,
Where dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
With the brave, noble, honeſt, gallant Man,
To throw her away on Fools and Knaves.

Otway's Orph.

BERTRAM has been taught the Arts of Courts;
To gild a Face with Smiles, and leer a Man to Ruin.

Dr. Sp. Fryar.

LEARN the cruel Arts of Courts;
Learn to diſſemble Wrongs, to ſmile at Injuries,
And ſuffer Crimes thou want'ſt the Power to puniſh:
Be eaſy, affable, familiar, friendly;
Search, and know all Mankind's myſterious Ways,
But truſt the Secret of thy Soul to none.
This is the Way,
This only, to be ſafe in ſuch a World as this is.

Rowe's Ulyſſ.

COURTS are the Places where beſt Manners flouriſh,
Where the Deſerving ought to riſe, and Fools
Make Shew. Why ſhould I vex and chafe my Spleen,
To ſee a gaudy Coxcomb ſhine, when I
Have Senſe enough to ſooth him in his Follies,
And ride him to Advantage as I pleaſe. *Otw. Orph.*

WHAT Man of Senſe would rack his generous Mind,
To praſtiſe all the baſe Formalities
And Forms of Buſ'neſs? Force a grave ſtarch'd Face,
When he's a very Libertine in's Heart?
Seem not to know this or that Man in Publick,
When privately, perhaps, they meet together,
And lay the Scene of ſome brave Fellow's Ruin?
Such Things are done in Courts. *Ibid.*

VIRTUE muſt be thrown off, 'tis a coarſe Garment,
Too heavy for the Sunshine of a Court.

Dr. Span. Fryar.

BUT Courtiers are to be accounted good,
When they are not the laſt and worſt of Men. *Ibid.*

C O U R T S H I P.

STILL as I woed, when at her Feet I lay,
Begging the Bounty of a Look to bleſs me :
Had'ſt thou but ſeen with what a modeſt Pride,
A Virgin Innocence and chaſte Reſerv'dneſs,
She took the humble Offering of my Love ;
How ſtill in all the winding of my Paſſion
Thro' the high Tide of Vows and ſtrong Temptations,
She kept an equal Mind : By Heav'n, I think,
Had'ſt thou then ſeen the temp'rate Virgin ſtand,
Cold to my Flame, as Marble to the Sun,
(Not ſuſh'd and haughty with the Conqueſt made,
As other vainer of her Sex would be,)
Thou would'ſt have lov'd her rigid Virtue too.

South. Loy. Bro.

O *Semanthe* ! how ſhall I convince thee !
What ſhall I ſay, or how ſhall I proteſt,
To conquer thy Belief?
Could'ſt thou diſcern the Workings of my Soul,
Paſs thro' this Boſom to my throbbing Heart ;
Oh ! there thou would'ſt behold thy heav'nly Form
Deep writ, and never to be razed away. *Ibid.*

HAPPINESS !

There's none for me without you : Riches, Name,
Health, Fame, Diſtinction, Place, and Quality,
Are the Incumbrances of human Life,

To

To make it but more tedious without you.
What ſerves the Goods of Fortune for ? To raiſe
My Hopes that you at laſt will ſhare them with me.
Long Life it ſelf the univerſal Pray'r,
And Heav'n's Reward of well Deſervers here
Would prove a Plague to me : To ſee you always,
And never ſee you mine ! Still to deſire,
And never to enjoy ! *South. Fat. Mar.*

SEE, faireſt Queen of Love and Beauty, here
Your faithfulleſt and humbleſt Worſhipper,
Who comes to offer up a Sacrifice
To thoſe eternal Glories of your Eyes ;
It is a Heart as ſpotleſs and ſincere
As the chaſte Vows of holy Veſtals are :
Accept, divine one, and pronounce my Doom.

Orw. Alcib.

HE preferr'd me
Above the Maidens of my Age and Rank ;
Still ſhun'd their Company, and ſtill fought mine.
I was not won by Gifts, yet ſtill he gave ;
And all his Gifts, tho' ſmall, yet ſpoke his Love :
He pick'd the earlieſt Strawberries in the Woods,
The cluster'd Filberts, and the purple Grapes :
He taught a prating Stare to ſpeak my Name ;
And when he found a Neſt of Nightingales,
Or callow Linnets, he would ſhew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out. *Dryd. Mar. Alam.*

INDULGE me yet a little in my Ruin ;
Ah ! ſuffer me to look my Life away ;
While, proſtrate at thy Feet, I tell my Love,
And let my lateſt Accent ſigh *Aspatia.*

Johnson's Force of Friendſhip.

COWARD.

C O W A R D.

COWARDS have Courage when they ſee not
 Death,
 And fearful Hares that ſkulk in Forms all Day,
 Yet fight their feeble Quarrels by the Moon-light ;
 But valiant Men
 Still love the Sun ſhould witneſs what they do.

Dr. Riv. Lad.

A COWARD is the kindeſt Animal ;
 'Tis the moſt forgiving Creature in a Fight. *Dr. Cleom.*
 OF all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
 It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that Man ſhould fear ;
 Seeing that Death, a neceſſary End,
 Will come when it will come. *Shak. Jul. Caf.*

HAVE I not ſeen the *Britain's* quite diſhearten'd?
 Run, run, *Bonduca* ; not the quick Rack ſwifter ;
 The Virgin from the hated Ravisher
 Not half ſo fearful ? Not a Flight drawn home,
 A round Stone from a Sling, a Lover's Wiſh,
 E'er made that haſte that they have. By the Gods,
 I have ſeen theſe *Britains*, that you magnify,
 Run as they would have out-run Time ; and roaring,
 Baſely for Mercy roaring : The light Shadows
 That in a Thought ſcour o'er the Fields of Corn,
 Halted on Crutches to them : I have ſeen them,
 Like boding Owls, creep into Tods of Ivy,
 And hoot their Fears to one another nightly.

Beaum. Bond.

CUG

C U C K O L D.

NOW the broad Shame comes ſtaring in thy Face,
And Boys ſhall hoot the Cuckold as he paſſes.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

MAY the Husband's Curſe

Light here upon my Forehead, for the Boys
To find me out by, as I paſs along,
The common Scorn and Jeſt of laughing Fools.

South. Diſap.

SHE might have number'd out the Stars in Sin,
Fed her hot luſtful Appetite with Change
Of every high-fed wanton Fool in *Florence* ;
Yet I had been happy ignorantly bleſs'd :
Like a true Marriage-Fool, I might have ſat
Contented at the lower End o'th' Feaſt,
To welcome all without a further Thought ;
And when the Buſineſs of the Day was over,
When all the Company had danc'd her round,
At Night I might have ta'en her to my Heart,
With Praises on her Truth and Conſtancy,
And Thanks to Heaven for ſuch a virtuous Wife.
But to know my ſelf a Monster ! Death and Hell !
Children and Fools will have me in the Wind,
And I ſhall ſtink of Cuckold to the World. *Ibid.*

IT is a Woman's falſeſt vaineſt Pride,
To boaſt a Virtue that has ne'er been tried :
In equal Folly too, thoſe Husbands live,
Who peeviſhly againſt themſelves contrive
By early Fears to haſten on the Day ;
For Jealouſy but ſhews our Wives the Way :

And

And if the forked Fortune be our Doom,
In vain we strive, the Blessing will come home. *Ibid.*

O CURSE of Marriage!

That we can call those delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites ! I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
Than keep a Corner in the Thing I love
For others Uses. Yet 'tis the Plague of great Ones,
Prerogativ'd are they less than the Base ;
'Tis Destiny unshunnable, like Death !
I had been happy if the gen'ral Camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing known.

I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

What Sense had I of her stol'n Hours of Lust ?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me ;
I slept the next Night well, was free and merry ;
I found not *Cassio's* Kisses on her Lips.
He that's robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Shak. Othello.

C U R S E.

HE gentle ! then the Devils themselves have Mercy.
O Monster ! rocky Villain ! Tyger ! Hell-hound !
Seize him, ye Fiends, and Furies damn him, damn
him !

May Hell have infinite Stories, and this Devil
Be damn'd beneath the bottomless Foundation.

Lee's Cæs. Borg.

I CURSE thee not !

For who can better curse the Plague or Devil,
Than to be what they are : That Curse be thine.

Dryd. D. Sebast.

HEAR me, just Heav'ns !

Pour down your Curses on this wretched Head
With never-ceasing Vengeance : Let Despair,
Dangers, or Infamy, nay all surround me.
Starve me with Wantings ; let my Eyes ne'er see
A Light of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace :
But dash my Days with Sorrow, Nights with Horrors,
Wild as my own Thoughts are. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

LET Mischiefs multiply, let ev'ry Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me Increase of Horror.
Oh! let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever.
May ev'ry Thing I look on seem a Prodigy,
To fill my Soul with Terrors, till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curser of the Works of Nature.

Otw. Orph.

WHIP me, ye Devils,
Blow me about in Winds, roast me in Sulphur ;
Wash me in steep-down Gulphs of liquid Fire.

Shak. Othello.

NOW Hell's bluest Plagues
Receive her quick, with all her Crimes upon her :
Let her sink spotted down ; let the dark Host
Make Room, and point, and hiss her as she goes :
Let the most branded Ghosts of all her Sex
Rejoice, and cry, Here comes a blacker Fiend.

Shak. Troil. and Cress.

O ALL tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the
Night,
And Hags of Fancy, wing him thro' the Air ;
From Precipices hurl him headlong down ;
Charybdis roar, and Death be ſet before him.

Lee's Oed.

KIND Heav'n ! let heavy Curſes
Gall his old Age, Cramps, Aches, rack his Bones,
And bittereſt Diſquiet wring his Heart.
Oh ! let him live till Life becomes a Burden ;
Let him groan under it long, linger an Age
In the worſt Agonies and Pangs of Death,
And find its Eaſe but late.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

BUT Curſes ſtick not : Could I kill with Curſing,
By Heav'n, I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*
Should not be blaſted : Senators ſhould rot
Like Dogs on Dunghills ; but their Wives and
Daughters

Die of their own Diſeaſes. Oh, for a Curſe
To kill with !

Ibid.

REMORSE and Heavineſs of Heart ſtill wait thee,
And everlaſting Anguiſh be thy Portion.

Rowe's J. Shore.

IF there be a Man
Subtle in Curſes, that exceed all others,
His worſt Wiſh on thee. *Bean. King and no King.*

OH ! I will curſe thee till thy frightened Soul
Runs mad with Horror.

Lee's Caſ. Borg.

ALL the ſtor'd Vengeances of Heaven fall down
On her ungrateful Head : Strike her young Bones,
Ye taking Airs, with Lameneſs :
Ye nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding Flames
Into her ſcornful Eyes : Infect her Beauty,

Ye

Ye Fen-fuck'd Fogs, drawn by the powerful Sun,
To fall, and bliſter. *Shak. K. Lear.*

RAIN, rain, ye Stars ; ſpout from your burning
Orbs

Precipitated Fires ; and pour in Sheets
The blazing Torrent on the Tyrant's Head :
Scorch and conſume this curs'd perfidious King.

Cong. M. Bride.

O REPAY him,

Thou great Avenger ! Give him Blood for Blood :
Guilt haunt him, Fiends purſue him, Lightnings blaſt
him ;

Some horrid curſed Kind of Death o'ertake him
Sudden, and in the Fulneſs of his Sins.

Rowe's J. Shore.

Now Furies laſh him with your Scorpion Whips,
Give him the Torments of the eternal Damned ;
Prometheus' Vulture, and *Ixion's* Wheel ;
And let his Pains thro' circling Ages laſt,
Nor Time expiring, ſee his Torments done.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

MAY he be rooted where he ſtands forever ;
His Eye-balls never move ; Brows be unbent ;
His Blood, his Liver, Entrails, Heart, and Bowels,
Be blacker than the Place I wiſh him, Hell.

Lee's Oed.

O HEAR me, Heaven, I'll ſpeak it tho' I burſt ;
And tho' the Air had Ears, and ſerv'd the Tyrant,
Out it ſhould go. O hear me, thou great Juſtice !
The Miſeries that wait upon his Miſchiefs,
Let them be numberleſs : Let no Eye pity him,
Even when his Soul is loaded, and in Labour,
And wounded thro' and thro' with Guilt and Horror;
Then

Then when his monstrous Sins like Earthquakes shake
him,

And those Eyes that had forgot Heaven would look
upwards,

The bloody Alarms of Conscience still, still beating,
Let Mercy fly, and Day struck into Darkness,
Leave his blind Soul to hunt out her own Horrors.

Beau. D. Mar.

THE bluest Blast of pestilential Air,
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill her Eyes;
Perdition catch them both, and Ruin part 'em.

Cong. M. Bride

A FATHER's Curse has Wings ;
Thro' this World, and the next, it will pursue thee,
And sink thee down for ever. *Dr. Love Triumph*

DISEASES wait 'em ! Wherefore should I curse
them ?

If that my Breath were sulphurous as the Lightning,
That murders with a Blast ; or like the Vapours,
The choaking Stench which those that die o'th' Plague
Send with their parting Groans ; then I would curse
them,

With Accents that should poison from my Tongue,
Deliver'd strongly thro' my gnashing Teeth,
More harsh, more horrible, and more outrageous,
Than Envy in their Cave, or Madmen in their Den ;
My Tongue should stammer in my earnest Words ;
My Eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint ;
My hoary Hair should start, and stand an end,
And all my shaking Joints should seem to curse them

Lee's Cas. Bor.

My Heart will break,
Unless I curse them : Poison be their Drink ;

Gal

Gall, Gall, and Wormwood, Hemlock, Hemlock
quench them ;

Their ſweeteſt Shade, a Den of duſkiſh Adders ;

Their faireſt Proſpect, Fields of Baſilisks ;

Their ſoſteſt Touch, as ſoft as Viper's Teeth ;

Their Muſick horrid, as the Hiſs of Dragons ;

And boding Screech-Owls make the Conſort full ;

All the foul Terrors of dark-ſeated Hell.

Now by my Wrongs that turn my Heart to Steel,

Well could I curſe away a Winter's Night,

Tho' ſtanding naked on a Mountain's Top,

And think it but a Minute ſpent in Sport.

Shak. Hen. VI.



D A M N A T I O N.



WHAT do the Damn'd endure, but to
Deſpair ?

But knowing Heaven, to know it loſt
for ever ? *Cong. M. Bride.*

BID the Damn'd be happy,
Who in ſad Flames for ever muſt be
toſt,

Yet ſtill in view of the lov'd Heaven they've loſt.

Otw. D. Carl.

EV'N thus in Hell wander the reſtleſs Damn'd ;
From ſcorching Flames to chilling Froſts they run ;
Then from their Froſts to Fires return again,
And only prove Variety of Pain.

Rowe's Tam.

WHAT

WHAT thou a Stateſman !
 And make a Buſineſs of Damnation
 In ſuch a World as this ? Why 'tis a Trade :
 The Scrivener, Uſurer, Lawyer, Shopkeeper,
 And Soldier, cannot live, but by Damnation :
 The Politician does it by Advance,
 And gives All-gone beforehand. *Dr. D. Sebaſt.*

D A N G E R.

GREAT Things thro' greateſt Hazards are at-
 chiev'd,
 And then they ſhine, *Beau. Loy. Sub.*
 DANGER, 'thou Dwarf dress'd up in Giant's
 Clothes,
 That ſhew'ſt far off ſtill greater than thou art.
Suck. Auglaur.

By a divine Inſtinct Mens Minds miſtruſt,
 Purſuing Danger; as by Proof we ſee
 The Water ſwell before a boiſtrous Storm.
Shak. Rich. III.

'Tis with a ſecret Pleaſure I look back,
 And ſee the many Dangers I have paſſ'd :
 The Merchant thus in dreadful Tempeſt toſſ'd,
 Thrown by the Waves on ſome unlook'd-for Coaſt,
 Oft turns, and ſees with a delighted Eye,
 'Midſt Rocks and Shelves the broken Billows fly ;
 And whiſt th' outrageous Winds the Deep deform,
 Smiles on the Tumult, and enjoys the Storm.
Phil. Diſt. Moth.

D A R K.

D A R K N E S S.

ALASS! I am betray'd to Darkneſs here,
 Darkneſs which Virtue hates, and Maids moſt fear;
 Silence and Solitude dwell ev'ry where,
 Dogs ceaſe to bark, the Waves more faintly roar,
 And roll themſelves aſleep upon the Shore;
 No Noiſe but what my Footſteps make, and they
 Sound dreadfully, and louder than by Day;
 They double too, and ev'ry Step-I take
 Sounds thick methinks, and more than one could
 make.

Dryd. R. Lad.

OH! ſhe does teach the Torches to burn bright;
 Her Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night;
 Fairer than Snow upon a Raven's Back,
 Or a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear:
 Were ſhe in yonder Sphere, ſhe'd ſhine ſo bright,
 That Birds would ſing, and think the Day were
 breaking.

Shak. Rom. and Jul.

HER Beauty gilds the more than Midnight Darkneſs,
 And makes it grateful as the Dawn of Day.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

D A U N T L E S S.

DARE all that's poſſible;
 And Heaven may yield, and Fate be aw'd:
 Vain is the Talk of Deſtiny and Fate,
 Since every gallant Man may make his own;
 I'll fall their Envy, if they doom my Fall.

Hopk. Pyrrh.

IF *Babylon* muſt fall, what iſ't to me ?
 Or can I help immutable Decree ?
 Down then vaſt Frame, with all thy lofty Towers,
 Since 'tis ſo order'd by the Almighty Powers ;
 Preſs'd by the Fates unloofe thy golden Bars,
 'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars. *Lee's Alex.*

BE Witneſs for me, all ye Powers divine,
 If you be angry, 'tis no Fault of mine ;
 Therefore let Furies face me with a Band
 From Hell, my Virtue ſhall not make a Stand ;
 Tho' all the Curtains of the Sky be drawn,
 And the Stars wink, young *Ammon* ſhall go on. *Ibid.*

D E A D.

SHE's cold,
 Her Blood is ſettled, and her Joints are ſtiff ;
 Death lies on her, like an untimely Froſt
 Upon the ſweeteſt Flower of all the Field.

Shak. Rom. Jul.

DEATH that has ſuck'd the Honey of thy Breath,
 Has had no Power as yet upon thy Beauty :
 Thou'art not conquer'd, Beauty's Enſign ſtill
 Is Crimſon in thy Lips, and in thy Cheeks,
 And Death's pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there. *Ibid.*

O HOW I grudge the Grave this heavenly Form !
 Thy Beauties will inſpire the Arms of Death,
 And warm the pale cold Tyrant into Life.

South. Loyal. Bro.

BACK, thou departed Life ! back to thy Cell,
 Her Heart ! in Heaven thou canſt not ſweeter dwell,
 Move the ſtill Pulſe, and thaw each frozen Vein.

Lee's Soph.

FOR

FOR ever gone ! All her ſweet Stock of Breath
pent in one Sigh, the Riot of rich Death. *Ibid.*

SHE's gone ! for ever gone ! The King of Terrors
lays his rude Hands upon her lovely Limbs,
and blaſts her Beauties with his icy Breath.

Den. App. Virg.

COLD, my Life ! She's gone !
and her Cheeks a ſcatter'd Purple ſmiles,
like Streaks of Sunshine from a ſetting Day.

Shak. Coriol.

D E A T H

NOTHING more certain than to die, but when
moſt uncertain : If ſo, every Hour
We ſhould prepare us for the Journey, which
not to be put off. I muſt ſubmit
to the divine Decree, not argue it,

and chearfully welcome it. *Beaum. Lovers Progreſs.*

LET no Man fear to die : We love to ſleep all,
and Death is but the ſounder Sleep ; all Ages,
and all Hours call us : 'Tis ſo common, eaſy,
that little Children tread thoſe Paths before us.

Beaum. Hum. Lieut.

THIS vaſt, this ſolid Earth, that blazing Sun,
hoſe Skies thro' which it rolls, muſt all have End :
What then is Man, the ſmalleſt Part of Nothing ?
ay buries Day, Month Month, and Year the Year ;
our Life is but a Chain of many Deaths :
Can then Death's ſelf be fear'd ? Our Life much rather :

Life is the Deſart, Life the Solitude ;
Death joins us to the great Majority ;
is to be born to *Platos* and to *Cæſars*,

'Tis

'Tis to be great for ever ;
'Tis Pleasure, 'tis Ambition then to die.

Young's Revenge

WHAT art thou, O thou great mysterious Terror
The Way to thee we know ; Diseases, Famine,
Sword, Fire, and all thy ever open Gates,
That Day and Night stand ready to receive us.
But what's beyond them? Who will draw that Veil
Yet Death's not there----No, 'tis a Point of Time,
The Verge 'twixt mortal and immortal Beings,
It mocks our Thought. On this Side all is Life,
And when we've reach'd it, in that very Instant
'Tis past the thinking of-----Or if it be
The Pangs, the Throws, the agonizing Struggle,
When Soul and Body part ; sure I've felt it,
And there's no more to fear. *Hughe's Seige Dam*

DEATH's a Name,

By which poor guessing Mortals are deceiv'd ;
'Tis no where to be found. Thou fleest in vain
From Life, to meet again with that thou fleest ;
How wilt thou curse thy Rashness then ? How !
And shudder, and shrink back ? Yet how avoid
To put on thy new Being. *Ibid*

'Tis but to die !

'Tis but to do what at this very Moment,
In many Nations of the peopled Earth,
A thousand and a thousand shall do with me :
'Tis but to close my Eyes, and shut out Day-light,
To view no more the wicked Ways of Men,
And be a weeping Witness of their Woes.

Rowe's J. Shon

DEATH we should prize as the best Gift of Nature
As a safe Inn where weary Travellers,

Wh

When they have journey'd thro' a World of Cares,
May put off Life, and be at reſt for ever,
If 'twere in private, void of Pomp and Shew ;
But Groans, and weeping Friends, and ghastly Blacks,
Distract us with their ſad Solemnity :
The Preparation's the Executioner ;
For Death unmask'd, ſhews me a friendly Face,
And is a Terror only at a Diſtance.
For as the Line of Life conducts me on
To Death's great Court, the Proſpect ſeems more fair ;
'Tis Nature's Hoſpital, that's always open,
To take us in when we have drain'd the Sweets
Of Life, or worn our Days to Age and Wretched-
neſs ;
Death's then a ſoft Repoſe, a ſafe Retreat.

South. Loy. Bro.

I WAS born to die :

'Tis but expanding Thought, and Life is nothing.
Ages and Generations paſs away,
And with reſiſtleſs Force, like Waves o'er Waves,
Rolls down the irrevocable Stream of Time,
Into the inſatiate Ocean For-ever. *Steele's Ly. Lovers.*
ALL the while I lived I have been dying :
Time equal Steps to Death and Life does give ;
And thoſe that fear to die, muſt fear to live :
Death reconciles the World, and Nature's Strife,
And is a Part of Order, and of Life.

How. Veſt. Virg.

TYRANT of Nature ! I would view thee near,
Thou chief of Terrors, Death ! A Form ſo horrid,
As even the Wretched ſhun.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

OH Nature !

How doſt thou mock Mankind ! to make him free,

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And

And yet make him fear ? Or when he loſt
 That Freedom, why did he not loſe his Fear ?
 That Fear of Fears, the Fear of what we know not,
 While yet we know it is in vain to fear it.
 Death, and what follows Death, 'twas that which
 ſtamp'd

A Terror on the Brow of Kings ; that gave
 Fortune her Deity, and *Jove* his Thunder :
 Banish but Fear of Death, thoſe Giant Names,
 Of Maſteſty, Power, Empire, finding nothing
 To be their Object, will be nothing too.
 Then he dares yet be free, that dares to die,
 May laugh at the grim Face of Law, and ſcorn
 The cruel Wrinkle of a Tyrant's Brow.

Denb. Sophy.

POOR Reason ! what a wretched Aid art thou ?
 For ſtill in ſpite of thee,
 Theſe two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
 Their final Separation.

Dr. All for Love.

Now Death draws near, a ſtrange Perplexity
 Creeps coldly on me, like a Fear to die.
 Courage uncertain Dangers may abate,
 But who can bear th' Approach of certain Fate ?
 The Wiſeſt and the Beſt ſome Fear may ſhow,
 And wiſh to ſtay, tho' they reſolve to go.
 As ſome faint Pilgrim, ſtanding on the Shore,
 Firſt views the Torrent he would venture o'er,
 And then his Inn upon the farther Ground,
 Loth to wade thro', and lother to go round ;
 Then dipping in his Staff, does tryal make
 How deep it is, and ſighing, pulls it back ;
 Sometimes reſolv'd to fetch his Leap, and then
 Runs to the Bank, but there ſtops ſhort again :

So I at once
Both heavenly Faith and human Fear obey,
And feel before me in an unknown Way.

Dr. Tyr. Love.

I FEEL Death riſing higher ſtill and higher
Within my Boſom ; every Breath I fetch
Shuts up my Life within a ſhorter Compaſs ;
And, like the vaniſhing Sound of Bells, grow leſs
And leſs each Pulse, till it be loſt in Air. *Dr. R. Lad.*

THE Morning riſes with its uſual Ray,
Nor ſhews the gloomy Face of leaſt Diſorder ;
No Prodigies, no Fate-foretelling Stars,
Nor Storms nor Thunders wait on *Blacius'* Death ;
In every Thing the Courſe of Nature ſtill
Keeps duly on, concernleſs in its Road,
And will do ſtill the ſame when I'm no more :
Why ſhould I think it then a Pain to leave
Theſe common Objects that regard not me ?
Behold how peacefully a conſtant Mind

[Observing Portius aſleep.]

Receives the ſolemn Summons of his Fate,
And in the Body's Reſt diſcards the Thought !
To die's no more : Our Sleep's a ſhort-liv'd Death ;
Either is but the Loſs of Time unknown,
And he that ſleeps till from the Grave awak'd,
Feels not that Gap in his Eternity
To exceed a Moment. *Cibber's Per. and Izad.*

DISTRUST and Darkneſs of a future State,
Make poor Mankind ſo fearful of their Fate.

Death in itſelf is nothing ; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.

Dr. Auren.

DEATH's a black Veil, covering a beauteous Face,
Fear'd afar off

By'erring Nature : A mistaken Phantom !

A harmleſs lambent Fire ! She kiſſes cold,

But kind, as ſoft and ſweet as my *Cleora*.

Oh! could we know

What Joy ſhe brings, at leaſt, what Reſt from Grief!

How ſhould we preſs into her friendly Arms,

And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy ! *Dr. Cleom.*

THE Dead are only happy, and the Dying :

The Dead are ſtill, and laſting Slumbers hold 'em.

He who is near his Death, but turns about,

Shuffles a while to make his Pillow eaſy,

Then ſlips into his Shroud, and reſts for ever.

Lee's Caſ. Borg.

DEATH is the Privilege of human Nature ;

And Life without it were not worth our taking.

Thither the Poor, the Priſoner, and the Mourner,

Fly for Relief, and lay their Burdens down.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

I WISH to die, yet dare not Death endure ;

Deſt the Med'cine, yet deſire the Cure.

Oh! had I Courage but to meet my Fate ;

That ſhort dark Paſſage to a future State ;

That melancholy Riddle of a Breath,

That Something, or that Nothing, after Death.

Dryd. Aurea

COWARDS die many times before their Death,

The Valiant never taſte of Death but once.

Sh. Jul. Ca

BUT Men with Horror Diſſolution meet ;

The Minutes e'en of painful Life are ſweet.

Dr. R. La

Po

POOR abject Creatures ! How they fear to die ?
Who never knew one happy Hour in Life,
Yet ſhake to lay it down. Is Load ſo pleaſant ?
Or has Heaven hid the Happineſs of Death,
That Men may dare to live ? *Dryd. D. Seb.*

AY ! but to die, and go we know not where ;
To lie in cold Obſtructions, and to rot ;
This ſenſible warm Motion to become
A kneaded Clod ; and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods ; or to reſide
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribb'd Ice ;
To be imprizon'd in the viewleſs Winds ;
Or blown with reſtleſs Violence about
The pendant World ; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and uncertain Thought
Imagine howling ; 'Tis too horrible !
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly Life,
That Pain, Age, Penury, and Imprizonment,
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradife,
To what we fear of Death.

Shak. Measure for Measure.

WHEN the Sun ſets, Shadows that ſhew'd at Noon
But ſmall, appear moſt long and terrible :
So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
Our Apprehenſions ſhoot beyond all Bounds ;
Owls, Ravens, Crickets, ſeem the Watch of Death ;
Nature's worſt Vermin ſcare her Godlike Sons.
Echoes, the very leaving of a Voice,
Grow babling Ghoſts, and call us to our Graves.
Each Mole-hill Thought ſwells to a huge *Olympus* ;
While we, fantaſtick Dreamers, heave and puff,
And ſweat with an Imagination's Weight.

Lee's Oed.

THE Thought of Death, to one near Death, is
dreadful!

Oh! 'tis a fearful Thing to be no more!
Or if to be, to wander after Death;
To walk as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day,
And when the Darkneſs comes, to glide in Paths
That lead to Graves, and in the ſilent Vault,
Where lies your own pale Shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps,
And often, often, vainly breathe your Ghoſt
Into your lifeleſs Lips:
Then, like a lone benighted Traveller,
Shut out from Lodgings, ſhall your Groans be an-
ſwer'd

By whiſtling Winds, whoſe every Blaſt will ſhake
Your tender Form to Atoms. *Ibid.*

DEATH is not dreadful to a Mind reſolv'd;
It ſeems as natural as to be born.
Groans, and Convulſions, and diſcolour'd Faces,
Friends weeping round us, Blacks, and Obſequies,
Make Death a dreadful Thing. The Pomp of Death
Is far more terrible than Death it ſelf.

Lee's L. J. Brut.

'TIS not the *Stoics* Leſſon got by rote,
The Pomp of Words, and pedant Diſſertation,
That can ſupport thee in that Hour of Terror.
Books have taught Cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the Tryal comes, they ſtart, and ſtand
aghast. *Rowe's F. Pen.*

DEATH's dark Shades
Seem, as we journey on, to looſe their Horror:
At near Approach, the Monſters formed by Fear
Are vaniſh'd all, and leave the Proſpect clear.

Amidſt

Amidſt the gloomy Vale a pleaſing Scene,
With Flowers adorn'd, and never-fading Green,
Inviting ſtands to take the Wretched in.

No Wars, no Wrongs, no Tyrants, no Deſpair,
Diſturb the Quiet of a Place ſo fair,
But injur'd Lovers find *Elizium* there.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

DEATH only can be dreadful to the Bad :
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bugbear dress'd
To frighten Children : Pull but off his Mask
And he'll appear a Friend. *Dryd. Oed.*

OH, that I leſs could fear to loſe this Being !
Which, like a Snow-ball in my Coward Hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faſter melts away.

Dryd. All for Love.

DEER.

SEE where the Deer trot after one another,
Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son ;
Brother and Siſter, mingled all together ;
No Diſcontent they know, but in delightful
Wildneſs and Freedom, luſty Health and Innocence,
Enjoy their Portion. If they ſee a Man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the Monſter. *Otw. Orph.*

DEFORMITY.

THE Owl ſhriek'd at thy Birth, an evil Sign !
Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempeſts ſhook down
Trees ;

The Raven rook'd her on the Chimney's Top,

And chatt'ring Pyes in diſmal Diſcord ſung :
 Thy, Mother felt more than a Mother's Pain,
 And yet brought forth leſs than a Mother's Hope,
 An indigeſted Lump. *Shak. Richard III.*

CHEATED of Feature by diſſembling Nature ;
 Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my Time
 Into this breathing World, ſcarce half made up,
 And that ſo lamely and unfashionable,
 That Dogs bark at me as I halt by them.
 I that in this weak piping Tune of Peace,
 Have no Delight to paſs away the Time,
 Unleſs to view my Shadow in the Sun,
 And deſcant on my own Deformity. *Ibid.*

THOU elſiſh, mark'd, abortive Monster !
 Thou that was ſeal'd, in thy Nativity,
 The Slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell !
 Thou Slander of thy heavy Mother's Womb ! *Ibid.*

THOU talk of ſacred Love !
 Haſt thou a Nook in all that huddled Form
 Fit for ſo ſoft a Guest ? It cannot be.
 Fly from my Sight, thou bungled Botch of Nature,
 Thou Snuff of Life, and Ruins of a Man !

CURSE Nature,
 That ne'er reform'd thy Droſs ! Curſe thy own Fate,
 That warm'd that unconcocted Lump to Life,
 Half-ſiniſh'd into Man !

THOU art a Thing ſo loathſome,
 Nature has ſhut thee quite from that thou art :
 Made, like the Bird of Night, to be purſu'd,
 Abhorr'd, and loath'd by all thy Fellow-Creatures.

Shak. Twelfth Night.

WHY Love renounc'd me in my Mother's Womb,
 And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft Laws,

He

He did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
To shrink my Arm thus like a weather'd Shrub ;
To make an envious Mountain on my Back,
Where sits Deformity to mock my Body ;
To shape my Legs of an unequal Size ;
To disproportion me in ev'ry Part,
Like to a *Chaos*, 'or unlick'd Bear's Whelp,
That carries no Impression like the Dam. *Sh. H. VI.*

NATURE her self start back when thou wer't born,
And cry'd, The Work's not mine.

The Midwife stood aghast ; and when she saw
Thy Mountain Back, and thy distorted Legs,
Thy Face it self Half-minted with the Royal Stamp of Man,
And half o'ercome with Beast, she doubted long
Whose Right in thee were more ;
And knew not if to burn thee in the Flames
Were not the holier Work.

Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body
In so perverse a Mould ? Yet when she cast
Her envious Hand upon my supple Joints,
Unable to resist, and rumbled them
On Heaps in their dark Lodging ; to revenge
Her bungled Work, she stamp'd my Mind more fair.
And as from *Chaos*, huddled and deform'd,
The Gods struck fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautify the Sky ; so she inform'd
This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul,
And making less than Man, she made me more.

No ! Thou'rt all one Error, Soul and Body !
The first young Tryal of some unskill'd Power,
Rude in the Making-Art, and Ape of *Jove* !
Thy Body opens inward to thy Soul,

And lets in Day to make thy Vices seen :
 Thy crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back,
 And wander'd in thy Limbs : Thou Blot of Nature!
 Thou Enemy of Eyes ! Excrecence of a Man !

Lee's Oedip.

D E S P A I R.

AS with one

Who, wandring o'er a wide barren Waste,
 Views the last Circles of the sinking Sun,
 Then gazing round, quite destitute of Hope,
 Forsaken, and forlorn, sits sighing down,
 To mix with Night, and entertain Despair.

South. M. Fat.

THIS Pomp of Horror

Is fit to feed the Frenzy in my Soul :
 Here's Room for Meditation e'en to Madness,
 Till the Mind burst with thinking. *Rowe's F. Pen.*

HE makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair ;
 He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no Use
 Of any Thing but Thought : Or if he talks,
 'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect Raving :
 Then he defies the World, and bids it pass :
 Sometimes he gnaws his Lips, then draws his Mouth
 Into a scornful Smile. *Dryd. All for Love.*

I AM here ! and thus the Shades of Night around
 me !

I look as if all Hell were in my Heart !
 And I in Hell ! Nay, surely 'tis so with me ;
 For every Step I tread, methinks some Fiend
 Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet.
 I have heard how desperate Wretches, like my self,
 Have wander'd out at this dead Time of Night,

To

To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walks :
Sure I'm ſo curſt, that, tho' of Heav'n forſaken,
No Miniſter of Darkneſs cares to tempt me.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

My ſad Soul has
Form'd a diſmal melancholy Scene ;
Such a Retreat as I would wiſh to find :
An unfrequented Vale, o'ergrown with Trees
Moſſy and old, within whoſe loneſome Shades
Ravens and Birds ill-omen'd only dwell ;
No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook,
That bubbling winds among the Weeds ; no Mark
Of any human Shape that had been there ;
Unleſs a Skeleton of ſome poor Wretch,
Who had long ſince, like me, by Love undone,
Sought that ſad Place out to deſpair and die in.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

WINDS bear me to ſome barren Iſland,
Where Print of human Feet was never ſeen ;
O'ergrown with Weeds of ſuch a monſtrous Height,
Their baleful Tops are waſh'd with bellowing Clouds ;
Beneath whoſe venomous Shade I may have vent
For Horror that would blaſt the barbarous World.

Lee's Oed.

THERE let me groan my Horrors on the Earth !
There bellow out my utmoſt Gall !
There ſob my Sorrows till I burſt with Sighing !
There gasp and languish out my wounded Soul ! *Ibid.*

I FANCY

I'm turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature ;
Of all forſaken, and forſaking all :
Living in a ſhady Foreſt's *Silvan* Scene,
Stretch'd at my Length beneath ſome blaſted Oak

I

I lean my Hand upon the moſſy Bark,
 And look juſt of a Piece, as I grew from it ;
 My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Miſſetoe,
 Hang o'er my hoary Face ; the Herd came jumping
 by me,
 And, fearleſs, quench their Thirſt while I look on,
 And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.

Dryd. All for Love.

THERE is a ſtupid Weight upon my Senſes,
 A diſmal fullen Stilneſs, that ſucceeds
 The Storm of Rage and Grief ; like ſilent Death,
 After the Tumult and the Noiſe of Life.
 Would it were Death, (as ſure'tis wond'rous like it,)
 For I am ſick of living : My Soul's pall'd,
 She kindles not with Anger or Revenge.
 Love was the informing active Fire within ;
 Now that is quench'd, the Maſs forgets to move,
 And longs to mingle with its Kindred Earth.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

FOR cold Deſpair begins to freeze my Boſom,
 And all my Pow'rs are now reſolv'd on Death.

Lee's Theod.

THERE'S nothing in this World can make me Joy :
 Life is as tedious as a twice told Tale,
 Vexing the dull Ear-of a drouſy Man. *Sh. K. John.*

OH ! I have Cauſe to curſe my Life, my Being ;
 To curſe each Morn, each chearful Morn, that dawns
 With healing Comfort on its balmy Wings
 To ev'ry wretched Creature but my ſelf,
 To me it brings more Pain and iterated Woes.

Rowe's Ulyſſ.

WHITHER ſhall I fly ?
 Where hide me and my Miſeries together ?

O *Belvidera* ! I'm the wretched'st Creature
E'er crawl'd on Earth. Now if thou haſt Virtue,
help me ;

Take me into thy Arms, and ſpeak the Words of
Peace

To my divided Soul, that wars within me,
And raiſes every Senſe to my Confuſion.
By Heav'n, I am tott'ring on the very Brink
Of Peace, and thou art all the Hold I've left :
Do thou at leaſt with charitable Goodneſs
Aſſiſt me in the Pangs of my Afflictions.

Could'ſt thou but think how I have ſpent that
Night,
Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,
Reſt in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart,
Thou wou'd'ſt not, *Belvedira*, ſure thou wou'd'ſt not
Talk to me thus ; but like a pitying Angel,
Spreading thy Wings, come ſettle on my Breſt,
And hatch warm Comforts there, e'er Sorrow
freeze it.

Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner
Haſt thou been talking with that Witch the Night ?
On what cold Stone haſt thou been ſtretch'd along ?
Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,
To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes.

Let us embrace, and from this very Moment
Vow an eternal Miſery together.

And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch ?
Never grow fond of chearful Peace again ?
Wilt thou with me ſtudy to be unhappy,
And find out Ways how to encrease Afflictions ?

We'll

We'll institute new Arts unknown before,
To vary Plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

ALL Hope of Succour, but from thee, is paſt ;
As when upon the Sands the Traveller
Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,
The Land grow ſhort, he mends his weary Pace,
While Death behind him covers all the Place :
So I by ſwift Misfortunes am purſued,
Which on each other are like Waves renew'd,

Dr. Ind. Emp.

THE Damn'd in Hell endure no greater Pain,
Than ſeeing Heaven from far with hopeleſs Eyes.

Dr. Secret Love.

OUR Woes are like the genuine Shades beneath,
Where Fate cuts off the very Hope of Day,
And everlaſting Night and Horror reign.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

HAVE I not cauſe to rave, and beat my Breaſt,
To rend my Heart with Grief, and run diſtracted ?
Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter Ills :
I will indulge my Sorrows, and give way
To all the Pangs and Fury of Deſpair.

Add. Cat.

BE dumb for ever, ſilent as the Grave ;
Nor let thy fond officious Love diſturb
My ſolemn Sadneſs with the Sound of Joy :
If thou wilt ſooth me, tell ſome diſmal Tale
Of pining Diſcontent and black Deſpair ;
For, oh ! I've gone around thro' all my Thoughts,
But all are Indignation, Love, or Shame,
And my dear Peace of Mind is loſt for ever.

Rowe's F. Pen

WHY

WHY do I wander o'er this wide barren Waſte,
Forſaken and forlorn, when a fair Proſpect
Of everlaſting Reſt ſtands right in view ?
This Load of Woe that bends me to the Ground,
I can with Life put off : Yes, I will ruſh
Into the Arms of Death, and ſhelter there ;
There ſleep ſecurely all my Cares away :
Nor ſhall the Noiſe of Empire, or of Love,
Awaken me to Wretchedneſs again. *South. Loy. Bro.*

O LET me hunt my travel'd Woes again,
Range the wide Waſte of deſolate Deſpair ;
Start any Hope : Alas, I loſe my ſelf ;
'Tis pathleſs dark, and barren all to me. *South. Oron.*

MY Torch is out, and the World ſtands before me
Like a black Deſart at the Approach of Night,
I'll lay me down, and ſtray no further on.

Dr. All for Love.

CHUſE then the gloomieſt Part thro' all the Grove,
Throw thy abandon'd Body on the Ground,
With thy bare Breſt lie wedded to the Dew ;
There as thou drink'ſt the Tears that trickle from thee ;
So ſtretch'd, reſolve to lie till Death ſhall ſeize thee ;
Thy ſorrowful Head hung o'er ſome tumbling Stream,
To rock thy Griefs with melancholy Sounds,
With broken Murmurs, and redoubled Groans,
To help the Gurgling of the Waters Fall :
Or if thy Paſſion will not be kept in,
As in that Glaſs of Nature thou ſhalt view
Thy ſwoll'n drown'd Eyes with the inverted Banks,
The Tops of Willows, and their Bloſſoms turn'd,
With all the under Sky, ten Fathom down,
Wiſh that the Shadow of the ſwimming Globe
Were ſo indeed, that thou might'ſt leap at Fate,

And

And hurl thy Fortune headlong at the Stars.
 Nay, do not bear it, turn thy wat'ry Face
 To yond' misguided Orb, and ask the Gods,
 For what bold Sin, they doom the wretched *Titus*
 To ſuch a Loſs as that of *Teraminta*?

O *Teraminta*! I will groan thy Name,
 Till the tired Echoe faint with Repetition,
 Till all the breathleſs Grove, and quiet Myrtles,
 Shake with my Sighs, as if a Tempeſt blow'd 'em.

Lee's L. 7. Brut.

LET her, like me, of every Joy forlorn,
 Devote the Hour when ſuch a Wretch was born :
 Like me; to Defarts and to Darkneſs run,
 Abhor the Day, and curſe the golden Sun ;
 Caſt every Good, and every Hope behind,
 Detest the Works of Nature, loath Mankind :
 Like me, with Cries diſtracted fill the Air,
 Rend her poor Boſom, tear her frantick Hair,
 And prove the Torments of the laſt Deſpair.

Rowe's J. Shore.

DISAPPOINTMENTS in Love.

O LOVE! how are thy precious ſweeteſt Moments

Thus ever croſt, thus vex'd with Diſappointments!
 Now Pride, now Fickleneſs, fantaſtick Quarrels,
 And ſullen Coldneſs gives us Pains by Turns ;
 Malicious meddling Chance is ever buſy
 To bring us Fears, Diſquiet, and Delays ;
 And ev'n at laſt, when, after all our waiting,
 Eager we think to ſnatch the dear-bought Blifs,
 Ambition calls us to its ſullen Cares,

And

And Honour, ſtern, impatient of Neglect,
Commands us to forget our Eaſe and Pleaſures,
As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
And Love were not the Buſineſs of our Lives.

Rowe's Ulyſſ.

D I S S E M B L E R.

WHY, I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile;
And cry Content to that which grieves my Heart,
And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
And frame my Face to all Occaſions.

Shak. Hen. VI. Part 3.

THOU ſhall not break yet, Heart; nor ſhall ſhe know
My inward Torment by my outward Show.
To let her ſee my Weakneſs were too baſe,
Diſſembled Quiet ſit upon my Face;
My Sorrow to my Eyes no Paſſage find,
But let it inward ſink, and drown my Mind;
Falſhood ſhall want its Triumph: I begin
To ſtagger, but I'll prop my ſelf within;
The ſpacious Tow'r no Ruin ſhall diſcloſe,
Till down at once the mighty Fabrick goes.

Dryd. Auren.

IN vain you ſooth me with your ſoft Endearments,
And ſet the faireſt Countenance to view;
Your gloomy Eyes betray a Deadneſs,
And inward Languiſhing: That Oracle
Eats, like a ſubtle Worm, its venom'd Way,
Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core,
Howe'er the beauteous Outſide ſhews ſo lovely.

Lee's Oed.

D I S-

D I S S E M B L I N G.

WE'LL mock the Time with faireſt Show ;
Fair Face muſt hide what the falſe Heart does know.

Shak. Mach.

THY very Looks are Lyes, eternal Falſhood
Smiles in thy Lips, and flatters in thy Eyes.

Smith's Phed. Hip.

CURSES on him

Fiſt flatter'd with his Tongue ; on her that fiſt
Diſſembled in her Silence :

What Miſeries have they entail'd on Life,
To bring in Fraud and Diffidence in Love!
Simplicity's the Dreſs of honeſt Paſſion ;
Then why our Arts, why to a Man enamour'd,
That at our Feet effuſes all his Soul,
Muſt Women cold appear, falſe to her ſelf and him.

Steele's Ly. Lon.

D I S T R A C T I O N.

A THOUSAND Thoughts prey on my tor-
tur'd Soul,

And whirling Fancy turns my Senſes round.

South. Loy. Bro.

OH hide me from him !

Ye Walls, ye Pillars, from your Baſis ſtart,
And cruſh me with your Fall, ye vaulted Roofs :
Earth ope, and living in thy Womb involve me ;
Confuſion ſeize me, Madneſs waſte my Reaſon,
That I may never, never think again.

Governour of Cyprus.
WHAT

WHAT shall I do ? His Fury wildly
Champs upon the Curb :
Anon it foams, and starting with a Bound,
Hurries him headlong far from Reason's Road :
I shake, I tremble at the dismal Consequence ;
I can no longer bear this mortal Agony
In him whom dearer than my self I love. *Den. Iph.*

D O U B T.

AND yet

A kind of Weight hangs heavy at my Heart ;
My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch,
Like Fowl in Air, too damp, and lugs along
As if she were a Body in a Body,
And not a mounting Substance made of Fire.
My Senses too are dull, and stupified,
Their Edge rebated ; sure some Ill approaches,
And some kind Spirit knocks softly at my Soul,
To tell me Fate's at Hand. *Dr. D. Seb.*

COME to my Arms, far dearer than my Soul ;
To doubt my Passion, shews how well thou lovest ;
Such kind Suspicion gives me new Delight,
And I am blest beyond a Mortal's Share.

Wisem. Antiochus.

OH ! how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast !
My Thoughts, like Birds when frightened from their
Rest

Around the Place, where all was hush'd before,
Flutter, and hardly flutter, and hardly settle any more.

Otw. Don Carlos.

DREAMS.

D R E A M S.

AS one who in ſome frightful Dream would ſhun
 His preſſing Foe, labours in vain to run,
 And his own Slowneſs in his Sleep bemoans
 With thick ſhort Sighs, weak Cries, and tender
 Groans.

Dr. Cong. Granad.

A DREAM o'ertook me at my waking Hour
 This Morn, and Dreams, they ſay, are then divine,
 When all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd,
 And ſome o'erpow'ring God continues Sleep.

Dr. Don Sebaſt.

D R I N K I N G.

LET each indulge his Genius, each be glad,
 Jocund, and free, and ſwell the Feaſt with Mirth;
 The ſprightly Bowl ſhall chearfully go round,
 None ſhall be grave, or too ſeverely wiſe:
 Loſſes and Diſappointments, Cares and Poverty,
 The rich Man's Infolence, and great Man's Scorn,
 In Wine ſhall be forgotten all. To Morrow
 Will be too ſoon to think, and to be wretched.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

COME to the Banquet all,
 And revel out the Day, 'tis my Command;
 Gay, as the *Persian* God, our ſelf will ſtand,
 With a crown'd Goblet in our liſted Hand,
 Young *Ammon* and *Statira* ſhall go round,
 While antick Meaſures beat the burden'd Ground,
 And to the vaulted Skies our Clangor ſound.
 All drink it deep, and while it flies about,

Mari

Mars and *Bellona* join to make us Muſick.
A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
White as his Beams : Speak the big Voice of War,
Beat all our Drums, and blow our Silver Trumpet,
Till we provoke the Gods to act our Pleaſures
In Bowls of Nectar, and replying Thunder.

Lee's Alex.

HARD are the Laws of Love's deſpotick Rule,
And every Joy is trebly bought with Pain.
Crown we the Goblet then, and call on *Bacchus*;
Bacchus ! the jolly God of laughing Pleaſures.
Bid ev'ry Voice of Harmony awake,
Apollo's Lyre, and *Herme's* tuneful Shell :
Let Wine and Muſick join to ſwell the Triumph,
To ſmooth uneaſy Thoughts, and lull Deſire.

Rowe's Ulyſſes.

D R O W N I N G.

HE in the general Rout
Miſtook a ſwelling Current for a Ford,
And in *Mucazor's* Flood was ſeen to riſe.
Thrice was he ſeen, at length his Courſer plung'd,
And threw him off, the Waves whelm'd over him,
And helpleſs in his heavy Arms he drown'd.

Dr. Don Seb.

LIKE ſome deſpairing Wretch,
That boldly plunges in the frightful Deep,
Then pants and ſtruggles with the whirling Waves,
And catches every ſlender Reed to ſave him.

Smith's Pheed. Hip.

D Y I N G.

D Y I N G.

HER dying Looks, where new-born Beauty ſhines,
 Oppreſs'd with Bluſhes, modeſtly declines,
 While Death approach'd with a majeſtick Grace,
 Pleas'd to look lovely once in ſuch a Face ;
 Her Arms, ſpread to receive her welcome Gueſt,
 With a glad Sigh ſhe drew into her Breſt ;
 Her Eyes then languiſhing towards Heaven ſhe caſt,
 To thank the Powers that Death was come at laſt ;
 And at the Approach of the cold ſilent God
 Ten thouſand hidden Glories ruſh'd abroad.

Rock. Valent.

HIS drooping Lids, that ſeem'd for ever cloſed,
 Were faintly rear'd to tell me that he liv'd ;
 The Balls of Sight, dim and depriv'd of Motion,
 Sparkled no more with that majeſtick Fire,
 At which even Kings have trembled, but had loſt
 Their common uſeful Office, and were shaded
 With an eternal Night.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

HE with a cold
 And ſhaking Hand, juſt in the Pangs of Death,
 Groan'd out a Parting ;
 Fain would have ſpoke, but faultred in his Speech
 With undiſtinguiſh'd Sounds.

Dr. Don Seb.

HIS Eye-Balls roll in Death :
 Behold the ling'ring Soul's convulſive Strife,
 His thick ſhort Breath catches at parting Life.

Dr. Conq. Gran.

HE then
 Fail'd in his Speech, and rattled in his Throat,

Death

Death o'er his Eyes did a thick Gloom display,
Enthron'd the Night, and dispossest'd the Day.

My Soul is on the Beach, and strait must launch
Into the Abyss of the black Sea of Death :
But, oh ! he's come ; cold Tyrant, I obey,
And hug thy Dart that bears my Life away.

Lee's Mithrid.

THE Hand of Death

Comes, like eternal Night, with her dark Wing,
To bar the comfortable Light for ever
From these my aged Eyes.

Ibid.

THE peaceful Slumber of the Grave is on me ;
Ev'n all the tedious Life of Day I've wander'd,
Bewilder'd with Misfortunes :
At length 'tis Night, and I have reach'd my Home ;
Forgetting all the Toils and Troubles past,
Weary I lay me down, and sleep for ever.

Rowe's Tamer.

THE gloomy Arbours,

The Grots and Mansions of the blessed Dead :
O blissful Prospect of a future State !
Delightful Ecstasy in Thoughts of Death !
Methinks thro' all the vast and verdant Meads,
No Rose lies blasted, and no Myrtle fades,
But ever blooms
Thro' all *Elizium*, all the flowery Groves.

Hopk. Pyrrh.

THERE the brave Youth with Love of Virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his Country's Cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd : The firm Patriot there,
Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care,

Tho'

Tho' ſtill by Faction, Vice, and Fortune croſs'd,
 Shall find the generous Labour was not loſt.

Addiſon's Cato



E A G L E.



O the Eagle,
 That bears the Thunder of our Grand-
 fire *Jove*,
 With Joy beholds his hardy youthful
 Offspring
 Forſake the Neſt to try his tender Pa-
 nions

In the wide untrack'd Air, till bolder grown,
 Now like a Whirlwind on the Shepherd's Fold,
 He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey ;
 Or fixing on ſome Dragon's ſcaly Hide,
 Eager of Combat, and his future Feaſt,
 Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain,
 Wreathing his ſpiry Tail.

Rowe's Ulyſſes

E C L I P S E.

THE Silver Moon is all o'er Blood ;
 A ſettling Crimſon ſtains her beauteous Face ;
 A vaſt Eclipse darkens the lab'ring Planet.
 Sound there, ſound all your Inſtruments of War,

Clarions

Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Braſs, and Iron,
And beat a thouſand Drums, to help her Labour.

Lee's Oed.

STRUGGLING in dark Eclipse, and ſhooting Day,
On either Side of the black Orb that veild him.

Dryd. Don Sebaſt.

ELDER BROTHER.

IS not the Elder

By Nature pointed out for Preference ?

Is not his Right enroll'd among thoſe Laws

Which keep the World's vaſt Frame in beauteous
Order ?

Ask thoſe thou nam'd'ſt but now what made them
Lords ?

What Titles had they had, if Merit only

Could have confer'd a Right ? If Nature had not

Strove hard to thruſt the Worſt-deſerving firſt,

And ſtamp'd the noble Mark of Eldership

Upon their baſer Metal.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

BIRTHRIGHT's a vulgar Road to kingly Sway,

'Tis ev'ry dull-got elder Brother's Way ;

Dropp'd from above, he lights into a Throne,

Grows of a Piece with that he ſits upon ;

Heav'n's Choice ! a low, inglorious, rightful Drone.

Dr. Auren.

My Claim to her by Eldership I prove ;

Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love. *Dr. Ind. Em.*

I LOV'D her firſt, and cannot quit my Claim,

But will preſerve the Birthright of my Paſſion.

Orw. Orph.

E M B R A C E.

ETERNAL Comfort's in thy Arms :
 To lean thus on thy Breast is softer Ease
 Than downy Pillows, deck'd with Leaves of Roses.
Othw. Orphan.

OH, my *Jocasta* ! 'tis for this the
 Wet-starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground ;
 For this he bears the Storms
 Of Winter's Camp, and freezes in his Arms,
 To be thus circled, to be thus embraced ;
 That I could hold thee ever ! Let me hold thee
 Thus to my Bosom ! Ages let me grasp thee,
 Life of my Life, and Treasure of my Soul !
 Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,
 I'll break them with *Jocasta* in my Arms :
 Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom,
 And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shake the Room.

Lee's Oed.

Ant. I THOUGHT how those white Arms would
 fold me in,

And strain me close, and melt me into Love ;
 So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
 And added all my Strength to every Blow.

Cleop. Come to me, come, my Soldier to my Arms,
 You've been too long away from my Embraces ;
 But when I have you fast, and all my own,
 With broken Murmurs, and tumultuous Sighs,
 I'll say you were unkind, and punish you,
 And mark you red with many an eager Kiss.

Ant. My brighter *Venus* !

Cleop. Oh ! my greater *Mars* !

Ant.

Ant. Thou join'ſt us well, my Love :
 Suppoſe me come from the *Phlegrean* Plains,
 Where gasping Giants lay cleft by my Sword,
 And Mountain Tops par'd off, each other Blow,
 To bury thoſe I flew. Receive me, Goddeſs !
 Let *Cæſar* ſpread his ſubtle Nets like *Vulcan*,
 In thy Embraces I would be beheld
 By Heaven and Earth at once,
 And make their Envy what they meant their Sport :
 Let thoſe who took us bluſh, I would love on
 With awful State, regardless of their Frown,
 As their ſuperior God. *Dr. All for Love.*

THUS let me grow to thee, too cloſe for Fate to
 ſever :

Oh ! let Death find me in theſe dear, dear Arms,
 And looking on thee, ſpare my better Part,
 And take me willing hence. *Dr. Cleom.*

Is it then given me to behold thy Beauties ?
 Thoſe bluſhing Sweets, thoſe lovely loving Eyes,
 To preſs, to ſtrain thee to my beating Heart,
 And grow thus to my Love ? *Smith's Phed. Hip.*

I SWEAR I preſs thee with as hearty Joy
 As ever fearful Bride embrac'd her Man,
 When from a Dream of Deach ſhe wak'd, and found
 Her Lover ſafe, and ſleeping by her Side.

Lee's Theod.

OH ! I will hold thee with theſe longing Arms ;
 Hold thee till Morn, and from that Morn till Evening ;
 From Evening to Midday, from Day to Night,
 From Night to Death----I'll claſp thee thus for ever.

Lee's L. J. Brut.

THUS, my *Chruſeis*, thus
 Embrace me cloſe, and join thy Lips to mine.

There's no Security in other Joys :
 Here Happineſs is rivetted alone ;
 Here nothing fades, nothing decays ; the Sweets
 Immortal are, and never ceaſe to ſpring.

Lanſd. Her. Love.

O LET me preſs thee,
 Pant on thy Boſom, ſink into thy Arms,
 And loſe my ſelf in the luxurious Fold.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

EMPEROR and EMPIRE.

WHEN Empire in its Childhood firſt appears,
 A watchful Fate o'erſees its tender Years ;
 Till grown more ſtrong, it thruſts, and ſtretches out,
 And elbows all the Kingdoms round about :
 The Place thus made for its firſt breathing free,
 It moves again for Eaſe and Luxury ;
 Till ſwelling by Degrees, it has poſſeſs'd
 The greater Space, and now crowds up the reſt :
 When from behind there ſtarts ſome petty State,
 And puſhes on its now unweildy Fate ;
 Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,
 And ſinks in Minutes, which in Ages roſe. 1

Dr. Conq. Gran.

HAST thou not ſeen my Morning Chambers fill'd
 With ſcepter'd Slaves, who waited to ſalute me ?
 With Eaſtern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun
 To worſhip my Uprifing ? Menial Kings
 Ran courſing up and down my Palace Yards,
 Stood ſilent in my Preſence, watch'd my Eyes,
 And at my leaſt Command all ſtarted out,
 Like Racers for the Goal.

Dr. All for Love.
 E.M.

EMPEROR ! Why that's the Style of Victory !
The conquering Soldier, red with unſelt Wounds,
Salutes his General thus. But never more
Shall that Sound reach my Ears ;
For I have loſt my Reaſon, have diſgrac'd
The Name of Soldier with inglorious Eaſe ;
In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
Sat ſtill, and ſaw it preſs'd by other Hands. *Ibid.*

THERE'S no true Joy in ſuch unweildy Fortune :
Eternal Gazers laſting Troubles make,
All find my Spots, but few my Brightneſs take.
Why was I born a Prince ? Proclaim'd a God ?
Yet have no Liberty to look abroad.
Thus Palaces in Proſpect bar the Eye,
Which pleas'd and free would o'er the Cottage fly,
O'er flow'ry Lawns to the gay diſtant Sky. }
Farewell then Empire, and the Racks of Love ;
By all the Gods, I will to Wilds remove,
Stretch'd like a *Silvan* God, on Graſs lie down,
And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown.

Lee's Alex.

REIGN, reign, you Monarchs that divide the World,
Buſy Ambition ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and Happineſs like mine :
Like gawdy Ships th' obſequious Billows fall,
And riſe again to liſt you to your Pride ;
They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

OH, that I had been born ſome happy Swain,
And never known a Life ſo great, ſo vain !
Where I th' Extremes might not be forc'd to chuſe,
And, bleſs'd with ſome mean Wife, no Crown
could loſe,

Where the dear Partner of my little State,
 With all her ſmiling Offspring at the Gate,
 Bleſſing my Labours, might my coming wait ;
 Where in our humble Bed all ſafe might lie,
 And not in curſed Courts for Glory die. *Lee's Theod.*

To you the Drudgery of Power I give ;
 Cares be your Lot ; reign you, and let me live :
 Were I a God, the drunken World ſhould roll,
 The little Emmets with the human Soul,
 Care for themſelves, while at my Eaſe I ſate,
 And ſecond Cauſes did the Work of Fate.

Dryd. Auren.

E N J O Y M E N T.

WHEN your kind Eyes look'd languiſhing on mine,
 And wreathing Arms did ſoft Embraces join,
 A doubtful Trembling ſeiz'd me firſt all o'er,
 Then Wiſhes, and a Warmth unknown before ;
 What follow'd was all Extaſy and Trance,
 Immortal Pleaſures round my ſwimming Eyes did dance,
 And ſpeechleſs Joys, in whoſe Tumult toſt,
 I thought my Breath, and my new Being loſt.

Dr. Stat. Inn.

AND why this Niceneſs to that Pleaſure ſhown,
 Where Nature ſums up all her Joys, in one ?
 Gives all ſhe can, and lab'ring ſtill to give,
 Makes it ſo great, we can but taſte and live :
 So fills the Senſes, that the Soul ſeems fled,
 And thought it ſelf does for a Time lie dead ;

Till

Till like a String scrud up with eager haste,
It breaks, and is too exquisite to last.

Dr. Aur.

MAKE haste to Bed,

There let me tell my Story in thy Arms,
There in the gentle Pauses of our Love,
Betwixt our dyings, e'er we live again,
Thou shalt be told the Battle and Success,
Which I shall oft begin, and then break off;
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,
That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer Things
That are not of a Piece; but patch'd with Kisses,
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech,
And Nonsense shall be eloquent in Love.

Dryd. Amphit.

WHEN I have once enjoy'd my sweet *Evanthe*,
And blest my Youth with her most dear Embraces,
I have done my Journey here, my Day is out;
All that the World has else is Foolery,
Labour, and Loss of Time. *Beau. Wife for a Month.*

WHO'D be that sordid foolish Thing call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure,
Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty Bull ranges thro' all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will. *Otw. Orph.*

MY Soul! my Love!

Come to my Breast, thou purest Excellence,
And throw thy lovely Arms about my Neck,
More soft, more sweet, more loving than the Vine,
Oh! I am overcome with Joy, and sink beneath
Thy Breast. *Bank's Unhappy Favourite.*

WHEN you were gone, and
 None but I left with that charming Maid,
 What furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade ?
 With open Arms upon my Bliss I ran,
 With Pangs I grasp'd her like a dying Man :
 Like Light and Heat incorporate we lay,
 We bless'd the Night, and curs'd the coming Day.

Lee's Soph.

THE ravishing Thoughts of mighty Joys to come,
 Kept me in Exstasy, and made me dumb ;
 When on thy snowy Breast dissolv'd I lie,
 What Monarch can there be more blest than I ?

Car. Perj. Husb.

Queen. How dear, how sweet, his first Embraces
 were !

With what a Zeal he joined his Lips to mine !
 And suck'd my Breath at every Word I spoke,
 As if he drew his Inspiration thence :
 While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths,
 As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet,
 I thought, O, no, 'tis false, I could not think !
 'Twas neither Life, nor Death, but both in one.
 Then sure his Transports were not less than your's.

Qu. More! more! for by the high-hung Tapers Light,
 I could discern his Cheeks were glowing red,
 His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,
 And sparkled thro' their Casements humid Fires :
 He sigh'd, and kiss'd, breath'd short, and would have
 spoke ;

All he could say was Love, and *Leonora.* *Dr. Sp. Fr.*

YET this was she, ye Gods ! the very she,
 Who in my Arms lay melting all the Night,
 Who kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd again,

As

As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips,
To meet mine there, and parted at the Paſſage,
Who, loth to find the breaking Day, look'd out,
And ſhrunk into my Boſom, there to make
A little longer Darkneſs. *Shak. Troilus Creſſ.*

OH, with what ſoft Devotion in her Eyes
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice !
Oh, how her Charms ſurpriz'd me as I lay !
Like too near Sweets they took my Senſe away, }
And I even loſt the Power to reach at Joy.
But thoſe croſs Witchcrafts ſoon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in Trances ſweeter far,
As anchor'd Veſſels in calm Harbours ride,
Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide.

Otw. Don Carl.

EVEN Lions love;
And grapple, and compel their ſavage Dames.

Dryd. Don Seb.

THERE'S no Satiety of Love in thee ;
Enjoy'd, thou ſtill art new : Perpetual Spring
Is in thy Arms ; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,
And Bloſſoms riſe to fill its empty Place,
And I grow rich by giving. *Dryd. All for Love.*

YOUR Fruits of Love are like eternal Spring
In happy Climes ; where ſome are in the Bud,
Some green, and rip'ning ſome, while others fall.

Dryd. Amphit.

IN thy Poſſeſſion Years roll round on Years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again.
Kiſſes, Embraces, Languiſhings, and Deaths,
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various Seasons of our Loves.

Dryd. Sp. Fryar.

OUR Life ſhall be but one long nuptial Day,
And like chaf'd Odoours, melt in Sweets away :
Soft as the Night our Minutes ſhall be worn,
And chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn.

Dryd. Sec. Love.

IMMORTAL Pleaſures ſhall our Senſes drown,
Thought ſhall be loſt, and ev'ry Power diſſolv'd.

Otw. Orph.

LET me not live, but thou'rt all Enjoyment ;
So charming and ſo ſweet, that not a Night
But whole Eternity were well employ'd,
To love thy each Perfection as it ought. *Dr. Amph.*

WHAT ſaid he not, when in the bridal Bed
He claſp'd my yielding Body in his Arms ?
When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his Hands my throbbing Breasts,
He ſwore the Globes of Heav'n and Earth were vile,
'To thoſe rich Worlds, and talk'd, and kiſs'd, and
lov'd,

And made me ſhame the Morning with my Bluſhes.

Lee's Alex.

OH, how I flew into your Arms,
And melted in your warm Embrace !
Did not my Soul ev'n ſparkle at my Eyes,
And ſhoot it ſelf into your much-lov'd Boſom ?
Did I not tremble with Exceſs of Joy,
Nay, agonize with Pleaſure at your Sight,
With ſuch inimitable Proofs of Paſſion,
As no falſe Love could feign ?

Dryd. Amphit.

OH, let me preſs theſe balmy Lips all Day,
And bathe my love-ſcorch'd Soul in thy moiſt Kiſſes !
Now, by my Joys, thou art all ſweet and ſoft,
And thou ſhalt be the Altar of my Love :

Upon

Upon thy Beauties hourly will I offer,
And pour out Pleasure and bleſs'd Sacrifice,
To the dear Memory of my *Lucina*.
No God or Goddeſs ever was ador'd
With ſuch Religion as my Love ſhall be :
For in thoſe charming Raptures of my Soul,
Clasp'd in thy Arms, I'll waſte my ſelf away,
And rob the ruin'd World of their great Lord ;
While to the Honour of *Lucina's* Name,
I leave Mankind to mourn the Loſs for ever.

Roch. Val.

Now let us ſtart, and give a Loofe to Love,
Feaſt every Senſe with moſt luxurious Pleaſure ;
Improve our Minutes, make 'em more than Years,
Than Ages, and even live the Life of Gods.

Rowe's Amb. Step.

Oh, let me ſink upon thy gentle Boſom,
And bluſhing tell how greatly I am bleſt !
Forgive me, Modeſty, if here I vow,
That all the Pleaſure of my Virgin State
Were poor and trifling to the preſent Rapture.
A gentle Warmth invades my glowing Breſt,
And while I fondly gaze upon thy Face,
Even Thought is loſt in exquisite Delight.

Ibid.

O THOU great Chymiſt, Nature !
Who draw'ſt one Spirit ſo divinely perfect,
Thou mak'ſt a Dreg of all the World beſides.

Lee's Caſ. Borg.

I'LL ſteal into the eternal Knot of Love,
This Night ; this Night ſhall tell thee how I love
thee :

When Words are at a loſs, and the mute Soul
Pours out her ſelf in Sighs and gasping Joys ;

Life

Life grasps, the Pangs of Blifs and murmuring Plea-
sures,

Thou shalt confess all Language then is vile,
And yet believe me most without my vowing.

Lee's Jun. Brut.

I FOUND a Pleasure I ne'er felt before,
Dissolving Pains, and swimming shuddering Joys.

Lee's P. Cleve.

THEN haste, my Charmer,
Let's feast our famish'd Souls with amorous Riot,
With fiercest Blifs atone for our Delay,
And in a Moment love the Age we've lost.

Smith's Pbed. Hip.

ONCE in a lone and secret Hour of Night,
When every Eye was closed, and the pale Moon,
And Stars alone shone, conscious of the Theft,
Hot with the *Tuscan* Grape, and high in Blood,
Happ'ly I stole unheeded to her Chamber,
I found the fond, believing, love-sick Maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of Wishes;
Fierceness and Pride, the Guardians of her Honour,
Were charm'd to Rest, and Love alone was waking;
Within her rising Bosom all was calm,
As peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by Tides:
I snatch'd the glorious golden Opportunity,
And with prevailing youthful Ardor press'd her,
Till with short Sighs, and murmuring Reluctance
The yielding Fair-one gave me perfect Happiness;
Ev'n all the live-long Night we pass'd in Blifs,
In Extasies too fierce to last for ever:
At length the Morn and cold Indifference came,
When, fully sated with the luscious Banquet,

I haſtily took leave, and left the Nymph
To think on what was paſſ'd, and ſigh alone.
I ſaw her ſoon again, alas ! too ſoon ;
For, Oh ! that Meeting was not like the former :
I found my Heart no more beat high with Tranſport ;
No more I ſigh'd, and languish'd for Enjoyment :
'Twas paſſ'd, and Reason took her turn to reign,
While every Weakneſs fell before her Throne.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

WHEN her ſoft, melting, white, and yeilding Waſte
Within my preſſing Arms was ſoldeſt faſt,
Our Lips were melted down by Heat of Love,
And lay incorporate in liquid Kiſſes,
While in ſoft broken Sighs we catch'd each other's
Soul.

Farq. Love and Bot.

WHEN will the dear Man come, that all my Doubts
May vaniſh in his Breſt ? That I may hold him
Faſt as my Fears can make me ; hug him cloſe
As my fond Soul can wiſh ; give all my Breath
In Sighs and Kiſſes ; ſwoon, die away with Rapture !

Lee's Alexander.

E N T H U S I A S M.

SOMETHING I'd unfold,
If that the God would wake ; for ſomething ſtill
there lies
In Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read thro' Miſts :
'Tis great ! Prodigious ! 'Tis a dreadful Birth
Of wondrous Fate ! And now, juſt now diſcloſing !
I ſee how terrible it dawns,

And

And my Soul sickens at it !

Now the God shakes me ! He comes ! He comes !

Dryd. Oed.

I FEEL him now

Like a strong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind :
The roused God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, starts, and dilates himself ;
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury ; my old Arteries burst ;
My shrivell'd Skin, like Parchment, crackles at the
hallow'd Fire.

I shall be young again ! *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou hast a Voice that might have saved the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and force the raged *Bacchanals*,
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy Airs ;
O charm this God, this Fury in my Bosom !
Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,
With powerful Strains ! *Manto*, my lovely Child !
Sooth the unruly Godhead to be mild. *Ibid.*

THE God of Battle rages in my Breast,
And, as at *Delphos*, when the glorious Fury
Kindles the Blood of the prophetick Maid,
The bounded Deity does shoot her out,
Draws every Nerve thin as a Spider's Web,
And beats the Skin out like expanded Gold ;
So with the Meditation of the Work
Which my Soul bears, I swell almost to bursting.

Lee's Mithras

ENTR

ENTRY.

GREAT *Bullingbroke* !

Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider, ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow but ſtately Pace kept on his Courſe ;
While ſall Tongues cried, God ſave thee, *Bulling-
broke* !

You would have thought the very Windows ſpake,
So many greedy Looks of Young and Old,
Thro' Caſements darted their deſiring Eyes
Upon his Viſage, and that all the Walls
With painted Imagery had ſaid at once,
Jeſu reſerve thee ! Welcome *Bullingbroke* !

Whilſt he from one Side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud Steed's Neck,
Beſpoke them thus ; *I thank you, Countrymen.*

And thus, ſtill doing thus, he paſſ'd along.

But, as in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,

Thinking his Prattle to be tedious :

E'en ſo, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes
Did ſcowl on *Richard* ; no Man cry'd, God ſave him ;
No joyful Tongue gave him his Welcome home :

But Duſt was thrown upon his ſacred Head,

Which with ſuch gentle Sorrow he ſhook off,
His Face ſtill combating with Tears and Smiles,
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience,)

That had not God (for ſome ſtrong Purpoſe) ſteel'd
The Hearts of Men, they muſt, *per force*, have melted,
And Barbariſm it ſelf have pitied him. *Shak. Rich. II.*

YOUR

YOUR glorious Father, my victorious Lord,
 Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurel,
 Is entring now, in martial Pomp, the Palace :
 Five hundred Mules precede his ſolemn March,
 Which groan beneath the Weight of *Mooriſh* Wealth ;
 Chariots of War, adorn'd with glitt'ring Gems,
 Succeed ; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
 White as the fleecy Ram on *Alpine* Hills,
 That bound, and foam, and champ the golden Bit,
 As they diſdain'd the Victory they grace :
 Pris'ners of War in ſhining Fetters follow,
 And Captains, of the nobleſt Blood of *Africk*,
 Sweat by his Chariot Wheels, and lick, and grind,
 With gnawing Teeth, the Duſt his Triumphs raiſe :
 The ſwarming Populace ſpread every Wall,
 And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
 Their Hold thro' clefted Stones, ſtretching, and ſtaring
 As they were all of Eyes, and ev'ry Limb
 Would feed its Faculty of Admiration.

Congr. Mourn. Bride.

WHAT Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
 To grace, in captive Bands, his Chariot Wheels !
 Have you climb up to Walls and Battlements,
 To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney-Tops,
 Your Infants in your Arms, and there have ſat
 The live-long Day with patient Expectation,
 To ſee great *Pompey* paſs the Streets of *Rome* !
 And when you ſaw his Chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a univerſal Shout,
 That *Tyber* trembled underneath her Banks,
 To hear the Replication of your Sounds
 Made in her concave Shores ?

Shak. Jul. Caſ.

EVENING

EVENING.

THE setting Sun descends
Swift to the Western Waves ; and guilty Night
Hasty to spread her Horror o'er the World,
Rides on the dusky Air. *Rowe's Ulyss.*

SEE the descending Sun,
Scattering his Beams about him as he sinks,
And gilded Heaven above, and Seas beneath,
With Paint, no mortal Pencil can express.

Hopk. Pyrrh.

THE Bat has flown
His cloister'd Flight, and to pale *Heccate's* Summons,
The Shard-born Beetle with his drouzy Hums
Has rung Night's yawning Peal. *Shak. Macb.*

LIGHT thickens, and the Crow
Makes wing to the rooky Wood,
Good Things of Day begin to droop and drouze,
And to their Prey the Night's black Agents rouze.

The God of Day does to his *Thetis* haste,
In Clouds of Gold and shining Purple dress'd :
Each labouring Husbandman his Setting waits,
And to his coarse, but welcome Home retreats :
The drudging Oxen from the Yoke are freed ;
And scattering Ewes which on the Mountains feed, }
Are by their Shepherd to Inclosures led ;
Whilst the gay chirping Flutterers of the Air,
To their own mossy Architects repair.

Mount. Green. Park.

EUNUCH.

EUNUCH.

PLEASURE forſook his early Infancy ;
 The Luxury of others robb'd his Cradle,
 And raviſh'd thence the Promise of a Man,
 Caſt out from Nature, diſinherited
 Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind.

Dryden's All for Love.

EYES.

O TURN away thoſe Baſilisks, thy Eyes,
 The Infection's fatal, and who ſees them dies.

Otw. D. Carl.

THEIR Glances could create a Day in Cells,
 And kindle freezing Hermits into Dalliance.

Tate's Loy. Gen.

SHALL I ne'er bask in her Eye-shine again,
 Nor view the Love that play'd in thoſe dear Beams,
 And ſhot me with a thouſand, thouſand Smiles.

Lee's Alex.

THERE is Diſcourſe in Eyes ; Conſent, Denial,
 All underſtood by Looks.

Lee's Prin. Cleve.

MY Eyes won't looſe the Sight of thee,
 But languish after thine, and ach with gazing.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

YOUR fiery Eye,
 Which, like the Sun at Noon, none could behold,
 But with a ſnatch of Light, and then be dazzl'd,
 Now like a cold and drouzy Winter Star,
 Bears a bleak Brightneſs : O decay of Luſtre !

Lee's Miſt.

Me-

METHOUGHT her Eyes
grew larger, and a thousand frantick Spirits,
eething like rising Bubbles on the Brim,
leep'd from their watery Brink, and glow'd upon me.

Dryd. Oed.

THE Abstract of all Beauty, Soul of Sweetness :
efend me, honest Thoughts, I shall grow wild else.
hat Eyes are there ! rather what little Heavens !
o stir Mens Contemplations ! What a Paradise
uns thro' each Part she has ! Good Blood be tem-
perate :

must look off; too excellent an Object
onfounds the Sense that sees it. *D. Buck. Chances.*

IF since I first those conquering Eyes beheld,
ou have not reign'd unrivall'd in my Heart,
ay you despise me now you are my own,
hich is, I think, all Curses summ'd in one.

Tuke. Adventures of Five Hours.

WHEN with a Groan, that seem'd the Call of Death,
ith horrid Force lifting his impious Hands,
e snatch'd, he tore from forth their bloody Orbs
e Balls of Sight, and dash'd them on the Ground.

Dr. Oed.

HER Eyes,
o' they are mute, they plead, nay, more, command;
r beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Power.
Females have Prerogative of Sex,
e Shes even of the savage Herd are safe ;
, when they snarl or bite, have no Return
Courtship from the Male.

Dr. D. Seb.

FATE is in thy Face,
d from thy haggard Face looks wildly out,
d threatens e'er thou speakest. *Dr. All for Love.*

WHO

WHO knows how eloquent theſe Eyes may prove
 Begging in Floods of Tears, and Flames of Love

Roch. Valen

OUR glorious Sun, the Source of Light and Heat
 Whoſe Influence cheers the World he did create,
 Shall ſmile on thee from his meridian Skies,
 And bleſs the kindred Beauties of thy Eyes :
 Thy Eyes which, could his own fair Beams decay,
 Might ſhine for him, and bleſs the World with Day

Rowe's Am. Sta



FAIRIES.



HEY dance their Ringlets to the whiſ-
 ling Winds,
 The Honey-bag ſteal from the humble
 Bees,
 And for Night-Tapers crop the
 waxen Thighs,

And light them at the fiery Glow-Worm's Eyes,
 And pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,
 To fan the Moon-Beams from their ſleeping Eyes,

Shak. Midſom. N. Dream

I FRIGHT the Maidens of the Villages,
 Skim Milk, and ſometimes labour in the Quern,
 And bootleſs make the breathleſs Houſewife churn
 And ſometimes make the Drink to bear no Barm ;
 Miſlead Night-Wand'ers, laughing at their Harm
 And ſometimes lurk I in a Goffip's Bowl,

and when ſhe drinks, againſt her Lips I bob,
and on her wither'd Dewlap pour the Ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt, telling the ſaddeſt Tale,
ſometimes for three-foot Stool miſtaketh me,
then ſlip I from her Bum, down topples ſhe ;
and Taylor cries, and falls into a Cough,
and then the whole Quire hold their Hips, and laugh,
and waxen in their Mirth, and ſneeze, and ſwear
merrier Hour was never waſted there. *Ibid.*

FALSE APPEARANCE.

OH ! how haſt thou with Jealouſy infected
the Sweetneſs of Affiance ! Shew Men dutiful ?
Thy ſo didſt thou. Seem they grave and learned ?
Thy ſo didſt thou. Come they of noble Family ?
Thy ſo didſt thou. Seem they religious ?
Thy ſo didſt thou. Or are they ſpare in Diet ?
Free from groſs Paſſion, or of Mirth, or Anger ?
Conſtant in Spirit, not ſwerving with the Blood ?
Arniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt Compliments ?
Not working with the Eye, without the Ear,
and but in purged Judgment, truſting neither ?
ſuch, and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeem.
and thus thy Fall hath left a kind of Blot,
to make the full-fraught Man, the beſt endu'd
With ſome Suſpicion, I will weep for thee.

Shak. Hen. V.

FALSHOOD.

F A L S H O O D.

SHE has a Tongue that can undo the World;
 She eyes me juſt as when ſhe firſt inflam'd me:
 Such were her Looks, ſo melting was her Language,
 Such falſe ſoft Sighs, and ſuch deluding Tears,
 When from her Lips I took the luſhious Poiſon,
 When with that pleaſing perjur'd Breath avowing,
 Her Whiſpers trembled thro' my credulous Ears,
 And told the Story of my utter Ruin. *Lee's Me*

Caſtalia ! oh ! how often has he ſworn,
 Nature ſhould change, the Sun and Stars grow dark
 E'er he would falſify his Vows to me ?
 Make haſte, Confuſion, then ! Sun, loſe thy Light
 And Stars drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth !
 For my *Caſtalia's* falſe !

Falſe as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather !
 Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling Prey !
 I feel him in my Heart, he tears my Breſt,
 And at each Sigh he drinks the guſhing Blood. *Ot. Or*

HE hates, he loaths the Beauties that he has enjoy'd
 Oh, he is falſe ! That great, that glorious Man,
 Is Tyrant 'midſt of his triumphant Spoils,
 Is bravely falſe, to all the Gods forſworn !
 He that has warm'd my Feet with thouſand Sighs,
 Then cool'd them with his Tears ! Died on my Knees
 Outwept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
 And groan'd, and ſworn the wondring Stars away
 Falſe to *Statyra* ! Falſe to her that lov'd him !
 That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,
 And took him bath'd all o'er in *Persian* Blood,
 Kiſs'd the dear cruel Wounds, and waſh'd them o'er

and o'er in Tears, then bound them with my Hair,
laid him all Night upon my panting Bosom,
shall'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs.

Lee's Alex.

THERE was a Time when
Melvidera's Tears, her Cries, and Sorrows,
Were not despised : When, if she chanc'd to sigh,
Her look but sad, there was indeed a Time,
When *Jaffier* would have ta'en her in his Arms,
And her declining Head upon his Breast,
And never left her till he had found the Cause.
But now, let her weep Seas,
Till she rend the Earth, sigh till she burst
Her Heart asunder, still he bears it ail,
As deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Ottw. Ven. Pres.

LAST Night he flew not with a Lover's Haste,
Which eagerly prevents th' appointed Hour :
He sold the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light,
And list'ned to each softly treading Step,
Whose hopes 'twas he ; but still it was not he.
At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks,
So wild, so ghastly, as some Ghost had met him ;
So pale and speechless, he survey'd me round :
When with a Groan he threw himself a-Bed,
So far from me, as far as he could move,
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from me.
At last I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side ;
He pull'd it back as if he had touch'd a Serpent :
With that I burst into a Flood of Tears,
And asked how I had offended him ;
He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans :

So

So reſtleſs paſſ'd the Night, and at the Dawn
Leap'd from the Bed, and vaniſh'd. *Dr. Sp. Fryar*

WHAT have I done, ye Powers ! what have I done
To ſee my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love,
No ſooner gain'd, but ſlighted and betray'd !
And, like a Roſe, juſt gather'd from the Stalk,
But only ſmelt, and cheaply thrown aſide,
To wither on the Ground ! Tell me Heaven !
Why name I Heav'n ? There is no Heav'n for me :
Deſpair, Death, Hell have ſeiz'd my tortur'd Soul.
When I had rais'd his grov'ling Fate from Ground,
To Power and Love, to Empire, and to me,
When each Embrace was dearer than the firſt ;
Then, then to be contemn'd ; then, then thrown off
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathſome !

The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the cloſer ; but ungrateful Man,
Baſe barbarous Man, the more we raiſe our Love,
The more, we pall and cool, and chill his Ardour !
Racks, Poiſons, Daggers, rid me but of Life,
And any Death is welcome. *Id.*

NOTHING ſo kind as he, when in my Arms ;
In thouſand Kiſſes, tender Sighs, and Joys,
Not to be thought again, the Night was waſted :
At Dawn of Day he roſe, and left his Conqueſt.
But when we met, and I with open Arms
Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wiſhes,
Oh ! then he threw me from his Breſt
Like a deteſted Sin. As I hung too
Upon his Knees, and begg'd to know the Cauſe,
He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
And had no Pity on my Cries ;

Dash'd me disdainfully away with Scorn :
He did ; and more, I fear will ne'er be Friends,
Tho' I still love him with unbated Passion :
Alas ! I love him still, and tho' I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
Yet bless him, Gods, where'er he goes.

Othw. Orphan.

My mortal Injuries have turn'd my Mind,
And I could hate my self for being kind :
If there be any Majesty above,
That has Revenge in Store for perjur'd Love ;
Send, Heav'n, the swiftest Ruin on his Head,
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead,
Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my Wrong,
In Height of Pomp, when he is warm'd and young,
Bolted with Thunder, let him rush along :
And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,
Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes ;
Nay, after Death,
Pursue his spotted Soul, and shoot him as he flies.

Lee's Alex.

I COULD tear out these Eyes that gain'd his Heart,
And not Power to keep it. Oh ! the Curse
Of doating on, ev'n when I find it Dotage !
Bear witness, Gods ! You heard him bid me go :
You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith. I'll die, I will not bear it.
I can keep in my Breath, I can die inward,
And choak this Love.

Dryd. All for Love.

OH ! I could tear my Flesh,
Or him, or you, or all the World to Pieces !
My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow Room ;

'Tis ſwell'd with this laſt Slight beyond all Bounds :
 O that it had a Space might answer to
 Its infinite Deſire ! where I might ſtand,
 And hurl the Spheres about like ſportive Balls.

Lee's Alex.

DRIVE me, O drive me from that Traytor, Man !
 So I might 'ſcape that Monster, let me dwell
 In Lion's Haunts, or in ſome Tyger's Den.
 Place me on ſome ſteep, craggy, ruin'd Rock,
 That bellies out, juſt dropping in the Ocean :
 Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb ;
 Where ſtarving on my cold and flinty Bed,
 I may from far, with giddy Apprehenſion,
 See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep :
 Yet not e'en there, in that vaſt Whirl of Death,
 Can there be found ſo terrible a Ruin
 As Man ! False Man ! Smiling deſtructive Man !

Lee's Theod.

OH, my hard Fate ! Why did I truſt her ever ?
 What Story is not full of Woman's Falſhood ?
 The Sex is all a Sea of wide Deſtruction :
 We are vent'rous Barks, that leave our Home
 For thoſe ſure Dangers which their Smiles conceal :
 At firſt they draw us in with flattering Looks
 Of Summer Calms, and a ſoft Gale of Sighs :
 Sometimes, like *Syrens*, charm us with their Songs,
 Dance on the Waves, and ſhew their golden Locks ;
 But when the Tempeſt comes, then, then they leave us !
 Or rather help the new Calamity !
 And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman !
 The Lightning, follow'd with a Thunderbolt,
 Is marble-hearted Woman ! All the Shelves,

The

The faithleſs Winds, blind Rocks, and ſinking Sands,
Are Woman all ! The Wrecks of wretched Men !

Lee's Miſbrid.

FALSHOOD and Fraud grow up in every Soil,
The Product of all Climes. *Add. Cato.*

OH, the bewitching Tongues of faithleſs Men !
'Tis thus the falſe *Hyena* makes her Moan,
To draw the pitying Traveller to her Den.
Your Sex are ſo, ſuch falſe Diſſemblers all ;
With Sighs and Complaints ye entice poor Womens
Hearts,
And all that pity you are made your Prey.

Otw. Orph.

YE ſacred Powers, whoſe gracious Providence
Is watchful for our Good, guard me from Men,
From their deceitful Tongues, their Vows and Flat-
teries ;

Still let me paſs neglected by their Eyes :
Let my Bloom wither, and my Form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal Love may never be my Bane.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

LET Ignominy brand thy hated Name ;
Let modeſt Matrons at thy Mention ſtart ;
And bluſhing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend
And blots the noble Work. *Sh. Troil. Creſſ.*

SHE'S loſt ! She's gone ! The Beauty of the Earth :
All that in Women could be Virtue called,
Is loſt ; corrupted are her noble Faculties ;
The Temper of her Soul is quite infected :
Inconſtancy has ſpotted all her white, her Virgin
Beauties.

Lee's Miſh.

Semandra,

Semandra, my moſt fair, dear, gentle Miſtreſs ;
 That ſweet proteſting Creature, that pure Whitenefs,
 Where I ſo deep had writ my Vows in Blood,
 Is falſe to me ; and that eternal Bond of Oaths
 Committed to her keeping, now is cancell'd :
 Even her fair Hand, the *Seal* of all my Love,
 Her Hand has given her faithleſs Heart away. *Ibid.*

HAD ſhe been true,
 If Heaven would make me ſuch another World,
 Of one entire and perfect Chryſolite,
 I'd not have ſold her for it. *Shak. Othello.*

FALSE as thou art,
 Thou once wer't Empreſs of my Soul, and I
 Still drag thy Chains.. Speak then, *Semandra*, ſpeak ;
 For I am doz'd, ſo weary with complaining,
 That I could ſtand and liſten to the Winds,
 And think that Women talk'd : Obſerve the Rain,
 And think that Women wept : Or in the Clouds
 Behold *Semandra's* Form ſtill fleeting from me.

Lee's Mith.

HEAR this, ye Powers, mark how the fair De-
 ceiver

Sadly complains of violated Truth :
 She calls me falſe, even ſhe, the faithleſs ſhe,
 Whom Day and Night, whom Heaven and Earth
 have heard,
 Sighing to weep, and tenderly proteſt
 Ten thouſand times ſhe would be only mine ;
 And yet behold ſhe has given her ſelf away,
 Fled from my Arms, and wedded to another.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

I'LL never ſee him more, but to upbraid him ;
 Not tho' he ſhould repent, and ſtrait return,

Na

Nay, proffer me his Crown-----No more of that :
 Honour too cries, Revenge, revenge thy Wrongs ;
 For 'tis Revenge ſo wiſe, ſo glorious too,
 As all the World ſhall praiſe---- This is the Courſe
 Which Honour bids me take. But, oh ! permit me,
 For I am yet all Tenderneſs ; the Woman,
 The weak, the fond, the mild, the coward Woman,
 Dares not look forth, but runs about my Breſt,
 And viſits all the warmer Manſions there,
 Where ſhe ſo oft has harbour'd falſe *Varanes* :
 Cruel *Varanes* ! Falſe forſworn *Varanes* !
 Therefore, alas ! allow me
 A little Time for Love to make his way :
 Hardly he won the Place, and many Sighs,
 And many Tears, and thouſand Oaths it coſt him ;
 And, oh ! I find he will not be diſlodg'd
 Without a Groan at parting : Hence for ever.
 No, no, he vows he will not yet be raz'd,
 Without whole Floods of Grief at his Farewel,
 Which thus I ſacrifice-----And, oh ! I ſwear
 Had he prov'd true, I would as eaſily
 Have emptied all my Blood, and died to ſerve him,
 As now I ſhed theſe Drops, or vent theſe Sighs,
 To ſhew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

Lee's Theod.

F A M E.

WILL future Fame my preſent Ills relieve ?
 And what is Fame, that fluttering noiſy Sound,
 But the cold Lye of univerſal Vogue ?
 Thouſands of Men fall in the Field of Honour,
 Whoſe glorious Deeds die in inglorious Silence,
 Whilſt vaunting Cowards, favour'd by blind Fortune,

Reap all the Fruit of their ſucceſſful Toils
And build their Fame upon their noble Ruins.

Smith's P. Parma.

F A M I N E.

THIS Famine has a ſharp and meagre Face ;
'Tis Death in an Undreſs of Skin and Bone ;
Where Age and Youth, their Landmark ta'en away,
Look all one common Sorrow. *Dryd. Cleom.*

FAMINE ſo fierce, that what's deny'd Man's uſe,
Ev'n deadly Planets, and Herbs of poiſonous Juice,
Wild Hunger eats ; and to prolong our Breath,
We greedily devour our certain Death.
The Soldier in th' Aſſault, of Famine falls,
And Ghoſts, not Men, are watching on the Walls.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

HE daily dies by Hours and Moments,
All vital Nouriſhment but Air is wanting :
Three riſing Days, and two deſcending Nights,
Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by
Turns,

But brought no kind Viciffitude to him.
His State is ſtill the ſame, with Hunger pinch'd,
Waiting the ſlow Approaches of his Death,
Which halting onwards, as his Life goes back,
Still gains upon his Ground. *Dryd. Cleom.*

DEATH, like a lazy Maſter, ſtands aloof,
And leaves his Work to the ſlow Hands of Famine.

Ibid.

F A N C T.

F A N C Y.

LOVERS and Madmen have such seething Brains ;
Such shaping Phantasies, that apprehend more
Than cool Reason ever comprehends.
The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of Imagination all compact :
One sees more Devils than vast Hell can hold ;
That is, the Madman. The Lover all as frantic,
Sees *Helen's* Beauty in a Brow of *Egypt* :
The Poet's Eye, in a fine Frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to
Heaven ;

And as Imagination bodies forth
The Forms of Things unknown, the Poet's Pen
Turns them to Shapes, and gives to airy Nothing
A local Habitation, and a Name.

Such Tricks have strong Imagination,
That if he would but apprehend some Joy,
It comprehends some Bringer of that Joy :
Or in the Night, imagining some Fear,
How easy is a Bush suppos'd a Bear.

Shak. Midf. Night's Dream.

F A T E.

WHAT Heaven decrees, no Prudence can prevent.

Dr. Auren.

PREDESTINATED Ills are never lost.

Dr. Don Sebast.

LET thy great Deeds force Fate to change her Mind;
He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her kind.

Dr. Ind. Queen.

MAN makes his Fate according to his Mind :
The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,
But she's a Drudge when hector'd by the Brave.
If Fate weave common Thread, he'll change the
Doom,
And with new Purple spread a nobler Loom.

Dr. Cong. Granad.

ON what strange Grounds we build our Hopes and
Fears ?

Man's Life is all a Mist, and in the dark
Our Fortunes meet us.
If Fate be not, than what can we foresee ?
And how can we avoid it, if it be ?
If by Free-will in our own Paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above ?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis our's ; if good, the Act of Heav'n.

Dryd. Temp.

SOME kinder Power, too weak for Destiny,
Took pity, and endu'd his new-form'd Mass
With Temp'rance, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude,
And every kingly Virtue ; but in vain :
For Fate, that sent him hood-wink'd to the World,
Perform'd its Work by his mistaken Hands. *Dr. Oed.*

To you, great Gods, I make my last Appeal ;
Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal :
If wand'ring in the Maze, of Fate, I run,
And backward trod the Paths I sought to shun ;
Impute my Errors to your own Decree,
My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free.

Ibid.

GODS !

GODS! would you be ador'd for doing good,
Or only fear'd for proving miſchievous?
How would you have your Mercy underſtood,
Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,
Ordain'd, tho' guiltleſs, to be infamous?
Supreme firſt Cauſes! you whence all Things flow,
Whoſe Infinitenefs does each Little fill:
You, who decree each ſeeming Chance below,
So great in Power, were you as good in Will,
How could you ever have produced ſuch Ill?
Had your eternal Minds been bent on Good,
Could human Happineſs have prov'd ſo lame?
Rapine, Revenge, Injuſtice, Thirſt of Blood,
Grief, Anguiſh, Horror, Want, Deſpair, and Shame,
Had never found a Being, nor a Name.

'Tis therefore leſs Impiety to ſay,
Evil with you has Co-eternity,
Than blindly taking it the other Way,
That merciful, and of Election free,
You did create the Miſchiefs you foreſee. *Roch. Val.*

BE juſter, Heav'ns! Such Virtue puniſh'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And ſhuffles with a random Hand the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw. *Dr. All for Love.*

THUS with ſhort Plumets Heav'ns deep Will we
ſound,
That vaſt Abyſs where human Wit is drown'd!
In our ſmall Skiff we muſt not launch too far,
We here but Coaſters, not Discoverers, are.

Dr. Tyr. Love.

GOOD Heav'ns! why gave you me
A Monarch's Soul,
And cruſted it with baſe *Plebeian* Clay?

Why gave you me Deſires of ſuch Extent,
And ſuch a Span to graſp them? Sure my Lot
By ſome o'er-haſty Angel was miſplac'd
In Fate's eternal Volume.

Dr. Sp. Fryar.

TELL me why, good Heaven!

Thou mad'ſt me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aſpiring Thoughts, and elegant Deſires,
That fill the happieſt Man? Ah! rather, why
Didſt not thou form me fordid as my Fate,
Baſe-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?
Why have I Senſe to know the Curſe that's on me?
Is this juſt Dealing, Nature!

Otw. Ven. Pref.

WAS it for this, ye cruel Gods! you made me
Great like your ſelves, and, as a King, to be
Your ſacred Image? Was it but for this?
Why rather was I not a Peaſant-Slave,
Bred from my Birth a Drudge to your Creation,
And to my deſtin'd Load enur'd betimes?

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

YE cruel Powers!

Take me as you have made me, miſerable:
You cannot make me guilty! 'Twas my Fate;
And you made that, not I.

Dr. Don Seb.

'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain,
It may afflict, but Man may not complain.

Otw. Orpb.

YET 'tis the Curſe of mighty Minds oppreſs'd,
To think what their State is, and what it ſhould be:
Impatient of their Lot, they reaſon fiercely,
And call the Laws of Providence unequal.

Rowe's Ulyſſ.

THE Gods are juſt:
But how can Finite meaſure Infinite?

Reaſon,

Reason, alas ! it does not know it self ;
But Man, vain Man, would with his short-lin'd
Plummet

Fathom the vast Abyfs of heavenly Justice.

Whatever is, is in its Causes just,

Since all Things are by Fate ; but purblind Man

Sees but a Part o'th' Chain, the nearest Link,

His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam

That poises all above.

Dryd. Oed.

AND therefore wer't thou bred to virtuous Know-
ledge,

And Wisdom early planted in thy Soul,

That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery Passions ;

To bind their Rage, and stay their headlong Course ;

To bear with Accidents, and ev'ry Change

Of various Life ; to struggle with Adversity ;

To wait the Leisure of the righteous Gods,

Till they, in their own good appointed Hour,

Shall bid thy better Days come forth at once ;

A long and shining Train ; till thou, well pleas'd,

Shall bow, and bless thy Fate, and say the Gods are
just.

Rowe's Ulysses.

F E A R.

I FEEL my Sinews slacken'd with the Fright,

And a cold Sweat trills down all o'er my Limbs,

As if I were dissolving into Water.

Dr. Temp.

FEAR is the last of Ills :

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Shak. Ant. Cleop.

As some faint Pilgrim standing on the Shore,

First views the Torrent he would venture o'er,

And

And then his Inn upon the further Ground,
Loth to wade thro', and lother to go round;
Then dipping in his Staff, does Trial make
How deep it is, and, ſighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes reſolv'd to fetch his Leap, and then
Runs to the Bank, but then ſtops ſhort again.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

F E M A L E S.

ALL Females have Prerogative of Sex,
The Shes ev'n of the ſavage Herd are ſafe;
All when they ſnarl or bite, have no Return
But Courtſhip from the Male.

Dr. D. Seb.

F L A T T E R Y.

GIVE me Flattery,
Flatt'ry the Food of Courts! that I may rock him,
And lull him in the Down of his Deſires.

Beaum. Rollo.

No Flatt'ry Boy! an honeſt Man can't live by't:
It is a little ſneaking Art, which Knaves
Uſe to cajole and ſoften Fools withal.
If thou haſt Flattery in thy Nature, out with't;
Or ſend it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

Oth. Orph.

'Tis next to Money current there,
To be ſeen daily in as many Forms,
As there are ſorts of Vanities and Men.
The ſuperſtitious Stateſman has his Sneer,
To ſmooth a poor Man off, who cannot bribe him:
The grave dull Fellow of ſmall Buſineſs ſooths

The

The Humouriſt, and will needs admire his Wit.
Who without Spleen could ſee a hot-brain'd Atheiſt
Thanking a ſurly Doctör for his Sermon ?
Or a grave Counſellor meet a ſmooth young Lord,
Squeeze him by th' Hand, and praiſe his good Com-
plexion ? *Ibid.*

THERE like a Statue thou haſt ſtood beſieg'd
By Sycophants and Fools, the Growth of Courts :
Where thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gawdy Round,
Met nothing but a Lye in ev'ry Face ;
And the groſs Flattery of a gaping Croud,
Envious who firſt ſhould-catch, and firſt applaud
The Stuff, or Royal Nonſenſe. When I ſpoke,
My honeſt homely Words were carp'd and cenſur'd,
For want of courtly Style : Related Actions,
Tho' modeſtly reported, paſſ'd for Boaſts :
Secure of Merit, if I ask'd Reward,
Thy hungry Minions thought their Right invaded,
And the Bread ſnatch'd from Pimps and Paraſites.

Dr. D. Seb.

NAY do not think I flatter ;
For what Advancement may I hope from thee ?
Thou no Revenue haſt, but thy good Spirits,
To feed and clothe thee. Why ſhould the Poor be
flatter'd ?

No, let the candy'd Tongue lick abſurd Pomp,
And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
Where Gain may follow Feigning. *Sh. Hamlet.*

NOTHING miſbecomes
The Man that would be thought a Friend, like Flattery :
Flattery, the meaneſt Kinds of baſe Diſſembling,
And only us'd to catch the groſſeſt Fools.

Rowe's Amb. Step.

O Flattery !

How ſoon thy ſmooth inſinuating Oil
Supples the toughest Fool.

Fent. Mariani.

BEWARE of Flattery ! 'Tis a flow'ry Weed
Which oft offends the very Idol Vice,
Whoſe Shrine it would perfume.

Ibid.

F L O O D.

THE fruitful Nile

Flow'd e'er the wonted Seaſon, with a Torrent
So unexpected, and ſo wondrous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the Haſte
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd. Men and Beaſts
Were born upon the Tops of Trees, that grow
On th'utmoſt Margin of the Water-Mark :
Then with ſo ſwift an Ebb the Flood drove back-
ward,

It ſlipp'd from underneath the ſcaly Herd :
Here monſtrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore ;
Forsaken Dolphins there, with their broad Tails,
Lay laſhing the departing Waves : Hard by 'em
Sea-Horſes flound'ring in the ſlimy Mud,
Toſs'd up their Heads, and daſh'd the Ooze about 'em.

Dryd. All for Love.

F L O W E R S.

YOU took her up a little tender Flower,
Juſt ſprouted on a Bank, which the next Froſt
Had nipp'd ; and with a careful loving Hand
Transplanted her into your own fair Garden,

Where

Where the Sun always ſhines : There long ſhe flouriſhed,

Grew ſweet to Senſe, and lovely to the Eye ;

Till at the laſt a cruel Spoiler came,

Cropp'd this fair Roſe, and riſed all its Sweetneſs ;

Then caſt it like a loathſome Weed away. *Otw. Orph.*

ALL Flowers will droop in Abſence of the Sun,

That wak'd their Sweets.

Dr. Auren.

FAREWELL, ye Flowers, whoſe Buds with early
Care

I watch'd, and to the chearful Sun did rear.

Who now ſhall bind your Stems ? Or when you fall,

With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall ?

Dryd. Stat. of Inn.

FONDNESS.

FONDER than Mothers to their firſt-born Joys.

Dryd. All for Love.

OH ! ſhe doats on him ;

Feeds on his Looks ; eyes him as pregnant Women

Gaze at the precious Things their Souls are ſet on.

Lee's Caſ. Borg.

SHE would hang on him,

As if Encrease of Appetite had grown

By what it fed on.

Shak. Ham.

LET me not live,

If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,

Was ever half ſo fond.

Dryd. All for Love.

I JOY more in thee,

Than did thy Mother when ſhe hugg'd thee firſt,

And bleſs'd the Gods for all her Travail paſt.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

So

So the ſoft Mother, tho' the Babe be dead,
Will have the Darling on her Boſom laid;
Will talk, and rave, and with the Nurſes ſtrive,
And fond it ſtill as if it were alive;
Knows it muſt go, yet ſtruggles with the Croud,
And ſhrieks to ſee them wrap it in the Shroud.

Lee's L. J. Brut.

'Tis almoſt Morning, I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his Hand,
Like a poor Priſoner in his twiſted Gyves,
And with a ſilken Thread plucks it in again,
So loving, jealous of his Liberty. *Sh. Rom. Jul.*

By Heaven and Earth, I never can, *Erminia!*
No: By th' eternal Maſteſty that awes me,
I languish with the Fondneſs of my Love,
Still doat, and fain would keep thee to my Heart.
Oh! thou'rt the very Fountain of my Joys,
The Spirit of my Peace, my Spring of Life,
All that my Wiſhes would, or Heaven can give;
Yet, O eternal Torments to my Love!
We muſt, we muſt, *Erminia. South. Moth. in Faſh.*

FLY with me to ſome ſafe, ſome ſacred Privacy,
There charm my Senſes with *Semantbe's* Accents,
There pour thy Balm into my love-sick Soul,
And heal my Cares for ever. *Rowe's Ulyſſ.*

At the Sight of her my Soul dilates it ſelf,
As at the View of a long abſent Friend,
Unſatiated with gazing. *Den. Iphig.*

How I loved,
Witness ye Days and Nights, and all ye Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Buſineſs were to count my Paſſion.

One Day paſſ'd by, and nothing ſaw but Love ;
 Another came, and ſtill 'twas only Love :
 The Suns were wearied out with looking on,
 And I untired with loving.
 I ſaw you every Day, and all the Day ;
 And every Day was ſtill but as the firſt :
 So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more.

Dryd. All for Love.

You ſee, fair *Elfrid*, how you charm my Thoughts !
 I cannot count the Hours, while you are by.
 My Bleſſings, like Time's Moments, paſs untold,
 For the rich Joys you give, ſlip by unmark'd,
 While ſtill freſh Joys ſucceed them ; my paſt Blifs
 In a contracted Circle ſtrikes Remembrance,
 While future Oceans of immenſe Delight
 Roll deeply thro' the Proſpects of my Soul.
 Oh ! could the ſinful World be bleſſ'd like me !
 Like me be chaſtely happy ! Vice would die,
 And the deluded Taſte of giddy Man,
 Find Innocence and Happineſs no Strangers.

Elfrid. And will you ever be thus kind, my Lord ?
 Ever thus charming ? Ever thus ſincere ?
 Will not Reflection freeze this Marriage Nectar ?
 Will not your Draughts of Love be bitter, think you,
 When longer mix'd with Pleaſure's Wormwood,
 Wife. *Hill's Elfrid.*

SHALL I know any Thing unknown to thee !
 Thou haſt my Soul, thou keep'ſt my Key of Thought,
 How can my Secrets then be hid from thee ?
 Yes, I will tell thee, tho' my Death ſucceeds it. *Ib.*

I HAD ſo fix'd my Heart upon her,
 That whereſoe'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life
 For Time to come, ſhe was my only Joy

With

With which I uſed to ſweeten future Cares :
I fancied Pleaſures, none but one who loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like them.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

THOU art the only Comfort of my Age :
Like an old Tree I ſtand among the Storms ;
Thou art the only Limb that I have left me :
My dear green Branch ! and how I prize thee, Child,
Heaven only knows.

Lee's Theod.

THOU waſ't the very Darling of my Age ;
I thought the Day too ſhort to gaze upon thee :
That all the Bleſſings I could gather for thee
By Cares on Earth, and by my Prayers to Heaven,
Were little for my Fondneſs to beſtow.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

WHAT Pleaſure I took in thee !
What Joy thou gav'ſt me in thy prattling Infancy !
Thy ſprightly Wit, and early blooming Beauty !
How have I ſtood and fed my Eyes upon thee !
Then liſted up my Hands, and, wondring, bleſt thee !

Rowe's Fair Pen.

OH, that Form !
That Angel Face, on which my Dotage hung !
How have I gaz'd upon her, till my Soul
With very Eagerneſs went forth to meet her,
And iſſued at my Eyes ! Was there a Gem
Which the Sun ripens in the *Indian* Mines,
Or the rich Boſom of the Ocean yields ;
What was there Art could make, or Wealth could
buy,

Which I have left unfought to deck her Beauty ?

Rowe's J. Shore.

HE lov'd me much, tho' 'twas a guilty Flame,
And fatal to my Peace, yet ſtill he lov'd me,
With Fondneſs and with Tenderneſs he doated,
Dwelt in my Eyes, and liv'd but in my Smiles. *Ibid.*

COME *Hypermneſtra*, and beguile my Years :
Thou know'ſt in Pain I paſs that Day
Which ſhews me not my Child :
My darling Daughter brings me certain Eaſe,
Th' Infirmities of Age paſs unobſerv'd
Whilſt thou art by, and Pain has loſt its Sting :
The Sceptre hath no Weight, no Cares the Crown,
And every Evil at thy Preſence flies.
Stur. Love and Duty.

F O O L.

FORTUNE takes care that Fools ſhould ſtill
be ſeen ;

She places them aloft, o'th' topmoſt Spoke
Of all her Wheel. Fools are the daily Work
Of Nature, her Vocation. If ſhe form
A Man, ſhe loſes by it ; 'tis too expensive ;
'Twould make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy.
Dryd. Oed.

F O R T I T U D E.

NOR am I leſs, ev'n in this deſpicable Now,
Than when my Name fill'd *Africk* with Affrights,
And froze your Hearts beneath your torrid Zone.
Dryd. D. Seb.

DEJECTED! No, it never ſhall be ſaid
That Fate had Power upon a *Spartan* Soul ;

My.

My Mind on its own Centre ſtands unmov'd,
 And ſtable as the Fabrick of the World,
 Prop'd on it ſelf. Still I am *Cleomenes*.
 I fought the Battle bravely which I've loſt ;
 And loſt it but to *Macedonians*,
 The Succeſſors of thoſe who conquer'd *Aſia*.
 'Twas for a Cauſe too ! ſuch a Cauſe I fought !
 Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword.
Greece, like a lovely Heifer, ſtood in view,
 To ſee the Rivals each other gore,
 But wiſh'd the Conqueſt mine.
 I fled, and yet I languish not in Exile ;
 But here in *Egypt* whet my blunted Horns,
 And meditate new Fights, and chew my Loſs.

Dryd. Cleom.

IN ſtruggling with Miſfortunes
 Lies the true Proof of Virtue. On ſmooth Seas
 How many bawble Boats dare ſet their Sails,
 And make an equal Way with firmer Veſſels :
 But let the Tempeſt once enrage the Sea,
 And then behold the ſtrong-rib'd *Argoſie*
 Bounding between the Ocean and the Air,
 Like *Perſeus* mounted on his *Pegaſus* ;
 Then where are thoſe weak Rivals of the Main ?
 Or to avoid the Tempeſt, fled to Port,
 Or made a Prey to *Neptune*. Ev'n thus
 Do empty Shew and true-priz'd Worth divide
 In Storms of Fortune. *Sb. Troil. and Creſſ.*

WITH ſuch unſhaken Temper of the Soul
 To bear the ſwelling Tide of proſp'rous Fortune,
 Is to deſerve that Fortune. In Adverſity
 The Mind grows rough by buffeting the Tempeſt ;

But,

But, in Succeſs diſſolving, ſinks to Eaſe,
And loſes all her Firmneſs.

Rowe's Tam.

THOU haſt been
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing :
A Man who Fortune's Buffets and Rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal Thanks. And bleſt are they
Whoſe Blood and Judgment mingled are ſo well,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger
To ſound what Stop ſhe pleaſe.

Sh. Ham.

FATE was not mine; nor am I Fate's :
Souls know no Conquerors.

Dr. D. Seb.

THOU haſt ſeen Mount *Atlas*,
While Storms and Tempeſts thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break the Billows at its Feet,
It ſtands unmov'd, and glories in its Height :
Such is that haughty Man ; his towring Soul,
'Midſt all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune,
Riſes ſuperior, and looks down on *Cæſar*.

Add. Cato.

THY Virtues, Prince, has ſtood the Teſt of Fortune,
Like pureſt Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its
Weight.

Ibid.

WHERE ſhall we find a Man that bears Affliction,
Great and majeſtick in his Griefs, like *Cato* ?
Heavens ! with what Strength, what Steadineſs of
Mind,

He triumphs in the miſt of all his Sufferings !
How does he riſe againſt a Load of Woes,
And thanks the Gods that throw the Weight upon
him !

Ibid.

How

How does the Luſtre of our Father's Actions,
Thro' the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant Bright-
neſs ;

His Sufferings ſhine, and add a Glory round him.
By Heaven ! ſuch Virtues join'd with ſuch Succeſs,
Distract my very Soul : Our Father's Fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his Precepts.

Ibid.

BE chearful, fight it well, and all the reſt
Leave to the Gods and Fortune. If they fail us,
Their's be the Fault ; for Fate is their's alone :
My Virtue, Fame, and Honour are my own.

Dryd. Cleom.

THO' plung'd in Ills, and exercis'd in Care,
Yet never let the noble Mind deſpair :
When preſs'd by Dangers, and beſet with Foes,
The Gods their timely Succour interpoſe ;
And when our Virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with Grief
By unforeſeen Expedients bring Relief.

Phil. Diſt. Moth.

F O R T U N E.

FORTUNE's a Miſtreſs that with Cautions kind,
Knows that the Conſtant merit her alone :
They who tho' ſhe ſeem froward, yet court on.

Otw. D. Carl.

WERE ſhe a common Miſtreſs, kind to all,
Her Work would ceaſe, and half the World grow
idle.

Otw. Orph.

WHEN

WHEN Fortune means to Men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threatning Eye.

Sh. K. John.

PLEASURE has been the Buſineſs of my Life,
And every Change of Fortune eaſy to me,
Be cauſe I ſtill was eaſy to my ſelf.

Dr. D. Seb.

IN all my Wars good Fortune flew before me ;
Sublime I ſat in Triumph on her Wheel.

Ibid.

FORTUNE came ſmiling to my Youth, and woo'd it,
And purpled Greatneſs met my rip'ned Years.
When firſt I came to Empire, I was borne
On Tides of People crouding to my Triumphs :
The Wiſh of Nations, and the willing World,
Receiv'd me as its Pledge of future Peace.

I was ſo great, ſo happy, ſo beloved,
Fate could not ruin me, till I took Pains,
And work'd againſt my Fortune ; chid her from me,
And turn'd her looſe, yet ſtill ſhe came again.
My careleſs Days, and my luxurious Nights,
At length have wearied her ; and now ſhe's gone,
Gone, gone, divorced for ever!

Fortune is *Cæſar's* now, and what am I ?

Oh ! I am now ſo ſunk from what I was,

Thou findeſt me at my low-water Mark :

The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,

Are all dried up, or take another Courſe.

What I have left is from my native Spring ;

I've ſtill a Heart that ſwells in ſcorn of Fate,

And liſts me to my Banks.

GLUTTON of Fortune ! thy devouring Youth
Has ſtarv'd thy wanton Age.

Dr. All for Love.

'Tis better not to be, than be unhappy :

'Tis better not to be, than to be *Creon*.

A thinking Soul is Punishment enough ;
 But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,
 Then ev'ry Thought draws Blood.
 My Soul's ill-married to my Body :
 I would be young, be handsome, be belov'd,
 Could I but breathe my ſelf into *Adraſtus*.
 Were but my Soul in *Oedipus*, I were a King ;
 Then I had kill'd a Monster, gain'd a Battle,
 And had my Rival Prisoner : Brave, brave Actions!
 Why have not I done theſe ? My Fortune hinder'd :
 There's it, I have a Soul to do them all ;
 But Fortune will have nothing done, that's great,
 But by young handsome Fools. Body and Brawn
 Do all her Work : *Hercules* was a Fool,
 And ſtrait grew famous : A mad boiſtrous Fool!
 Nay, worſe, a Woman's Fool.
 Fool is the Stuff of which Heaven makes a Hero.

Dr. Oed.

NATURE mean't me
 A Wife, a ſilly, harmleſs, houſhold Dove,
 Fond without Art, and kind without Deceit :
 But Fortune, that has made a Miſtreſs of me,
 Has thruſt me out to the wide World, unfurniſh'd
 Of Falſhood, to be happy. *Dr. All for Love.*

WHY was I fram'd with this plain honeſt Heart,
 Which knows not to diſguiſe its Griefs and Weak-
 neſs ;

But bears its Workings outward to the World. *Ibid.*

I AM made a ſhallow forded Stream,
 Seen to the Bottom ; all my Clearneſs ſcorn'd,
 And all my Faults expos'd. *Ibid.*

FATE'S dark Receſſes we can never find,
 But Fortune at ſome Hours to all is kind :

The

The Lucky have whole Days, which ſtill they chuſe ;
Th' Unlucky have but Hours, and thoſe they loſe.

Dryd. Tyran. Love.

WILL Fortune never come with both Hands full,
But write her fair Words ſtill in fouleſt Letters ?
She either gives a Stomach, and no Food ;
Such are the Poor in Health : Or elſe a Feaſt
And takes away the Stomach ; ſuch are the Rich
That have Abundance, and enjoy it not.

Shak. Hen. IV.

F R I E N D.

I HAD a Friend that lov'd me ;
I was his Soul : He liv'd not but in me :
We were ſo clos'd within each other's Breſt,
The Rivets were not found that join'd us firſt.
That does not reach us yet : We were ſo mix'd,
As meeting Streams ; both to our ſelves were loſt.
We were one Maſs ; we could not give nor take,
But from the ſame ; for he was I, I he.
Return my better Half, and give me all my ſelf,
For thou art all !

If I have any Joy when thou art abſent,
I grudge it to my ſelf : Methinks I rob
Thee of thy Part.

Dr. All for Love:

THOU Brother of my Choice : A Band more
ſacred

Than Nature's brittle Tie, by holy Friendſhip.
Glory and Fame ſtood ſtill for thy Arrival ;
My Soul ſeem'd wanting of its better Half,
And languish'd for thy Abſence : Like a Prophet
That waits th' Inſpiration of his God.

Row. Tam.

ART thou not half my ſelf?
One Faith has ever bound us, and one Reaſon
Guided our Wills.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

Oh! thou art ſo near my Heart, that thou may'ſt ſee
Its Bottom; ſound its Strength and Firmneſs to thee.

Otw Ven. Pref.

THUS from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life in Love together.
One Bed has held us, and the ſame Deſires,
The ſame Averſion ſtill employ'd our Thoughts:
Whene'er had I a Friend that was not *Polydor's*,
Or *Polydor* a Foe that was not mine? *Otw. Orph.*

WHO knows the Joys of Friendſhip?
The Truſt, Security, and mutual Tenderneſs?
The double Joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendſhip, our only Wealth, our laſt Retreat and
Strength,
Secure againſt ill Fortune and the World?

Rowe's Fair Pen.

NEITHER has any Thing he calls his own,
But of each other's Joys as Griefs partaking,
So very honeſtly, ſo well they love,
As they were only for each other born. *Otw. Orph.*

EVER note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to ficken and decay,
It uſes an inforced Ceremony:
There are no Tricks in plain and ſimple Faith.
But hollow Men, like Horſes, hot at Hand,
Make gallant Shew and Promise of their Mettle;
But when they ſhould endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Creſt, and, like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Tryal.

Shak. Jul. Caſ.

THE Friends thou haſt, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel :
But do not dull thy Palm with Entertainment
Of each unfledg'd unhatch'd Comrade. Beware
Of Entrance to a Quarrel ; but being in,
Bear't, that the Oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give every Man thy Ear, but few thy Voice.
Take each Man's Cenſure, but reſerve thy Judgment.

Neither a Borrower nor a Lender be ;
For Loan oft loſes both it ſelf and Friend :
Borrowing dulls the Edge of Huſbandry.
This above all, to thine own ſelf be true,
And it muſt follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou can'ſt not then be falſe to any Man. *Sh. Ham.*

HAD you a Friend ſo deſperately ſick,
That all Phyſicians had forſook his Cure,
All ſcorch'd without, and all parch'd up within ;
The Moiſture that maintain'd conſuming Nature
Lick'd up, and in a Fever fried away :
Could you behold him beg with dying Eyes
A Glaſs of Water, and reſuſe it him,
Be cauſe you knew it ill for his Diſeaſe ?
When he would die without it, how could you
Deny to make his Death more eaſy to him ?

Dr. Rival Ladies.

TRUE Happineſs
Conſiſts not in a Multitude of Friends,
But in the Worth and Choice. Nor would I have
Virtue a popular Regard purſue :
Let them be good that love me, tho' but few.

Johnſon's Cinthia's Revels.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is Power and Riches all to me;
 Friendship's another Element of Life :
 Water and Fire not of more general Uſe
 To the Support and Comfort of the World,
 Than Friendship to the Being of my Joy;
 I would do every Thing to ſerve a Friend.

South. Fat. of Cap.

IN their Nonage a Sympathy
 Unuſual join'd their Loves :
 They paired like Turtles ; ſtill together drank,
 Together eat, nor quarrell'd for the Choice,
 Like twining Streams both from one Fountain fell,
 And as they run ſtill mingled Smiles and Tears.

Lee's Caſ. Borg.

HE lov'd me well ; ſo well, he could but die
 To ſhew he lov'd me better than his Life :
 He loſt it for me.

Dr. D. Seb.

THERE'S Virtue in thy Friendship
 Would make the ſaddeſt Tale of Sorrow pleaſing,
 Strengthen my Conſtancy, and welcome Ruin.

Otw. Ven. Pref.

LIVE, live, and reign for ever in my Boſom,
 Safe and unrival'd there poſſeſs thy own.
 And you, ye brighteſt of the Stars above,
 Ye Saints that once were Women here below,
 Be witneſs of the Truth, the holy Friendship,
 Which here to this my other ſelf I vow ;
 If I not hold her nearer to my Soul
 Than every other Joy the World can give,
 Let Poverty, Deformity, and Shame,

Distraction,

Diſtraction and Deſpair ſeize me on Earth ;
Let not my faithleſs Gholt have Peace hereafter,
Nor taſte the Blifs of your celeſtial Friendſhip.

Rowe's 7. Shore.

Alex. RISE all, and thou my ſecond ſelf, my Love,
O my *Hepheſtion*, raiſe thee from the Earth
Up to my Breſt, and hide thee in my Heart :
Art thou grown cold ? Why hang thy Arms at Diſ-
tance ?

Hug me, or, by Heaven, thou loveſt me not.

Heph. Not love my Lord ! Break not the Heart
you fram'd,

And moulded up to ſuch an Excellence ;
Then ſtamp'd on it your own immortal Image.
Not love the King ? Such is not Woman's Love !
So fond a Friendſhip, ſuch a ſacred Flame
As I muſt doubt to find in Breſts above.

Alex. Thou do'ſt, thou lov'ſt me, Crown of all
my Wars !

Thou dearer to me than my Groves of Laurels !
I know thou lov'ſt thy *Alexander* more
Than *Clytus* loves the King. No Tears, *Hepheſtion* !
I read thy Paſſion in thy manly Eyes,
And glory in thoſe Planets of my Life,
Above the rival Lights that ſhine in Heaven.
I'll tell thee, Friend, and mark it all ye Princes,
Tho' never mortal Man arriv'd to ſuch
A Height as I, yet I would forfeit all,
Caſt all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,
And die to ſave this Darling of my Soul.

Lee's Alex.

MARCUS, the Friendſhips of the World are oft
Confederacies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleaſure :

Ours has ſevereſt Virtue for its Baſis ;
And ſuch a Friendſhip ends not but with Life.

Add. Cato.

FRIENDSHIP's the Privilege
Of private Men ; for wretched Greatneſs knows
No Bleſſing ſo ſubſtantial. *Tate's Loy. Gen.*

OH my lov'd Friend ! till now I never knew
The Pangs of parting Friendſhip.
At diſtance I have taſted of the Pain,
When the rude Morn has ſunder'd us away
To our Repoſe : But my Soul, I ſwear,
Even then my Eyes would drop a ſilent Tear,
Repugnant ſtill to cloſe and ſhut out thee.

Laſt Jew Venice.

FRIENDSHIP is conſtant in all other Things,
Save in the Office and Affairs of Love ;
Therefore all Hearts in Love uſe their own Tongues :
Let every Eye negotiate for it ſelf,
And truſt no Agent ; for Beauty is a Witch,
Againſt whoſe Charms Faith melteth into Blood.

Sh. Much ado about nothing.

F R O W N.

MARK, my *Sebastian*, how that ſullen Frown,
Like flaſhing Lightning, opens angry Heaven,
And while it kills, delights. *Dr. D. Seb.*

ALL theſe Wrongs
Have never made me ſoure my patient Cheek,
Or bend one Wrinkle on my Face. *Sh. Rich. II.*

HE parted frowning from me,
So looks the chafed Lion

Upon

Upon the daring Huntsman, who has gall'd him,
Then makes him nothing. *Sh. Hen. VIII.*

F O R G I V E N E S S.

OH *Elfrid*! Oh my Bosom Comforter!
Thou dearest, richest Cordial to my Soul!
Thou hast a Sea of Pity, pour it on me,
Shed thy soft Dew of Mercy on my Love,
And, oh! forgive the Wretch who kneels before thee.
Hill's F. Inc.

F O R G I V E the Sallies of my Passion,
For I have been to blame, Oh, much to blame!
Have said such Words, nay, done such Actions too,
(Base as I am,) that my aw'd conscious Soul
Sinks in my Breast; nor dare I lift an Eye
On him I have offended. *Shak. Troil. Cress.*

F U T U R I T Y.

D I V I N E S but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,
And draw the distant Landskip as they please:
But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions,
To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws.
Dr. Don Seb.

T H I N K, timely think, on the last dreadful Day,
How you will tremble there, to stand expos'd
The foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts
That must be doom'd for Murder! Think on Murder!
That Troop is plac'd a-part from common Crimes;
The Damn'd themselves start wide, and shun the
Band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

'Tis terrible, it ſhakes, it ſtaggers me ;
 I know this Truth, but I repell'd the Thought.
 Sure there is none but fears a future State ;
 And when the moſt Obdurate ſwear they do not,
 Their trembling Hearts belye their boasting Tongues.

Dr. Sp. Fryar.

THUS Men too careleſs of their future State,
 Diſpute, know nothing, and repent too late.

Dr. D. of Guiſe.

To be, or not to be ! that is the Queſtion !
 Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to ſuffer
 The Stings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
 Or to take Arms againſt a Sea of Troubles,
 And, by oppoſing, end them ? To die ! To ſleep
 No more ! and, by a Sleep to ſay we end
 The Heart-Ache, and the thouſand nat'ral Shocks
 That Fleſh is Heir to ! 'Tis a Conſummation
 Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die, to ſleep !
 To ſleep, perchance to dream ! Ay, there's the Rub ;
 For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
 When we have ſhuffled off this mortal Coyle,
 Muſt give us Pauſe. There's the Reſpect
 That makes Calamity of ſo long Life :
 For who could bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
 Th' Oppreſſor's Wrongs, the poor Man's Contumely,
 The Pangs of deſpis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
 The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
 That patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes,
 When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin ? Who would Fardles bear,
 To groan and ſweat under a weary Life,
 But that the Dread of ſomething after Death,
 The undiscover'd Country, from whoſe Borne

No

No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus Conſcience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the native Hew of Reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale Caſt of Thought,
And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,
With this Regard their Currents turn away,
And loſe the Name of Action. *Shak. Ham.*



G H O S T.



'VE heard a Spirit's Force is wonderful,
At whoſe Approach, when ſtarting
from his Dungeon,
The Earth will ſhake, and the old
Ocean groan,
Rocks are remov'd, and Trees are thunder'd down,
And Walls of Braſs, and Gates of Adamant,
Are paſſable as Air, and fleet like Winds.

Lee's Oedipus.

It faded at the Crowing of the Cock,
And ſtarted like a guilty Thing
Upon a fearful Summons. *Shak. Ham.*

BE thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with the Airs from Heaven, or Blaſts from Hell,
Be thy Events wicked or charitable,
Thou comeſt in ſuch a questionable Shape,

That I will ſpeak to thee. Oh! oh! anſwer me;
 Let me not burſt in Ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearſed in Earth,
 Have burſt their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,
 Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd,
 Has op'd its pondrons and Marble Jaws,
 To let thee out again? What may this mean;
 That thou, dear Corſe, again in compleat Steel
 Reviſit'ſt thus the Glimpfes of the Morn,
 Making Night hideous, and us Fools of Nature,
 So horribly to ſhake our Diſpoſition,
 With Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls?

I am thy Father's Spirit,
 Doom'd for a certain Time to walk the Night,
 And for the Day confin'd to ſaſt in Fires,
 Till the foul Crimes, done in my Days of Nature,
 Are burnt, and purg'd away. *Shak. Ham.*

G O L D.

GOLD! yellow, glitt'ring precious Gold!
 Gold, that will make Black white, Foul fair, Wrong
 right,
 Baſe noble, Old young, Coward valiant!
 Ha! you Gods! why this
 Will lug your Priests and Servants from your Sides;
 Pluck ſtout Mens Pillows from below their Heads!
 This yellow Slave
 Will knit and break Religions; bleſs th' Accurs'd;
 Make the hoar Leproſy ador'd; place Thieves,
 And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation,
 With Senators on the Bench. *Sh. Timon of Athens.*

LOVE!

LOVE ! what a poor Omnipotence haſt thou,
When Gold and Titles buy thee ? *Dr. Sp. Fr.*

WHEN I made
This Gold, I made a greater God than *Jove*,
And gave my own Omnipotence away. *Dr. Amph.*

'Tis Gold
Which buys Admittance ; oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers falſe themſelves, and yield up
Their Deer to the Stand of the Stealers ; and 'tis Gold
Which makes the true Man kill'd, and fav'd the
Thief ;

Nay, ſometimes hangs both Thief and true Man.
What can it not do and undo ? *Shak. Cymbel.*

'G R A V E.

SOONER or later all Things paſs away,
And are no more : The Beggar and the King,
With equal Steps tread forward to their End ;
Tho' they appear of different Natures now,
Not of the ſame Days Work of Providence,
They meet at laſt ; the reconciling Grave
Swallows Diſtinction firſt, that made us Foes,
Then all alike lie down in Peace together :
When will that Hour of Peace arrive for me ;
In Heav'n I ſhall find it. *South. Fat. Mar.*

G R E A T N E S S and P O W E R.

HOW are we bandied up and down by Fate,
By ſo much more unhappy, as we 're great !
Otw. D. Carlos.

G R E A T-

GREATNESS, thou gawdy Torment of our Souls,
The wiſe Man's Fetter, and the Rage of Fools.

Otw. Alcib.

GREATNESS, moſt envied, when leaſt underſtood,
'Thou art no real, but a ſeeming Good ;
Sick at the Heart, thou in the Face look'ſt well ;
By thy exalted State we only gain
To be more wretched than the Vulgar can.

Sed. Ant. and Cleop.

FAREWEL, a long Farewel to all my Greatneſs !
This is the State of Man : To Day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes ; to Morrow, Bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing Honours thick upon him :
The third Day comes a Froſt, a killing Froſt ;
And when he thinks, good eaſy Man, full ſurely,
His Greatneſs is a rip'ning, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton Boys, that ſwim on Bladders,
This many a Summer in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my Depth. My high-blown Pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with Service, to the Mercy
Of a rude Stream that muſt for ever hide me.

Shak. Hen. V.

I now begin to loath all human Greatneſs ;
I'll fly all Courts, and Love ſhall be my Guide ;
Love, that's more Worth than all the World beſide.
Princes are barr'd the Liberty to roam ;
The fetter'd Mind ſtill languiſhes at Home.
In golden Bands ſhe treads the thoughtful Round,
Buſineſs and Cares eternally abound ;

And

And when for Air the Goddeſs would unbind,
She's clogg'd with Sceptres, and to Crowns confin'd.

Lee's Theod.

FOR I diſdain

All Pomp when thou art by: Far be the Noiſe
Of Kings and Courts from us, whoſe gentle Souls
Our kinder Stars have ſteer'd another Way.

Free as the Foreſt Birds we'll pair together,
Without remembring who our Fathers were;
Fly to th' Arbours, Grotts, and flow'ry Meads,
And in ſoft Murmurs interchange our Souls;
Together drink the Chryſtal of the Stream,
Or taſte the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields:
And when the golden Evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy Beds, and ſleep till Morn.

Lee's Theod.

CURSE then thy Birthright,
Thy glorious Titles, and ill ſuited Greatneſs,
Since *Athenais* ſcorns thee. Take again
Your ill-tim'd Honours; take 'em, take 'em, Gods!
And change me to ſome humble Villager:
If ſo, at leaſt for Toils at ſcorching Noon,
In mowing Meadows, or in reaping Fields,
At Night ſhe will but crown me with a Smile,
Or reach the Bounty of her Hand to bleſs me. *Ibid.*

COULD great Men thunder,
As *Jove* himſelf doth, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting petty Officer
Would uſe his Heav'n for Thunder:
Nothing but Thunder. Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy ſharp and ſulphurous Bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak,
Than the ſoft Myrtle: O, but Man! proud Man!
Dreſs'd

Dreſs'd in a little brief Authority,
 Moſt ignorant of what lies moſt aſſur'd,
 But glaſſy Eſſence, like an angry Ape,
 Plays ſuch fantaſtic Tricks before high Heaven,
 As make the Angels weep ; who with our Spleens
 Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

Shak. Measure for Measure.

WE cannot weigh our Brother with our ſelf :
 Great Men may jeſt with Saints ; 'tis Wit in them,
 But in the Leſs, foul Prophanation. *Ibid.*

THAT in the Captain's but a cholerick Word,
 Which in the Soldier is flat Blaſphemy. *Ibid.*

G R I E F.

HIS Eye being big with Tears,
 Turning his Face, he put his Hand behind him,
 And with Affection wond'rous ſenſible
 He wrung *Baſſanio's* Hand, and ſo they parted.

Sh. Merch. Ven.

OH! nothing now can pleaſe me :
 Darkneſs, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
 And all the inſeparable Train of Grief,
 Attend my Steps for ever. *Dryd. Amph.*

'TIS not alone my inky Cloke,
 Nor cuſtomary Suits of ſolemn Black,
 Nor windy Suſpiration of forc'd Breath,
 No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
 Together with all Forms, Modes, Shews of Grief,
 That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed ſeem,
 For they are Actions that a Man might play :

But

But I have that within which passes Show,
These are but the Trappings and the Suits of Woe.

Shak. Ham.

My Grief lies all within,
And those external Manners of Laments,
Are merely Shadows to the unseen Grief,
That swells with Silence in my tortur'd Soul :
There lies the Substance.

Sh. Rich. II.

GIVE Sorrow Words : The Grief that does not
speak,

Whispers the o'er-fraught Heart, and bids it break.

Shak. Mac.

I AM dumb, as solemn Sorrow ought to be ;
Could my Griefs speak, the Tale would have no end.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

IT is the Wretch's Comfort, still to have
Some small Reserve of near and inward Woe ;
Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they, unseen, may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And, Glutton-like, devour alone.

Cong. Mourn. Bride.

TIME gives Increase to my Afflictions :
The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come heavy loaden with th' oppressive Weight
To me ; with me successively they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief that did retard their
Flight ;

They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
Their dire collected Dews on my poor Head,
Then fly with Joy and Swiftnefs from me.

Ibid.

OF

OF Comfort no Man ſpeak ;
 Let's talk of Graves, and Worms, and Epitaphs,
 Make Duſt our Paper, and with rainy Eyes
 Write Sorrow on the Boſom of the Earth.

Sh. Rich. II.

I HAVE been in ſuch a diſmal Place,
 Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers;
 Bound in with Darkneſs, overſpread with Damps ;
 Where I have ſeen (if I could ſay I ſaw)
 The good old King, maſt ſtick in his Bonds,
 And miſt his Griefs, moſt venerably great,
 By a dim-winking Lamp, which feebly broke
 The gloomy Vapours : He lay ſtretch'd along
 Upon the unwholeſome Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward,
 And ever and anon a ſilent Tear
 Stole down, and trickled from his hoary Beard :
 My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
 As early Bloſſoms are with Eaſtern Blaſts.
 He ſent for me, and while I rais'd his Head,
 He threw his aged Arms about my Neck,
 And, ſeeing that I wept, he preſs'd me cloſe ;
 So, leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
 We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.

Dr. Sp. Fryar.

HIS Griefs have rent my aged Heart aſunder ;
 Stretch'd on the damp unwholeſome Earth he lies,
 Nor had my Prayers or Tears the Power to move him.
 Now motionleſs; as Death, his Eyes are fix'd,
 And then anon he ſtarts, and caſts them upwards,
 And, groaning, cries, I am th' Accurs'd of Heaven.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

O TAKE me in a Fellow-Mourner with thee ;
 I'll number Groan for Groan, and Tear for Tear ;
 And

And when the Fountains of thy Eyes are dry,
Mine ſhall ſupply the Stream, and weep for both.

Rowe's F. Pen.

BUT to perſevere

In obſtinate Condolement, is a Courſe
Of impious Stubborneſs : 'Tis unmanly Grief :
It ſhews a Will moſt uncorrect to Heaven,
A Heart unfortify'd, a Mind impatient,
An Underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd.
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar Thing to Senſe,
Why ſhould we in our peeviſh Oppoſition
Take it to Heart ? Fie ! 'tis a Fault to Heaven ;
A Fault againſt the Dead ; a Fault to Nature ;
To Reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common Theme
Is Death of Fathers, and who ſtill have cry'd,
From the firſt Corſe to his that died to Day,
This muſt be ſo.

Sh. Ham.

GRIEF, tho' not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.

Dryd. Auren.

THAT eating Canker, Grief, with waſteful Spight,
Preys on the roſy Bloom of Youth and Beauty.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

A WHILE ſhe ſtood

Transform'd by Grief to Marble, and appear'd
Her own pale Monument ; but when ſhe breath'd
The ſecret Anguiſh of her wounded Soul,
So moving were the Complaints, they wou'd have ſooth'd
The ſtooping Falcon to ſuſpend his Flight,
And ſpare his Morning Prey.

Fent. Mariam.

GIVE me your Drops, ye ſoft deſcending Ruins ;
Give me your Streams, ye never-ceaſing Springs ;

That

That my sad Eyes may still supply my Duty,
And feed an everlasting Flood of Sorrow.

Rowe's Jan. Shore.

MY Soul lies hid in Shades of Grief,
Whence, like the Bird of Night, with half-shut Eyes,
She peeps, and sickens at the Sight of Day.

Dr. Riv. Lad.

OH let us not support,
But sink each other down !
Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
With Rivers of incessant scalding Rain. *Cong. M. Br.*

WHY dost thou heave, and stifle in thy Grief ?
Thy Heart will burst ; thy Eyes look red, and start :
Give thy Soul way, and tell me thy dark Thought,
Thy second self should feel each other's Wound,
And Woe should be in equal Portions dealt. *Ibid.*

NOW sunk in Grief, and pining with Despair,
Her waining Form no longer shall incite
Envy in Woman, or Desire in Man :
She never sees the Sun, but thro' her Tears ;
And wakes to sigh the live-long Nights away.

Rowe's J. Shore.

FOR this I mourn, and will for ever mourn ;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swell'd and wat'ry Eyes,
Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart,
While I have Life and Thought of my *Alphonso.*

Cong. M. Bride.

I FELT no Sorrows then, but now my Grief,
Like fest'ring Wounds, grown cold, begin to smart,
The raging Anguish gnaws and tears my Heart.

Roch. Val.

GROVE

G R O V E.

THIS shadowing Defart, unfrequented Woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopl'd Towns.
Here I can fit alone, unseen of any,
And to the Nightingale's complaining Notes
Tune my Distresses, and record my Woes.

Sh. Two Gent. of Verona.

DEAR solitary Groves, where Peace does dwell!
Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!
How willingly could I for ever stay
Beneath the Shade of your embracing Greens,
List'ning to the Harmony of warbling Birds,
Tun'd with the gentle Murmur of the Streams;
Upon whose Bank, in various Livery,
The fragrant Offspring of the early Year,
Their Heads, like graceful Swans, bent proudly
down,
See their own Beauties in the chrystal Flood.

Rob. Val.

G U I L T.

BEHOLD her guilty Looks; for Guilt will speak,
Tho' Tongues were out of Use.

Sh. Othello.

THE Horror that attends on waking Guilt,
Now seizes on my Thoughts, and hurries them
Into the Wildness of a mad Despair.

South. Disap.

AND dost thou bear me yet, thou passive Earth?
Dost thou not labour with my murd'rous Weight?
And you, ye glittering heavenly Host of Stars,
Hide your fair Heads in Clouds, or I shall blast you;

For

For I'm all Contagion, Death, and Ruin,
And Nature sickens at me. *Rowe's F. Pen.*

No w as I paſs, the crowded Way ſhall ſound
With hisſing Scorn, and murmuring Detestation ;
The lateſt Annals ſhall record my Shame ;
And when the avenging Muſe with pointed Rage
Would ſink ſome impious Women down to Hell,
She'll ſay, ſhe's baſe, ſhe's falſe, ſhe's foul as *Phædra*.

WHY doſt thou tremble, when I look upon thee?
When thou would'ſt ſpeak upon thy fault'ring Tongue,
Thy Accents die. All Arguments of Guilt !
Thy Colour goes and comes upon thy Face,
And thy young Treason bluſhes to be ſeen :
The murder'd Body, at the Murderer's Touch,
Will bleed afreſh, nor can Betrayers bear
The Sight of one betray'd without Confuſion.

Lauf. Her. Love.

WE cheat the World

With florid Outſide, till we meet Surpriſe ;
Then, Conſcience working inward like a Mole,
Crumbles the Surface, and reveals the Dirt,
From which our Actions ſpring. *Fent. Mariam.*

WHY do they lay me on a Couch of Thorns ?
How ſhould I reſt ? They bid me cloſe my Eyes ;
But thro' the Lids I ſee a thouſand Forms ;
Numberleſs Terrors ! I ſhut both Ears ; and yet
I hear infernal Howlings ! Death and Deſpair
Have laid hold upon me----- O miſerable that I am !
Wou'd I had died as innocent as *Glouceſter* !
Let me think no more : Is there no Phyſician
Can cure the Mind ? Nothing to kill Reflection ?
That I could drink Oblivion down ! O when
Shall I have reſt ? *Phil. D. of Glouceſter.*

THE

THE Noon of Night is paſt, and gentle Sleep,
Which friendly waits upon the labour'd Hind,
Flies from th' Embraces of a Monarch's Arms :
The Mind diſturb'd, denies the Body Reſt.
Of all the Evils that attend Mankind,
Spite of Philoſophy, the worſt is Death ;
Or wherefore does our Nature fear it moſt ?
But, hark ! methought I heard a deep-fetch'd Groan :
Ha ! protect me, all ye Gods ! What is't I ſee !
What bloody Fantomes flee before my Sight !
My Head whirls round ! Lo hideous gapes the Earth !
The infernal Regions open to my View !
There rolls the Stone ! There endleſs turns the Wheel !
There gnaws the Vulture. *Sturmy. Love and Duty.*



H A G.



IN a cloſe Lane, as I purſued my Journey,
I ſpy'd a wither'd Hag, with Age grown
double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her
ſelf ;
Her Eyes with ſcalding Rheum, were gall'd and red,
Cold Palfy ſhook her Head, her Hands ſeem'd wi-
ther'd,
And on her crooked Shoulders had ſhe wrapp'd
The tatter'd Remnants of an old ſtrip'd Hanging,
Which ſerv'd to keep her Carcaſs from the Cold :

So

So there was nothing of a Piece about her.
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd Rags, black, red, white
yellow,
And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness.

Otw. Orph

H A N D.

I TAKE thy Hand, this Hand,
As soft as Dove's Down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian's* Tooth, or the fan'd Snow,
That's bolted by the Northern Blast twice over.

Shak. Winter's Tale

H A P P I N E S S.

ALL Happiness is seated in Content.

Otw. Cai. Mar

IN wishing nothing, we enjoy still most ;
For even our Wish is in Possession lost.
Restless we wander to a new Desire,
And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire.
We tofs and turn about our fev'rish Will,
When all our Ease must come by lying still .
For all the Happiness Mankind can gain,
Is not in Pleasure, but in Rest from Pain.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

No Happiness can be where is no Rest,
Th' unknown, untalk'd of Man, is only blest.
He, as in some safe Cliff, his Cell does keep,
From thence he views the Labour of the Deep:

The Gold-fraught Vessel, which mad Tempests beat,
He sees now vainly make to his Retreat ;
And when from far the tenth Wave does appear,
Shrinks up in silent Joy he is not there.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

To be good is to be happy: Angels
Are happier than Men, because they're better.
Guilt is the Source of Sorrow; 'tis the Fiend,
The avenging Fiend that follows us behind
With Whips and Stings: The Blessed know none of
this,

But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind,
And find the Height of all their Heaven is Goodness.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

WHAT is that Thing call'd Happiness, which Men
With so much Noise and eager Zeal pursue
So many several Ways; each hoping to
Attain it in the Possession of some
Distant long'd-for Blessing, tho' all alike
In vain; for even that darling Blessing,
Plac'd in a nearer Light, and once enjoy'd,
Loses but too much of its wonted Lustre;
Or else, encounter'd with rude Crosses from
Abroad, is lost and buried in a thick
And dismal Cloud of rank uneasy Cares.
There's no such Thing then as a happy Man
On this Side of the Grave.

Film. Uan. Bro.

HATRED.

H A T R E D.

THIS is Hatred ;

She loaths, detests him, flies his hated Presence,
And shrinks, and trembles at his very Name.

Smith's Pbed. Hip.

My Heart heaves up, and swells; he's Poison to me;
My injur'd Honour, and my ravish'd Love
Bleed at my Murderer's Sight.

Dryd. D. Seb.

I HAD much rather see
A crested Dragon, or a Basilisk :
Both are less Poison to my Eyes and Nature.

Ibid.

By the Head of Jove,
I hate him worse than Famine or Diseases :--
Perish his Family, let inveterate Hate
Commence between our Houses from this Moment,
And meeting, never let them bloodless part.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

HE is my Bane, I cannot bear him ;
One Heaven and Earth can never hold us both :
Still shall we hate, and with Defiance deadly
Keep Rage alive, till one be lost for ever :
As if two Suns should meet in one Meridian,
And strive in fiery Combat for the Passage.

*Rowe's Tam.***H E A R T.**

MY heavy Heart, the Prophetess of Woe,
Forbodes some ill at Hand.

Dr. Sp. Fryar.

My lab'ring Heart, that swells with Indignation,
Heaves to discharge its Burden ; that once done,

The

The buſy Thing ſhall reſt within its Cell,
And never beat again.

Rowe's F. Pen.

HIS mounting Heart bounces againſt my Hand,
As if it would thruſt off his manly Soul.

Dryd. Cleom.

Now Heart,

Be ribb'd with Iron for this one Attempt,
Set ope thy Sluices, ſend the vigorous Blood
Thro' every active Limb for my Relief;
Then take thy Reſt within thy quiet Cell,
For thou ſhalt drum no more.

Dr. Don Seb.

H E L L.

EACH diſmal Minute, when I call to Mind
The Promiſe that I made the Prince of Hell,
In one and twenty Years to be his Slave,
Of which near twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
The Wards of Reaſon roll into their Spring.
O horrid Thought! but one and twenty Years,
And twelve near paſt; then to be ſteep'd in Fire,
Daſh'd againſt Rocks, or ſnatch'd from molten Lead,
Reeking, and dropping Peice-meal, born by Winds,
And quench'd ten thouſand Fathom in the Deep.

Dr. D. of Guiſe.

WHERE am I now? upon the Brink of Life;
The Gulph before me, Devils to puſh me on,
And Heaven behind me, cloſing all its Doors:
A thouſand Years for ev'ry Hour I've paſt:
O could I ſcape ſo cheap! But ever! ever!
Still to begin an endleſs Round of Woes!
To be renew'd for Pains, and laſt for Hell!

VOL. I.

I

Yet

Yet can Pains laſt, when Bodies cannot laſt ?
 Can earthly Subſtance endleſs Flames endure ?
 Or when one Body wears, and flies away,
 Do Souls thruſt forth another Cruſt of Clay ?

SEE Hell ſets wide its adamantine Doors :
 See thro' the fable Gates the black *Cocytus*
 In ſmoky Circles rolls its fiery Waves :
 Hear, hear the ſtunning Harmonies of Woe,
 The Din of rattling Chains, the Clafh of Whips,
 The Groans of loud Complaints, of piercing Shrieks,
 That wide thro' all its gloomy World reſound :
 How huge *Megeſta* ſtalks ! What ſtreaming Fires
 Blaze from her glaring Eyes ! What Serpents curl
 In horrid Wreaths, and hiſs around her Head !
 Now, now ſhe drags me to the Bar of *Minos* :
 See how the awful Judges of the Dead,
 Look ſtedfaſt, Hate, and horrible Diſſinay :
 See *Minos* turns away his lothing Eyes,
 Rage choaks his ſtruggling Words, the fatal Urn
 Drops from his trembling Hands. *Smith's Ph. Hip*

O THOU haſt given me ſuch a Glimpſe of Hell,
 So puſh'd me forward, even to the Brink
 Of that irremedible burning Gulph,
 That, looking in the Abyſs, I dare not leap.

Dr. D. Sel

THY Lot will be
 Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur
 Viciffitudes of Fires, and then of Froſts.

Dr. Oa

I SAW the burning Centre,
 Saw the dire Secrets of th' infernal World ;
 Beheld the ſevere Judges of pale Ghoſts,
 The Furies, and the inexorable King ;

Beheld

Beheld the molten Gold of flying *Styx*,
That casts a dismal Light, and scares the Damn'd ;
Millions of Ghosts, that stared with stony Eyes,
And gnash'd with Iron Teeth, I there beheld,
Toss'd from the Banks amidst the flaming Gold,
And plung'd by red-hot Tongues of snaky Furies.

Den. Ap. Virg.

H O N E S T Y.

POWERFUL Villany first set it up
For its own Ease and Safety : Honest Men
Are the soft easy Cushions, on which Knaves
Repose and fatten. Were all Mankind Villains,
They'd starve each other : Lawyers would want Prac-
tice,
Cut-throats Rewards ; each Man would kill his Bro-
ther
Himself ; none would be paid, or hang'd for Murder.
Honesty ! 'Twas a Cheat invented first
To bind the Hands of bold deserving Rogues,
That Fools and Cowards might sit safe in Power,
And lord it uncontroul'd above their Betters.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

I PAY my Debts,
I steal from no Man ; would not cut a Throat
To gain Admission to a great Man's Purse,
Or a Whore's Bed : I'd not betray my Friend,
To get his Place or Fortune : I scorn to flatter
A blown up Fool above me, or crush the Wretch be-
neath me.

Ibid.

H O N O U R.

HONOUR ! a raging Fit of Virtue in the Soul,
A painful Burden, which great Minds muſt bear,
Obtain'd with Danger, and poſſeſs'd with Fear.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

WHAT is this vain fantaſtick Pageant, Honour?
This buſy angry Thing that ſcatters Diſcord
Amongſt the mighty Princes of the Earth,
And ſets the madding Nations in an Uproar?

Rowe's Ulyſſ.

THIS Honour is the verieſt Mountebank;
It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks,
And makes us freakiſh. What a Cheat muſt that be,
Which robs our Life of all their ſofter Hours?
Beauty, our only Treafure, it lays waſte;
Hurries us over our neglected Youth,
To the deteſted State of Age and Uglineſs,
Tearing our deareſt Heart's Deſire from us.
Then, in Reward of what it took away,
Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wiſhes, and Delights,
It bountifully pays us all with Pride.
Poor Shifts ! ſtill to be proud, and never pleas'd !
Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.

Roch. Val.

HONOUR's a ſacred Tie, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's diſtinguiſhing Perfection,
That aids and ſtrengthens Virtue where it meets her
And imitates her Actions where ſhe is not :
It is not to be ſported with.

Add. Cal.

WOMENS Honour
Is nice as Ermin, will not bear a Soil.

Dr. Don Se.
HONOUR

HONOUR's the Soldier's Treasure, bought with
Blood,

And kept at Life's Expence.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

BASE groveling Souls ne'er know true Honour's
Worth,

But weigh it out in mercenary Scales :

The ſecret Pleasure of a generous Act

Is the great Mind's great Bribe.

Dr. Don Seb.

HE was a Man

That liv'd up to the Standard of his Honour,

And prized that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth :

He'd not have done a shameful Thing but once ;

Tho' kept in Darkneſs from the World, and hidden,

He could not have forgiven it to himſelf. *Otw. Orph.*

HONOUR's a fine imaginary Notion,

That draws in raw and unexperienc'd Men

To real Miſchiefs, while they hunt a Shadow.

Add. Cato.

LET Honour come, I'll ſtand the ſtalking Nothing;

And when the bladder'd Air would turn the Ballance,

I'll caſt in Love, ſubſtantial pond'rous Love,

Eternal Love, and hurl him to the Beam.

Lee's Pr. of Cleve.

H O P E.

HOPE, with a goodly Proſpect, feeds the Eye,

Shews from a riſing Ground Poſſeſſion nigh ;

Shortens the Diſtance, or o'erlooks it quite,

So eaſy 'tis to travel with the Sight

Dryd. Aur.

HOPE's a Lover's Staff; walk hence with that,

And manage it againſt deſpairing Thoughts.

Sb. Two Gent. of Verona.

H O R R O R.

SURE 'tis a Horror more than Darkneſs brings,
That fits upon the Night ! Fate is abroad :
Some ruling Fiend hangs in the dusky Air,
And ſcatters Ruin, Death, and wild Diſtraction
O'er all the wretched Race of Men below.

Rowe's Tam.

METHINKS we ſtand on Ruin ; Nature ſhakes
About us ; and the univerſal Frame's
So looſe, that it but wants another Puſh
To leap from its Hinges.
No Sun to chear us, but a bloody Globe
That rolls above ; a bald and beamleſs Fire :
His Face o'ergrown with Scurf ; for no Sun ſhines,
But a dim winking Taper in the Skies,
That nods, and ſcarce holds up his drowſy Head,
That glimmer thro' the Damps. Therefore the Seaſons
Lie all confus'd, and by the Heavens neglected,
Forget themſelves : Blind Winter meets the Summer
In the Midway ; and ſeeing not his Livery,
Haſt'ning him headlong back.

Dr. Oed.

SURE 'tis the End of all Things ! Fate has torn
The ſtick of Time off, and his Head is now
The giddy Ball of round Eternity !
Call you theſe Peals of Thunder but the Yawn
Of bellying Clouds ? By *Jove*, they ſeem to me
The World's laſt Groans ! And thoſe vaſt Sheets of
Flame
Are its laſt Blaze ! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen Globes,
And Chaos is aſcending !

Did

Did ever Night or Day ſhew ought like this?
Answer, ye Powers divine! Spare all this Noiſe,
This Rack of Heaven, and ſpeak your fatal Plea-
ſures:

If that the Glow-worm Light of human Reaſon
Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this Storm of Nature?
Why do the Rocks ſplit, and why rolls the Sea?
Why theſe Portents in Heaven, and Plagues on Earth?
Why theſe gigantic Forms, etherial Monſters?

Ibid.

TELL me, what means this Anger of the Heavens?
Why did the Eve deſcend ſo diſmal dark?
Why not one Star to glimmer thro' the Skies?
Why fall thoſe Clouds ſo thick? Why ſits the Night
So heavy on the Brows of bended Mountains?

Hopk. Pyrrh.

AN univerſal Horror

Struck thro' my Eyes, and chill'd my very Heart:
The chearful Day was every where ſhut out
With Care, and left a more than Midnight Darkneſs,
Such as might ev'n be felt: A few dim Lamps,
That feebly lifted up their ſickly Heads,
Look'd faintly thro' the Shade, and made it ſeem
More diſmal by ſuch Light: While thoſe that waited
in ſolemn Sorrow, mix'd with wild Amazement,
Obſerv'd a dreadful Silence.

Rowe's Amb. Step.

ASCEND, ye Ghoſts, fantaſtic Forms of Night,
In all your different dreadful Shapes aſcend,
And match the preſent Horror if you can.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

IF we could recount
 Our baleful News, and at each Word's Deliverance
 Stab Poniards in our Fleſh, till all were told,
 The Words would add more Anguiſh than the
 Wounds.

Shak. Hen. VI.

H O U N D S.

I WAS with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
 When in a Wood of *Crete* they bay'd the Boar
 With Hounds of *Sparta*. Never did I hear
 Such gallant Chiding; for beſide the Groves,
 The Skies, the Fountains, every Region near,
 Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard
 So muſical a Diſcord, ſuch ſweet Thunder!
 My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* Kind,
 So flued, ſo ſanded, and their Heads are hung
 With Ears that ſweep away the Morning Dew,
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd; like *Theſſalian* Bulls,
 Slow in Purſuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,
 Each under each: A Cry more tuneable
 Was never halloo'd to, nor chear'd with Horn.

Shak. Midſ. Night's Dream.

MY Hounds ſhall make the Welkin answer them,
 And fetch ſhrill Echo from the hollow Earth.

Sh. Tam. Shrew.

WHEN thro' the Woods we chas'd the foaming Boar,
 With Hounds that open'd like *Theſſalian* Bulls,
 Like Tygers flued, and ſanded as the Shore,
 With Ears and Cheſts that daſh'd the Morning Dew;
 Driven with the Sport, as Ships are toſs'd in Storms,
 We ran like Winds, and matchleſs was our Courſe;
 Now ſweeping o'er the Summit of a Hill;

Now

Now with a full Career came thund'ring down
The Precipice, and ſweep along the Vale.

Lee's Theod.

HUSBAND and WIFE.

O S I R, renounce this Flame, my Lord and I
Have mingled Souls like melting Streams :
Can you divide the Waters Drop by Drop,
And reunite them to their former Currents ?
Can you command the glorious Light to ſtay,
When the Sun leaves us ? Our two blended Hearts
Are rivetted by Fortune, Time, and Fate.

Johnſ. Succell. Pyrate.

ARE we not one ? Are we not join'd by Heaven ?
Each interwoven with the other's Fate ?
Are we not mixed like Streams of meeting Rivers,
Whoſe blended Waters are no more diſtinguiſh'd,
But roll into the Sea one common Flood ?

Rowe's Fair Pen.

FORCE, and the Will of our imperious Rulers,
May bind two Bodies in one wretched Chain ;
But Minds will ſtill look back to their own Choice.
So the poor Captive in a foreign Realm,
Stands on the Shore, and ſends his Wiſhes back
To the dear native Land from whence he came. *Ibid.*

WHEN Souls, that ſhould agree to will the ſame,
To have one common Object for their Wiſhes,
Look different Ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a Train of Wretchedneſs enſues !
Love ſhall be baniſh'd from the genial Bed,
The Nights ſhall all be lonely and unquiet,
And every Day ſhall be a Day of Cares.

Ibid.

WHAT can be ſweeter than our native Home?
 Thither for Eaſe and ſoft Repoſe we come.
 Home is the ſacred Refuge of our Life,
 Secur'd from all Approaches but a Wife.
 If thence we fly, the Cauſe admits no Doubt,
 None but an inmate Foe could force us out.
 Clamours our Privacies uneaſy make,
 Birds leave their Neſts diſturb'd, and Beaſts their
 Haunts forſake. *Dr. Auren.*

AND yet of Marriage-Bands I'm weary grown;
 Love ſcorns all Ties but thoſe that are his own:
 Chains that are dragged muſt needs uneaſy prove,
 For there's a god-like Liberty in Love. *Ibid.*

SURE of all Ills domeſtic are the worſt;
 When we lay next us what we hold moſt dear,
 Like *Hercules*, envenom'd Shirts we wear,
 And cleaving Miſchiefs. *Ibid.*

SECRETS of Marriage ſtill are ſacred held,
 Their Sweet and Bitter by the Wife conceal'd.
 Errors of Wives reflect on Huſbands ſtill,
 And when divulg'd, proclaim they've choſen ill.
 And the myſterious Power of Bed and Throne,
 Should always be maintain'd, but rarely ſhown. *Ibid.*

MEN's Eyes are not ſo ſubtle, to perceive
 My inward Miſery: I bear my Grief
 Hid from the World. How am I wretched then?
 For ought I know all Huſbands are like me,
 And every Man I talk to of his Wife,
 Is but a well Diſſempler of his Woes,
 As I am. *Beaum. Maid's Tragedy.*

FEW know what Care a Huſband's Peace deſtroys,
 His real Griefs, and his diſſembled Joys.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

WHAT

WHAT rugged Ways attend our Noon of Life !
Our Sun declines, and with what anxious Strife,
What Pains, we tug that galling Load, a Wife. }

Cong. Old Batch.

WOULD I had never married, for now, methinks,
I've bound up for my self a Weight of Cares ;
And how the Burden will be born, none knows :
A Husband may be jealous, rigid, false,
And should *Castalio* e'er prove so to me,
So tender is my Heart, so nice my Love,
'Twould ruin and distract my Breast for ever.

Otw. Orph.

THERE'S NO Condition sure so curst as mine :
I'm married ! Death ! I'm sped ! How like a Dog
Look'd *Hercules* thus to a Distaff chain'd. *Ibid.*

WHAT Woman, when
Her Blood boils up, and wantons in her Veins,
When her hot-panting Pulse beats to the Joy ;
What Woman then would quench a generous Flame
In an unactive heavy Husband's Arms,
That tires and jades our Expectations
In the first Stretch of Love, then dully falls
To his old Trot, and drudges out the Course.

South. Disap.

NOW she has bound me fast, she means to lord it,
To run me hard, and ride me at her Will,
Till by Degrees she shape me into Fool,
For all her future Uses.

Otw. Orph.

Oh ! FOR a Curse upon the cunning Priest,
Who conjur'd us together in a Yoke
That galls me now.

South. Disap.

3 E A



J E A L O U S Y.



JEALOUSY! Each other Passion's
calm

To thee; thou Conflagration of the
Soul!

Thou King of Torments! Thou grand
Counterpoise

For all the Transports Beauty can inspire.

Young's Revenge.

O JEALOUSY! thou Bane of pleasing Friendship!
Thou worst Invader of our tender Bosoms!
How does thy Rancour poison all our Sweetness,
And turn our gentle Nature into Bitterness!
See where she comes! Once my Eyes dearest Bless-
ing!

Now my chang'd Eyes are blasted with her Beauty,
Loath's that known Face, and sicken to behold her.

Rowe's J. Shore.

ACCURSED Jealousy!

O merciless, wild, and unforgiving Fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undistinguish'd Mischiefs,
And murders all it meets. Curs'd be its Rage;
For there is none so deadly. Doubly cursed
Be all those easy Fools who give it Harbour;
Who turn a Monster loose among Mankind,

Fiercer

Fiercer than Famine, War, or spotted Peſtilence,
Baneful as Death, and horrible as Hell. *Ibid.*

I NEVER gave him Cauſe of Jealouſy;
But jealous Souls will not be answer'd ſo:
They are not ever jealous for the Cauſe,
But jealous for they're jealous. It is a Monster
Begot upon it ſelf, born on it ſelf. *Shak. Othello.*

TRIFLES, light as Air,
Are to the Jealous Confirmations ſtrong
As Proofs of Holy Writ. *Ibid.*

To doubt's an Injury; to ſuſpect a Friend
Is Breach of Friendſhip: Jealouſy's a Seed
Sown but in vicious Minds; prone to diſtruſt,
Be cauſe apt to deceive. *Lauf. Her. Love.*

OF you I am not jealous;
'Tis my own Indefert that gives me Fears,
And Tenderneſs forms Dangers where they're not.
I doubt and envy all Things that approach thee:
Not a ſond Mother of a long with'd-for only Child,
Beholds with ſuch kind Terrors her Infant Offspring,
As I do her I love. She thinks its Food, if ſhe's
not by,

Unwholeſome, and all the ambient Air
Made up of Fevers, and of Quartan Agues,
Except ſhe ſhrowds it in her Arms;
Such is my unpitied anxious Care for you.
Steele's Ly. Love.

THE greater Care the higher Paſſion ſhews;
We hold that deareſt, we moſt fear to loſe.
Diſtruſt in Lovers is too warm a Sun;
But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone:

And

And in thoſe Climes which moſt his Scorching know,
He makes the nobleſt Fruits and Metals grow.

Dr. Cong. Gran.

JEALOUSY is a noble Crime ;
'Tis the high Pulse of Paſſion in a Fever ;
A ſickly Drought, but ſhews a burning Thirſt.

Dr. Amph.

AH ! why are not the Hearts of Women known ?
False Women to new Joys unſeen can move,
There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love :
All Goods beſides by publick Marks are known,
But that we moſt deſire to keep has none.
No Sign of Love in jealous Men remains,
But that which ſick Men have of Life, their Pains.

Dr. Cong. Gran.

SMALL Jealouſies, 'tis true, inflame Deſire,
The Great not ſan, but quite put out the Fire.

Dr. Auren.

LOVE reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart, .
Attended on his Throne by all his Guard
Of furious Wiſhes, Fears, and nice Suſpicions.

Otw. Orph.

THINK'ST thou I'll make a Life of Jealouſy,
To follow ſtill the Changes of the Moon
With freſh Surmiſes ? No, to be once in Doubt,
Is to be reſolv'd. But yet *Jago*,
I'll ſee before I doubt : When I doubt, prove ;
And on the Proof there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love, or Jealouſy.

If I do prove her Haggard,
Tho' that her Treſſes were my dear Heart-Strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the Wind,
To prey at Fortune.

Villain !

Villain ! be sure thou prove my Love a Whore ;

Be sure of it, give me the ocular Proof,

Or, by the Worth of my eternal Soul,

Thou'dst much better have been born a Dog,

Than answer my wak'd Wrath.

Make me to see it, or at least so prove it,

That the Probation bear no Hinge, no Loop

To hang a Doubt on, or Woe upon thy Life !

If thou dost slander her, and torture me,

Never pray more ; abandon all Remorse ;

On Horror's Head Horrors accumulate ;

Do Deeds to make Heaven weep, all Earth amaz'd ;

For nothing can'st thou to Damnation add

Greater than that.

Give me a living Reason, she's disloyal ;

I'll have some Proof : My Name, that was as fresh

As *Dian's* Visage, is begrim'd and black

As my own Face. If there be Cords, or Knives,

Poison, or Fire, or suffocating Streams,

I'll not endure it, I'll be satisfy'd.

It is impossible you should see this, *Jago*.

Jago. But yet I say,

If Imputation, and strong Circumstances,

Which lead directly to the Door of Truth,

Will give you Satisfaction, you may have it.

Othello. O that the Slave had forty thousand Lives !

One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge !

Now do I see, 'tis true ! Look here, *Jago* !

All my fond Love thus do I blow to Heaven ! 'Tis

gone !

Arise black Vengeance from the hollow Hell !

Yield up, O Love, thy Crown and hearted Throne

To tyrannous Hate ! Swell Bosom with thy Fraught,

For

For 'tis of Aſpics Tongues; like to the *Pontic* Sea,
 Whoſe Icy Current and compulſive Courſe
 Ne'er knows retiring Ebb, but keeps due on
 To the *Propontic* and the *Helleſpont*:
 Ev'n ſo my bloody Thoughts, with bloody Pace,
 Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love;
 Till that a capable, and a wide Revenge
 Swallow them up.

THOU art as honeſt
 As Summer Flies are in the Shambles,
 That quicken, even with Blowing. O thou Weed!
 Who art ſo lovely fair, and look'ſt ſo ſweet,
 That the Senſe aches at thee!
 Was this fair Paper, this moſt goodly Book,
 Made to write Whore upon? O thou publick Com-
 moner!

I ſhould make very Forges of my Cheeks,
 That would to Cinders burn up Modeſty,
 Did I but ſpeak thy Deeds.
 Heav'n ſtops the Noſe at it, and the Moon winks;
 The bawdy Wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
 Is huſh'd within the hollow Mine of Earth,
 And will not hear it. *Shak. Othello.*

LET Ignominy brand thy hated Name;
 Let modeſt Matrons at thy Mention ſtart;
 And bluſhing Virgins when they read our Annals,
 Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend,
 And blots the noble Work. *Shak. Troil. Creſſ.*

OH! you have done an Act,
 That blots the Face and Bluſh of Modeſty;
 Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
 From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,
 And makes a Blister there; makes Marriage Vows

As falſe as *Dicer's* Oaths. O ſuch a Deed!
Heaven's Face doth glow at it.
Yea, this Solid'ty, and compound Maſs,
With triſtful Viſage, as againſt the Doom,
Is thought ſick at the Act. *Shak. Ham.*

HAD it pleaſed Heaven,
To try me with Afflictions: Had they rained
All kind of Sores and Shames on my bare Head;
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips;
Given to Captivity me, and my utmoſt Hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome Place of my Soul
A Drop of Patience. But, alas! to make me
The fixed Figure for the Time of Scorn,
To point his ſlow and moving Finger at!
Yet I could bear that too, well, very well!
But there, where I had garner'd up my Heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no Life;
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or elſe dries up! To be diſcharged thence,
Or keep it as a Ciſtern for foul Toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy Complexion there.
Patience, thou young, and Roſe-lipp'd Cherubim,
I here look grim as Hell. *Shak. Othello.*

FOR, O what damn'd Minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves?
Ibid.

O plague me, Heaven, plague me with all the
Woes

That Man can ſuffer! Root up my Poſſeſſions!
Shipwreck my far-fought Ballaſt in the Haven!
Fire all my Cities! burn my Dukedoms down!
Let Midnight Wolves howl in my Deſart Chambers!
May the Earth yawn! ſhatter the Frame of Nature!
Let

Let the wreck'd Orbs in Whirlwinds round me move!
But ſave me from the Rage of Jealous Love!

Lee's Caſ. Borg.

How frail, how cowardly is Woman's Mind!
We ſhriek at Thunder, dread the ruſtling Wind;
And glittering Swords the brighteſt Eyes will blind:
Yet when ſtrong Jealouſy inflames the Soul,
The weak will roar, and Calms to Tempeſts roul.

Lee's Alex.

Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange, and frown;
Some other Miſtreſs hath ſome ſweet Aſpects.
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy Wife.
The Time was once, when thou unurg'd, would'ſt
vow,

That never Words were Muſic to thine Ear,
That never Object pleaſing in thine Eye,
That never Touch was welcome to thy Hand,
That never Meat ſweet-favour'd to thy Taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd
to thee.

Shak. Com. of Errors.

JEALOUSY that yellow Fiend hath dipp'd the Torch
in Gall,

And now 'twill light no more. *Fent. Mariam.*

I, WHOSE Life
Was bound with thine, by ſtriving to ſecure
Thy Beauties all my own, have kill'd the Dove
I fondly graſp'd too cloſe. *Ibid.*

IMPRECATION.

FINAL Deſtruction ſeize on all the World:
Bend down ye Heavens! and ſhutting round this
Earth,

Crush

Crush the vile Globe into its first Confusion;
Scorch it with elemental Flames to one curst Cinder,
And all us little Creepers in it, call'd Men,
Burn, burn to nothing! But let *Venice* burn
Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle Hell,
Ne'er to extinguish; and let Souls hereafter
Groan here in all those Pains which mine feels now.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

THAT I could reach the Axle, where the Pins are
Which bolt this Frame; that I might pull 'em out,
And pluck all into Chaos with my self!
Who would not fall with all the World about him?

Johns. Cat.

OH! that as oft I have at *Athens* seen
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;
So now in every Deed I might behold
The pond'rous Earth, and all yond' Marble Roof,
Meet like the Hands of *Jove*, and crush Mankind:
For all the Elements, and all the Powers
Celestial, nay, terrestrial, and infernal,
Conspire the Rack of out-cast *Oedipus*.
Fall Darkness then, and everlasting Night;
Shadow the Globe! May the Sun never dawn;
The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb!
And for a universal Rout of Nature,
Thro' all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,
May there not be a Glimpse, one starry Spark!
But Gods meet Gods, and jostle in the dark!
That Jars may rise, and Wrath divine be hurl'd,
Which may to Atoms shake the solid World.

Lee's Oed.

CURS'D be the Hour that gave me Birth!
Confusion and Disorder seize the World;

To

To ſpoil all Truſt and Converſe among Men;
 'Twixt Families engender endleſs Feuds,
 In Countries needleſs Fears, in Cities Factions,
 In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schiſms;
 'Till all Things move againſt the Courſe of Nature;
 'Till Form's diſſolv'd, the Chain of Cauſes broken,
 And the Original of being loſt. *Otw. Orph.*

LOOSEN'D Nature

Leap from its Hinges, ſink the Props of Heaven,
 And fall the Skies to cruſh the nether World.

Dr. All for Love.

CURS'D be my Days, and doubly curs'd my
 Nights!

Blaſted be every Herb, and Fruit, and Tree!
 Curs'd be the Rain that falls upon the Earth!
 And may the general Curſe reach Man and Beaſt.

Otw Ven. Pref.

CURS'D be the fatal Day that gave me Birth,
 In Clouds of Darkneſs let it ſtill be hid,
 And roue no more in the vaſt Rounds of Time:
 Fearing Remorſe, and never-ceaſing Vengeance,
 Racks, Hell, and burning Sulphur be my Lot.

Smith's P. Parm.

MAY all my Curſes, and ten thouſand more,
 Héavier than them, fall back upon my Head:
Pelion and *Oſſa* from the Giant's Grave,
 Be torn by ſome avenging Deity,
 And hurl'd at me, a bolder Wretch than they,
 Who durſt invade the Skies.

Dr. Troil. Creſſ.

LET me be branded for the publick Scorn,
 Turn'd forth, and driven to wander like a Beggar;
 Be friendleſs and forſaken; ſeek my Bread
 Upon the barren, wild, and deſolate Waſte;

Feed

Feed on my Sighs, and drink my falling Tears.

Rowe's J. Shore.

ALL Curses on me,
The Whips of Conscience, and the Stings of Plea-
sure,

Sores and Distempers, Disappointments, plague me.

May all my Life be one continu'd Torment;

And that more racking than a Woman's Labour.

Lee's P. Cleve.

I N C E S T.

BY Heaven, I'd rather
Embrue my Hands, up to my very Shoulders,
In the Entrails of the best of Fathers,
Than offer at the execrable Act
Of damned Incest.

Lee's Oed.

ENJOY thy Mother!
What! violate with bestial Appetite,
The sacred Veils, that wrapp'd thee yet unborn!
That is not to be born.

Ibid.

OH! 'tis too little this: Thy Loss of Sight
What has it done! I shall be gazed at now
The more, be pointed at, There goes the Monster:
Nor have I hid my Horror from my self;
For tho' corporeal Light be lost for ever,
The bright reflecting Soul, thro' glaring Optics,
Presents, in larger Size, her black Ideas,
Doubling the bloody Prospect of my Crimes;
Holds Fancy down, and makes me act again,
With Wife and Mother. Torture, Hell, and Furies!
Ha! now the baleful Off-springs brought to Light!
In horrid Form they rank themselves before me:

What

What ſhall I call this Medley of Creation?
 Here one, with all the Obedience of a Son,
 Borrowing *Jocasta's* Looks, kneels at my Feet,
 And calls me Father; there a ſturdy Boy,
 Reſembling *Laius*, juſt as when I kill'd him,
 Bears up, and with his cold Hand graſping mine,
 Cries out, How fares my Brother *Oedipus*?
 What! Sons and Brothers! Siſters, and Daughters too!
 Fly, all be gone! fly from my whirling Brain:
 Hence, Inceſt, Murder; hence, ye ghastly Figures!
 O Gods! Gods! answer; Is there any Mean?
 Let me go mad, or die. *Lee's Oed.*

INCEST! O name it not!

The very Mention ſhakes my inmoſt Soul:
 The Gods are ſtartled in their peaceful Manſions,
 And Nature ſickens at the ſhocking Sound.
 Thou brutal Wretch, thou execrable Monster!
 To break thro' all the Laws, that early flow
 From untaught Reason, and diſtinguiſh Man:
 Mix, like the ſenſeleſs Herd, with beſtial Luſt;
 Mother and Son, prepoſterouſly wicked:
 To baniſh from thy Soul, the Reverence due
 To Honour, Nature, and the genial Bed.

Smith's Ph. Hipp.

ALAS! I groan beneath

The Pain, the Guilt, the Shame of impious Love:
 I love! alas, I ſhudder at the Name!
 My Blood runs backward, and my faulting Tongue
 Sticks at the Sound—I love—O righteous Heaven!
 Why was I born with ſuch a Senſe of Virtue?
 So great Abhorrence of the ſmalleſt Crime,
 And yet a Slave to ſuch impetuous Guilt?
 Rain on me, Gods, your Plagues, your ſharpeſt Tor-
 tures,

Amict

Afflict my Soul with any thing but Guilt;
And yet that Guilt is mine.

Ibid.

NATURE abhors
To be forc'd back again upon her ſelf;
And, like a Whirl-Pool, ſwallow her own Streams.

Dr. Oed.

CUSTOM our native Royalty does awe,
Promiſcuous Love is Nature's eldeſt Law:
For whoſoever the firſt Lovers were,
Brother and Siſter made the ſecond Pair;
And doubled by their Love their Piety.

Dr. Auren.

INCONSTANCY.

MAN therefore, was a Lord-like Creature made;
Rough as the Winds, and as inconstant too:
A lofty Aſpect given him for Command;
Eaſily ſofter'd, when he would betray:
Like conquering Tyrants, you our Breſts invade,
Where you are pleas'd to ravage for a while:
But ſoon you find new Conqueſts out, and leave
The ravag'd Province ruinate and bare. *Otw. Orph.*

O inconstant Man!

How will you promiſe! how will you deceive!

Otw. Ven. Pref.

How vainly would dull Moralists impoſe
Limits on Love, whoſe Nature brooks no Laws:
Love is a God, and like a God, ſhould be
Inconstant, with unbounded Liberty;
Rove as he liſt.

Otw. D. Carlos.

INGRA-

I N G R A T I T U D E.

BASE Ingratitude

Is ſuch a Sin to Friendſhip, as Heaven's Mercy,
That ſtrives with Man's untoward monſtrous Wick-
edneſs,
Unwearied with forgiving, ſcarce can pardon.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

IT was not always thus: The Time has been,
When this unfriendly Door, that bars my Paſſage,
Flew wide, and almoſt leap'd from off its Hinges,
To give me Entrance here; when this good Houſe
Has pour'd forth all its Dwellers to receive me;
When my Approach has made a little Hollday;
And every Face was dress'd in Smiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwiſe, and thoſe who bleſs'd me,
Now curſe me to my Face.

Rowe's J. Shore.

THERE was a Time, when my *Alicia*
Has thought unhappy *Shore* her deareſt Bleſſing,
And mourn'd that live-long Day ſhe paſs'd without
me:

When pair'd, like Turtles, we were ſtill together;
When often, as we prattled Arm in Arm,
Inclining fondly to me, ſhe has ſworn,
She lov'd me more than all the World beſide.

Ibid.

WHERE are thy Friends,
The dear Companions of thy joyful Days?
Whoſe Hearts thy warm Proſperity made glad;
Whoſe Arms were taught to grow like Ivy round
thee,

And bind thee to their Boſoms? Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they ſaid;

For

For ſure thou art the Siſter of our Loves,
And nothing ſhall divide us—Now where are they?
Ah! *Belmour*, where indeed? They ſtand aloof,
And view my Deſolation from afar!
When they paſs by, they ſhake their Heads in Scorn!
Ibid.

I COULD ſtand upright
Under the Tyranny of Age and Fortune;
But the ſad Weight of ſuch Ingratitude
Will crush me into Earth. *Denh. Sophy.*

OH! it is ſharper than a Serpent's Tooth,
To have a thankleſs Child:
Filial Ingratitude,
Is it not as this Mouth ſhould tear this Hand,
For liſting Food to't? *Shak. K. Lear.*

Is not the Bread thou eat'ſt, the Robe thou wear'ſt,
Thy Wealth, and Honours, all the pure Indulgence
Of him thou would'ſt deſtroy?
And would his Creature, nay, his Friend betray him?
Why then no Bond is left on human Kind:
Diſtruſts, Debates, immortal Strifes enſue;
Children may murder Parents, Wives their Huſbands;
All muſt be Wars, Rapine, and Deſolation,
When Truſt and Gratitude no longer bind.

Dr. Don Seb.

INGRATITUDE! thou marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a Child,
Than the Sea-Monſter. *Shak. K. Lear.*

INGRATITUDE's the Growth of every Clime.
Dr. Don Seb.

BUT there's a Fate in Kindneſs,
Still to be leaſt returned where moſt 'tis given.
Dr. Sec. Lov.

So often try'd, and ever found so true,
Has given me Trust, and Trust has given me Means
Once to be false for all.

Dr. Don Seb

• HE trusts us both ! Mark that ! Shall we betray
him?

A Master, who reposes Life and Empire
On our Fideliry? I grant he is a Tyrant:
That hated Name my Nature most abhors;
More, as you say, has loaded me with Shame,
Ev'n with the last Contempt, to serve *Sebastian*:
Yet more, I know he vacates my Revenge,
Which, but by this Revolt, I cannot compass.
But while he trusts me, 'twere so base a Part,
To fawn, and yet betray, I should be his'd
And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.

Ibid

BOTH false and faithless!

Draw near ye well-join'd Wickedness, ye Serpents,
Whom I have in my kindly Bosom warm'd,
'Till I am stung to Death.

MY whole Life

Has been a golden Dream of Love and Friendship;
But now I wake, I'm like a Merchant rouz'd
From soft Repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me but as the Swallow Summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams;
Singing her Flatteries to my Morning-Wake;
But now my Winter comes, she spreads her Wings,
And seeks the Spring of *Cesar*.

Dr. All for Love

• HE has profan'd the sacred Name of Friend,
And worn it into Vileness:
With how secure a Brow, and specious Form,

He gilds the ſecret Villain! Sure that Face
Was meant for Honesty, but Heaven miſmatch'd it;
And furniſh'd Treason out with Nature's Pomp,
To make its Work more eaſy.

See how he ſets his Countenance for Deceit,
And promiſes a Lye before he ſpeaks.

Ibid.

Two, two ſuch!

O there's no further Name! two ſuch to me!

To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breſt;

Had no Deſire, no Joy, no Life, but you.

When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you

In Dowry with my Heart: I had no Uſe,

No Fruit of all, but you; a Friend and Miſtreſs,

Was all the World could give. O *Cleopatra*!

O *Dolabella*! how could you betray

This tender Heart, which with an infant Fondneſs

Lay lull'd between your Boſoms, and there ſlept

Secure of injur'd Faith? I can forgive

A Foe, but not a Miſtreſs, and a Friend:

Treason is there in its moſt horrid Shape,

Where Truſt is greateſt; and the Soul reſign'd,

Is ſtabb'd by her own Guards.

Ibid.

To break thy Faith,

And turn a Rebel to ſo good a Maſter,

Is an Ingratitude unmatch'd on Earth:

The firſt revolting Angels Pride could only

Do more than thou haſt done: Thou copieſt well,

And keep'ſt the black Original in view.

I N N O C E N C E.

A GENERAL Fiercenefs dwells with Innocence,

And conſcious Virtue is allow'd ſome Pride.

Dr. Oed.

SEE her, my Friend! why is ſhe innocent?
O let the Tongues of Angels tune that Word,
When they ſpeak Comfort to deſpairing Souls!
For there are Charms in ev'ry Letter there:
The very Winds in ſilent Reverence
Muſt liſten to the Muſic of that Sound,
And bear about, the Accent of my Joy.

South. Moth. in Faſh.

WEALTHY Men,

That have Eſtates to loſe, whoſe conſcious Thoughts
Are full of inward Guilt, may ſhake with Horror,
To have their Actions ſifted, or appear
Before the Judge: But we that know our ſelves
As innocent, as poor; that have no Fleece,
On which the Talons of the griping Law
Can ſure take Hold; may ſmile with Scorn on all
That can be urged againſt us.

Beau. Sp. Curate

I THANK the Gods, no ſecret Thoughts reproach
me:

No, I dare challenge Heaven, to turn me outward,
And ſhake my Soul quite empty in your Sight;
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd,
Theſe fix'd Regards, and ſilent Threats of Eyes.

Dr. Oed.

LEAD on to Dungeons, Horror, Chains, and
Death:

The Brave and Honeſt never are ſurpriz'd.
If there's a Life to come, the Good are bleſt;
And if there's none, all have eternal Reſt.

Hig. G. Con.

THERE is no Courage, but in Innocence;
No Conſtancy, but in an honeſt Cauſe.

South. Fate of Capua.

WHAT ſtronger Breſt-Plate than a Heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that has his Quarrel juſt;
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in Steel,
Whoſe Conſcience with Injuſtice is corrupted.

Shak. Hen. VI.

THE righteous Gods that Innocence require,
Protect the Goodneſs which themſelves inſpire:
Unguarded Virtue human Art deſies,
Th' Accus'd is happy, while th' Accuſer dies.

Smith's Ph. Hipp.

ON a Soul ſecure
In native Innocence, or Grief, or Joy,
Should make no deeper Prints than Air retains;
Where ſleet alike the Vulture and the Dove,
And leave no Trace.

Fent. Mariam.

I N T E R E S T.

INTEREST, that bold Impoſer on our Fate,
That always to dark Ends miſguides our Wills,
And with falſe Happineſs ſmooths o'er our Wills.

Otw. Don Carlos.

INTEREST makes all ſeem Reaſon, that
Leads towards it.

Dr. Sec. Love.

ALL ſeek their Ends, and each would other cheat:
They only ſeem to hate, and ſeem to love;

But Interest is the Point on which they move:
 Their Friends are Foes, and Foes are Friends again,
 And in their Turns are Knaves, and honest Men:
 Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold:
 'Tis who bids most, for all Men would be sold.

Dr Amph.

ROUNDED in the Ear,
 With that same Purpose. Changer, that sly Devil,
 That Broker, that still breaks the Pale of Faith:
 That daily Break-Vow, he that wins of all,
 Of Kings, of Beggars, old Men, young Men, Maids,
 Who having no external Thing to lose,
 But the Word Maid, cheats the poor Maid of that.
 That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling Commodity;
 Commodity! the Bias of the World:
 The World, who of it self is poised well,
 Made to run even upon even Ground;
 'Till this Advantage, this vile drawing Bias,
 This Sway of Motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take Head from all Indifferency,
 From all Direction, Purpose, Course, Intent;
 And this same Bias, this Commodity,
 This Bawd, this Broker, that all-changing World,
 Clapp'd on the outward Eye of fickle Fancy,
 Hath drawn him from his own determin'd Aid;
 From a resolv'd and honourable War,
 To a most base, and vile concluded Peace.
 And why rail'd I on this Commodity?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet;
 Not that I have the Power to clutch my Hand,
 When his fair Angels would salute my Palm:

But

But for my Hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor Beggar, raileth on the Rich. *Sh. K. John.*

J O Y.

LET the Kettle to the Trumpet speak,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without;
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heavens to Earth.
Shak. Hamlet.

J O Y is in every Face, without a Cloud:
As in the Scene of opening Paradise,
The whole Creation danc'd at their new Being:
Pleas'd to be what they were, pleas'd with each other.
Dr. Don Seb.

A SECRET Pleasure trickles thro' my Veins;
It works about the Inlets of my Soul. *Ibid.*

N O W, by my Soul, and by these hoary Hairs,
I'm so o'erwhelm'd with Pleasure, that I feel
A latter Spring within my wither'd Limbs,
That shoots me out again. *Ibid.*

S O M E strange Reverse must sure attend
This vast Profusion, this Extravagance
Of Heaven to bless me thus! 'Tis Gold so pure,
It cannot bear the Stamp without Allay. *Ibid.*

N O W my Veins swell, and my Arms grasp the
Poles;
My Breasts grow bigger with the vast Delight:
'Tis Length of Rapture, and an Age of Fury!
Lee's Alex.

Oh! you are so divine, and cause such Fondness,
That my Heart leaps, and beats, and feign would
out,
To make a Dance of Joy about your Feet!

Such Extasy, Life cannot tarry long!
 The Day comes on ſo faſt, and beamy Joy
 Darts with ſuch Fierceneſs on me, Night will follow.

Ibid.

BEGONE, my Cares, I give you to the Winds,
 Far to be born; far from the happy *Altamont*;
 Far from the ſacred *Æra* of my Love:
 A better Order of ſucceeding Joys
 Comes ſmiling forward, white, and lucky all.
Califta is the Miſtreſs of the Year,
 She crowns the Seasons with auspicious Beauty,
 And bids even all my Hours be good and joyful.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

LET Mirth go on, let Pleaſure know no Pauſe;
 But fill up every Minute of this Day.

Ibid.

BE ſtill my Sorrows! and be loud my Joys!
 Fly to the utmoſt Circle of the Seas,
 Thou furious Tempeſt that has toſs'd my Mind,
 And leave no Thought but *Leonora* there.
 What's this I feel aboding in my Soul,
 As if this Day were fatal? Be it ſo!
 Fate ſhall have but the Leavings of my Love!
 My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great:
 The Lion, tho' he ſees the Toils are ſet,
 Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, ſcours away,
 Hunts in the Face of Danger all the Day,
 At Night with ſullen Pleaſure grumbles o'er his
 Prey.

Dr. Sp. Fryar.

SHE bids me hope! O Heavens! ſhe pities me;
 And Pity ſtill foreruns approaching Love,
 As Lightning does the Thunder. Tune your Harps,
 Ye Angels, to that Sound! and thou, my Heart,
 Make Room to entertain thy ſwarming Joys:

Hence

Hence all my Griefs, and every anxious Care;
One Look, and one kind Glance can cure Deſpair.

Ibid.

AM I then pity'd? I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this Moment of my Joy:
But when my Soul is plung'd in long Oblivion;
Spare this one Thought, let me remember Pity;
And ſo deceiv'd, think all my Life was bleſs'd.

Ibid.

KNOWN, be it known to the Limits of the World;
Yet further, let it paſs yond' dazzling Roof,
The Manſions of the Gods, and ſtrike 'em deaf
With everlaſting Peals of thundering Joy!
Oh! for this News, let Waters break their Bounds!
Rocks, Valleys, Hills, with ſplitting *Io's* ring!
Io Jocaſta, Io Pean, ſing.

Lee's Oed.

BE this the general Voice ſent up to Heaven,
And every publick Place repeat this Echo;
To Pomp and Triumph give this happy Day:
Let Labour ceaſe: ſet out before your Doors
The Images of all your ſleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd: With Laurel wreath your
Poſts,
And ſtrew with Flowers the Pavement. Let the
Priests

Do preſent Sacrifice: Pour out the Wine,
And call the Gods to join with you in Gladneſs.

Dr. All for Love.

MY Joy ſtops at my Tongue;
But it has found two Channels here for one,
And bubbles out above,

Ibid.

MY charmed Ears ne'er knew
A Sound of ſo much Rapture, ſo much Joy:

K 5

No

Not Voices, Instruments, nor warbling Birds;
Not Winds, nor murmuring Waters join'd in Con-
fort;

Not tuneful Nature, nor th' according Spheres,
Utter such Harmony, as when my *Selima*,
With down-cast Looks and Blushes said, I love.

Rowe's Tam.

THERE'S not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that Hour thro' all his Care,
And shook his Chains in Transport and rude Harmony.

Cong. Mourn. Bride.

O my Soul's Joy!

If after every Tempest come such Calm,
May the Winds blow 'till they have waken'd Death,
And let the lab'ring Bark climb Hills of Seas
Olimpus high, and duck again as low
As Hell's from Heaven. If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy! for I fear,
My Soul has her Content so absolute,
That not another Comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Shak. Oth.

MINE is a Gleam of Bliss too hot to last;
Watry it shines, and will be soon o'ercast.

'Dr. Auren.

My plenteous Joys,
Wanton in Fullness, seek to hide themselves
In Drops of Sorrow.

Shak. Macb.

I CANNOT speak, Tears so obstruct my Words,
And choke me with unutterable Joy. *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

A SPRINGING Joy,
A Pleasure, which no Language can express,
An Extasy that Mothers only feel,

Plays

Plays round my Heart, and brightens up my Sorrow,
Like Gleams of Sunshine in a low'ring Sky.

Ph. Dist. Mother.

Too weak is Man this Rapture to contain,
And I shall die with Transport:
My Grief repell'd with Extasy of Joy,
The jarring Tides will overflow my Heart.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

I'm lost in Extasy!
How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul!
I'm so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a Dream:
Fortune, thou now hast made Amends for all
Thy past Unkindness: I absolve my Stars.

Add. Cato.

Why do'st thou come, to make my Bliss run o'er?
What is there more to wish? Fortune can find
No Flaw in such a Glut of Happiness,
To let one Misery in. — O my *Varanes*!
Thou, who of late, didst seem to walk on Clouds!
Now give a Loose, let go the slacken'd Reins:
Let us drive down this Precipice of Joy,
As if that all the Winds of Heaven were for us.

Lee's Theod.

O LET me find some Way
To tell the mighty Joy that fills my Breast,
Lest I grow mad with Heighth of furious Bliss.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

O THE transporting Joy!
Impetuous Flood of unexpected Rapture!
Whether I live, or no, I cannot tell.

Den. Iphig.

How, which Way shall I try,
To utter my full Bliss? 'Tis in my Head,
'Tis in my Heart; and takes up all my Soul:

The

The Labour of my Fancy; and too vast
A Birth of Joy, to be disclos'd so soon.

South. Fat. Mar.

How all our Joys are set in Toils of Woe,
As after Darkness, Light the brighter shews;
So from our Sorrows all our Joys encrease.

How. Vest. Virg.

My Heart's so full of Joy,
That I shall do some wild Extravagance
Of Love in publick; and the foolish World,
Which knows not Tenderneſs, will think me mad.

Dr. All for Love.

WERE my whole Life to come one Heap of
Troubles,
The Pleasure of this Moment would suffice,
And sweeten all my Griefs with its Remembrance.

Lee's Mith.

WHEN to my ravish'd Ears you first confess'd
Your Love, and shot me thro' with trembling Joy;
The Stars flam'd brighter; and the Flowers breath'd
forth

A warmer Fragancy: The gloomy Grove
Approv'd our Vows, and at our Contract ſmil'd.

Tate L. Gen.

JUPITER.

SO when of old, *Jove* from the *Titans* fled,
Ammon's rude Front his radiant Face bely'd;
And all the Majesty of Heaven lay hid:

3
3
At

At length by Fate, to Power divine restor'd,
His Thunder taught the World to know its Lord; }
The God grew terrible again, and was again ador'd. }

Rowe's Tam.

So *Jove* look'd down upon the War of Atoms,
And rude tumultuous *Chaos*, when as yet,
Fair Nature, Form, and Order had not Being;
But Discord and Confusion troubl'd all:
Calm and serene upon his Throne he sat,
Fix'd there by th' eternal Law of Fate:
Safe in himself, because he knew his Power,
And knowing what he was, he knew he was secure.

Rowe's Ulyss.



K I N G.



Elfrid!

We view the outward Glories of a
Crown;

But dazzl'd with the Lustre, cannot
see

The Thorns which line it, and whose
painful Prickings

Embitter all the pompous Sweets of Empire.

Happier the Wretch, who at his daily Toils,

Sweats for his homely Dinner, than a King

In all the dangerous Pomp of Royalty!

He knows no Fears of State to damp his Joys;

No

No Treafon ſhakes the humble Bed he lyes on;
 Nor dreads he Poiſon in his peaceful Bowls:
 He ſleeps contented in the guiltleſs Arms
 Of his unjealous Conſort:—Frightful Dreams
 Break not his Slumbers, with the ſhocking Sight
 Of bloody Daggers, and ideal Murders.
 True, he's a Stranger to the Power of Kings;
 But then again, he is as much a Stranger
 To Kingly Cares and Miſeries. *Hill's Elfrid.*

O POLISH'D Perturbation! Golden Care!
 That keep'ſt the Ports of Slumber open wide
 To many a watchful Night: Sleep with it now,
 Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
 As he whoſe Brow with homely Biggen bound,
 Snores out the Watch of Night: O Maſteſty!
 When thou doſt pinch thy Bearer, thou doſt fit
 Like a rich Armour, worn in Heat of Day,
 That ſcald'ſt with Safety. *Shak. Hen. IV.*

KINGS, like Heaven's Eye, ſhould ſpread their
 Beams around,
 Pleas'd to be ſeen while Glory's Race they run:
 Reſt is not for the Chariot of the Sun.
 Luxurious Kings are to the People loſt;
 They live like Drones upon the publick Coſt.

Dr. Auren.

How wretchedly he rules,
 That's ſerv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools.

Dr. Don Carlos.

KINGS who are Fathers, live but in their People.

Dr. Don Seb.

WHAT's Royalty, but Power to pleaſe my ſelf?
 And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,
 And my own Slaves the Sovereigns.

Weak

Weak Princes flatter, when they want the Power
To curb their People : Tender Plants muſt bend ;
But when a Government is grown to Strength,
Like ſome old Oak, tough with its armed Bark,
It yields not to the Fig, but only nods,
And turns to ſullen State.

Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,
Which Time wears off, and mellows into Right ;
And Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,
Is ripen'd in the next to true Succeſſion.

Dr. Sp. Fryar.

UNBOUNDED Power and Heighth of Greatneſs,
give
To Kings that Luſtre, which we think divine ;
The Wiſe who know 'em, know they are but Men,
Nay, ſometimes, weak ones too. The Croud indeed,
Who kneel before the Image, not the God,
Worſhip the Deity their Hands have made.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

HE's in Poſſeſſion ! ſo Diſeaſes are :
Should not a ling'ring Fever be remov'd,
Be cauſe it long has rag'd within my Blood ?
Do I rebel, when I would thruſt it out ?
What ! ſhall I think the World was made for one,
And Men are born for Kings, as Beaſts for Men ;
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd ?
Mark thoſe who doat on Arbitrary Power,
And you ſhall find 'em, either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts, ſervile in their Greatneſs,
And Slaves to ſome, to lord it o'er the reſt.
O Baſeneſs ! to ſupport a Tyrant Throne,
And crush your free-born Brethren of the World !

Dr. Sp. Fryar.

THOSE

THOSE Kings who rule with limited Command,
Have Players Sceptres put into their Hands:
Power has no Balance! one Side ſtill weighs down,
And either hoſts the Commonwealth, or Crown.

Dr. Conq. of Gran.

THE Thoughts of Princes dwell in ſacred Privacy,

Unknown and venerable to the Vulgar;
And like a Temple's innermoſt Reſeſſes,
None enter to behold the hallowed Myſteries,
Unbidden of the God that dwells within.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

SEBASTIAN was a Man
Above Man's Height, ev'n tow'ring to Divinity;
Brave, pious, gen'rous, great, and liberal:
Juſt as the Scales of Heaven, that weighs the Seaſons:
He lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd:
His Goodneſs was diffus'd to human Kind;
He was the Envy of his neighbouring Kings;
For him the ſighing Queens deſpis'd their Lords,
And Virgin-Daughters bluſh'd when he was nam'd.

Dr. Don Seb.

WELL has our holy *Alla* mark'd him out,
The Scourge of lawleſs Pride and dire Ambition;
The great Avenger of the groaning World:
Well has he ſworn the ſacred Cauſe of Juſtice
Upon his proſp'rous Sword: Approving Heaven
Still crown'd the righteous Warrior with Succeſs,
As if he ſaid, Go forth, and be my Champion,
Thou moſt like me of all my Works below.

Rowe's Tam.

No Luſt of Rule, the common Vice of Kings;
No furious Zeal, inspir'd by hot-brain'd Priests:

Ill hid beneath Religion's ſpecious Name,
E'er drew his temperate Courage to the Field :
But to redreſs an injur'd People's Wrongs,
To ſave the weak One from the ſtrong Oppreſſor,
Is all his End of War : And when he draws
The Sword to puniſh, like relenting Heaven,
He ſeems unwilling to deface his Kind. *Ibid.*

O AXALLA!

Could I forget I am a Man, as thou art,
Would not the Winter's Cold, or Summer's Heat,
Sickneſs, or Thirſt, or Hunger, all the Train
Of Nature's clamorous Appetites, aſſerting
An equal Right in Kings, and common Men,
Reprove me daily? No, if I boaſt of ought,
Be it to have been Heaven's happy Inſtrument,
The Means of Good to all my Fellow-Creatures :
This is a King's beſt Praise. *Ibid.*

'Tis true, I am a King:
Honour and Glory too have been my Aim:
But tho' I dare face Death, and all the Dangers
Which furious War wears in its bloody Front,
Yet could I chuſe to fix my Fame by Peace,
By Juſtice, and by Mercy; and to raiſe
My Trophies on the Bleſſings of Mankind:
Nor would I buy the Empire of the World
With Ruin of the People whom I ſway,
Or Forfeit of my Honour. *Ibid.*

O HARD Eſtate of Empire! wretched Kings!
How are we ſnar'd in Errors not our own;
And hood-wink'd, led to Crimes we moſt ſhould
ſhun !

Hence 'tis our Names ſtain'd black in Chronicles,
When impious Counſellors betray our Reaſon

With

With Eloquence, and enſnare us,
And make Injuſtice neceſſary. *Tate's Loy. Gen.*

SOME are born Kings;
Made up of three Parts Fire : So full of Heaven,
It ſparkles at their Eyes ; inferior Souls
Know 'em as ſoon as ſeen, by ſure Inſtinct,
To be their Lords, and naturally worſhip
The ſecret God within 'em. *Dr. Cleom.*

THE Gods have for themſelves alone reſerv'd
A quiet State: Kings are their Stewards here,
Intruſted with the Conqueſt of the World ;
And like good careful Servants, muſt ſubmit
Their ſingle Profit to the general Welfare.
Lanſd. Her. Love.

KINGS are like other Miſers,
Greedy of more : They uſe not what they have.
As Merchants vent'ring on the faithleſs Seas,
For needleſs Wealth, are driven by ſudden Storms
On Banks of Sands, or daſh'd againſt the Rocks ;
And all they have is funk, and loſt at once !
Kings ruſh to Wars, more faithleſs than the Seas ;
Where more inconstant Fortune waits their Arms ;
Where, in a Moment, one unhappy Blow
Ruins the Progreſs of an Age before. *Hopk. Pyrr.*

THE Vulgar call us Gods, and fondly think,
That Kings are caſt in more than mortal Moulds :
Alas ! they little know that when the Mind
Is cloy'd with Pomp, our Taſte is pall'd to Joy ;
But grows more ſenſible of Grief or Pain.
The ſtupid Peaſant, with as quick a Senſe,
Enjoys the Fragrance of the Roſe as I ;
And his rough hard Hand is Proof againſt the Thorn,
Which, rankling in my tender Skin, would ſeem

A Viper's Tooth. O bliſſful Poverty!
Nature too partial to thy Lot, affigns
Health, Freedom, Innocence, and downy Peace,
Her real Goods; and only mocks the great,
With empty Pageantries. *Fent. Mariam.*

TH' unbuſy'd Shepherd ſtretch'd beneath the Haw-
thorn,
His careleſs Limbs thrown out in wanton Eaſe,
With thoughtleſs Gaze peruſing th' arched Heavens,
And idly whiſtling, while his Sheep feed round him,
Enjoys a ſweeter Shade than that of Canopies,
Hemm'd in with Care, and ſhook by Storms of Trea-
ſon. *Hill's Hen. V.*

KISSES and KISSING.

I WILL provoke thy Lips, lay Siege ſo cloſe,
That all thy ſallying Breath ſhall turn to Bleſſings.
Dr. Don Seb.

SWEET were his Kiſſes on my balmy Lips,
As are the Breezes breath'd amidſt the Groves
Of ripening Spices on the Height of Day.
Bebn's Abd.

OH! could I give the World;
One Kiſs of thine, but thus to touch thy Lips,
I were a Gainer, by the vaſt Exchange.
The fragrant Infancy of opening Flowers,
Flow'd to my Senſes in that melting Kiſs.
South's Diſapp.

O LET me run and ſeal
My melting Soul upon their bubbling Wounds!
I'll print upon their Coral Mouths ſuch Kiſſes,
As ſhall recal their wand'ring Spirits home. *Lee's Oed.*
SHE

SHE brought her Cheek up cloſe, and lean'd on
his;
At which he whiſper'd Kiſſes back on her's.

Dr. All for Love.

BALMY, as Cordials that recover Souls,
Chafte as Maids Sighs, and keen as longing Mothers.

Lee's Luc. Jun. Br.

I FELT the while a pleaſing Kind of Smart,
The Kiſs went tingling to my very Heart.
When it was gone, the Senſe of it did ſtay,
The Sweetneſs cling'd upon my Lips all Day,
Like Drops of Honey, loth to fall away.

Dr. Mar. a-la-mode.

THEY kiſs'd with ſuch a Fervor,
And gave ſuch furious Earneſt of their Flames,
That their Eyes ſparkled, and their mantling Blood
Flew ſuſhing o'er their Faces.

Dr. Don Seb.

How could I dwell for ever on theſe Lips!
Oh! I could kiſs 'em pale with Eagerneſs!
So ſoft, by Heaven! and ſuch a juicy Sweet,
That ripen'd Peaches have not half their Flavour.

Dr. Amph.

OH! let me live for ever on thoſe Lips!
The Nectar of the Gods to theſe is taſteleſs.

Ibid.

I SWEAR, I love you with my firſt Virgin-Fond-
neſs;

I live all in you, and I die without you:
At your Approach, my Heart beats faſt within me;
A pleaſing Trembling thrills thro' all my Blood,
Whene'er you touch me with your melting Hand:
But when you kiſs, Oh! 'tis not to be ſpoke!

Gild. Fat. Divorce.

WHAT

WHAT ſtrange new Motions do I feel? my Veins
Burn with an unknown Fire; in every Part
I ſuffer Alteration : I am poiſon'd,
Yet languish with Deſire again to taſte it;
So ſweetly it works on me.

IF I prophane with my unworthieſt Hand
This holy Shrine, the gentle Sin is this;
My Lips, two bluſhing Pilgrims, ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough Touch with a tender Kiſs.

Shak. Rom. & Ju.

HE kiſs'd me hard,
As if he'd pluck up Kiſſes by the Roots,
That grew upon my Lips.

Shak. Othello.

HE ſcarce afforded one kind parting Word,
But went away ſo cold; the Kiſs he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd Compliment of ſated Love.

Otw. Orph.

Nectar, and Flames, and Sweets of *Hybla* grow
About her Lips, Ambroſial Odours flow.

Lee's Soph.

THE Kiſs you take is paid by that you give;
The Joy is mutual, and I'm ſtill in Debt.

Lanſd. Her. Love.





L A M B.



OME, lead me forward now, like a
tame Lamb,
To Sacrifice. Thus, in his fatal Gar-
lands,
Deck'd fine, and pleas'd, the Wanton
skips, and plays,
Trots by th' enticing, flattering Priestess' Side;
And much transported with its little Pride,
Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain,
'Till by her bound, he's on the Altar lain;
Yet then too, hardly bleats, such Pleasure's in the
Pain.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

So safe are Lambs within the Lion's Power,
Ungrip'd, and play'd with, 'till fierce Hunger calls;
Then Nature shews it self, the close hid Nails
Are stretch'd, and open'd, to the panting Prey.

Dr. K. Arthur.

L A M E N T A T I O N S.

BUT he sleeps happy.
I must wake for ever.—This Object! this!
This Face of fatal Beauty—
Will stretch my Lips with vast eternal Tears!

Here

Here lies my Fate,——

And all my Victories for ever folded up:

My Banners all in this dear Body lost:

My Standards, Triumphs, gone!

Oh! when shall I be mad! Give Orders to

The Army, that they break their Shields, Swords,
Spears;

Pound their bright Armour into Dust! Away!

Is there not Cause to put the World in Mourning?

Tear all your Robes: He dies that is not naked

Down to the Waist; all like the Sons of Sorrow:

Burn all the Spires that seem to kiss the Sky:

Beat down the Battlements of every City:

And for the Monument of this lov'd Creature,

Root up those Bowers, and pave 'em all with Gold:

Draw dry the *Ganges*, make the *Indies* poor:

To build her Tomb, no Shrines, nor Altars spare,

But strip the shining Gods, to make it rare.

Lee's Alex.

STIFF, cold, and pale! where are thy Beauties
now?

Thy Blushes, that have warm'd so many Hearts?

All Hearts, that ever felt her conqu'ring Beauty,

Sigh 'till you break; and all you Eyes, that languish'd

In my *Lavinia's* Brightness, weep with me,

'Till Grief grow general, and the World's in Tears.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

L A D Y at Prayers.

SO sweet a Face, so harmless, so intent

Upon her Prayers, it frosted my Devotion

To gaze on her; 'till by Degrees I took

Her

Her fair Idea, thro' my covetous Eye,
 Into my Heart, and knew not how to eaſe
 It ſince of the Impreſſion:
 Her Eye did ſeem to labour with a Tear,
 Which ſuddenly took Birth, but over-weigh'd
 With its own Weight, ſwelling, dropp'd upon her
 Boſom,
 Which, by Reflection of her Light, appear'd
 As Nature meant her Sorrow for an Ornament;
 After, her Looks grew chearful, and I ſaw
 A Smile ſhoot graceful upward from her Eyes,
 As if they had gain'd a Victory over Grief;
 And with it, many Beams twiſted themſelves;
 Upon whoſe golden Threads the Angels walk
 To and again from Heaven. *Shirley's Bro.*

L A D Y's Picture.

FAIR *Portia's* Counterfeit! what Demi-god
 Hath come ſo near Creation? Move theſe Eyes!
 Or, whether riding on the Balls of mine,
 Seem they in Motion? Here are ſever'd Lips
 Parted with Sugar Breath; ſo ſweet a Bar!
 Such Sunder! ſuch ſweet Friends! Here, in her Hair
 The Painter plays the Spider, and hath woven
 A golden Meſh t' entrap the Hearts of Men
 Faſter than Gnats in Cobwebs: But her Eyes!
 How could he ſee to do them? Having made one,
 Methinks, it ſhould have Power to ſteal both his,
 And leave it ſelf unfinish'd. *Shak. Merch. of Ven.*

L A R K.

L A R K.

NOW hear the Lark,
The Herald of the Morn; whose Notes do beat
The vaulty Heavens, so high above our Heads,
Making such sweet Divisions. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

THE Lark,
That gives sweet Tidings of the Sun's Uprise.
Shak. Tit. And.

L A W and L A W Y E R.

LAW is the sacred Child of Heaven and Nature.
Den. App. Virg.

ONE, that not long since was the Buckram Scribe,
That would run on Mens Errands for an Asper;
And from such Baseness having rais'd a Stock,
To bribe the covetous Judge, call'd to the Bar;
So poor in Practice too, that he would plead
A needy Client's Cause for a starv'd Hen,
Or half a little Loin of Veal, tho' Fly-blown:
And these the greatest Fees, you could arrive at
For just Proceedings; but since you turn'd Rascal.

Beaum. Sp. Curate.

L I B E R T Y and L I B E R T I N E.

A DAY, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage. *Cato.*

WHAT is Life? 'Tis not to stalk, and draw fresh
Air,

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From

From Time to Time; or gaze upon the Sun:
 'Tis to be free: When Liberty is gone,
 Life grows insipid, and has lost its Relish. *Ibid.*

REMEMBER, O my Friends! the Laws, the
 Rights,

The generous Plan of Power deliver'd down,
 From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers;
 So dearly bought, the Price of so much Blood!
 O let it never perish in your Hands!

But piously transmit it to your Children.
 Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls,
 And make our Lives in thy Possession happy;
 Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Defence. *Ibid.*

'Tis Time enough,
 To whine and mortify thy self with Penance,
 When the decaying Sense is pall'd with Pleasure,
 And weary Nature tires in her last Stage:
 Then weep, and tell thy Beads, when alt'ring
 Rheums

Have stain'd the Lustre of thy starry Eyes,
 And failing Palsies shake thy wither'd Hand;
 The present Moments claim more generous Use.

Rowe's 7th Shore.

FLY, fly, *Varanes*, fly this sacred Place,
 Where Virtue and Religion are profess'd:
 This City will not harbour Infidels,
 Traytors to Chastity, licentious Princes:
 Fly to imperial Libertines abroad:
 In foreign Courts thou'lt find a thousand Beauties,
 That will comply for Gold; for Gold they'll weep,
 For Gold be fond, as *Athenais* was;
 And charm thee still, as if they lov'd indeed:
 Thou'lt find enough Companions too for Riot;

Luxu-

Luxuriant all, and royal as thy self;
Tho' thy loud Vices should resound to Heaven.

Lee's Theod.

OH! give me Liberty!

For were ev'n Paradise it self my Prison,
Still I should long to leap the Christal Walls.

Dr. Don Seb.

L I F E.

TO-MORROW, To-morrow, and To-morrow:
Creep in a stealing Pace from Day to Day,
To the last Minute of revolving Time;
And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools
To their eternal Homes.

Life's but a walking Shadow; a poor Player,
That frets, and struts his Hour upon a Stage;
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying nothing.

Shak. Macbeth.

THEY live too long, who Happiness out-live:
For Life and Death are Things indifferent;
Each to be chose, as either brings Content.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

'TIS not for nothing that we Life pursue;
It pays our Hopes with something still that's new;
Each Day's a Mistress unenjoy'd before:
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.

Dr. Auren.

WHEN I consider Life, 'tis all a Cheat:
Yet fool'd with Hope, Men favour the Deceit;
Trust on, and think, To-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former Day,

Lyes more, and while it ſays we ſhall be bleſs'd
 With ſome new Joys, cuts off what we poſſeſs'd:
 Strange Cozenage! none would live paſt Years
 again,

Yet all hope Pleaſure in what yet remain;
 And from the Dregs of Life think to receive,
 What the firſt ſprightly Running could not give.
 I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymic Gold,
 Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Ibid.

L I G H T E N I N G.

AS when ſome dreadful Thunder-Clap is nigh,
 The winged Fire ſhoots ſwiftly thro' the Sky;
 Strikes, and conſumes, e'er ſcarce it does appear;
 And by the ſudden Ill prevents the Fear.

Dr. Ind. Emperor.

LIKE Light'ning's fatal Flaſh,
 Which by deſtructive Thunder is purſu'd,
 Blaſting thoſe Fields on which it ſhin'd before.

Roſch. Valentin.

L I O N.

LIKE a Lion,
 Who long has reign'd the Terror of the Woods,
 And dar'd the boldeſt Huntſman to the Combat;
 'Till caught at length within ſome hidden Snare,
 With foaming Jaws he bites the Toils that hold him
 And roars, and rolls his fiery Eyes in vain:
 While the ſurrounding Swains wound him at Pleaſure.

Rowe's Amb. Stepm.

THU

THUS Lions to their Keepers couch, and fawn,
And disobey their Hunger. *Dr. Cleom.*

IT breeds Contempt,
For Herds to liſten, and preſume to pry,
When the hurt Lion groans within his Den.
Dr. Don Seb.

LIKE a caught Lion, ranging in the Snare,
He plunges in his Paſſion, ſpends his Force,
And ſtruggles with the Toil that holds him faſter.
Lee's Mithrid.

THE Prince in a lone Court was plac'd,
Unarm'd, all but his Hands, on which he wore
A Pair of Gantlets.
At laſt, the Door of an old Lion's Den
Being drawn up, the horrid Beaſt appear'd:
The Flames which from his Eyes ſhot glaring red,
Made the Sun ſtart, as the Spectators thought,
And round them caſt a Day of Blood and Death;
The Prince walk'd forward: The large Beaſt de-
ſcry'd

His Prey; and with a Roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him: But *Lyſimachus*
Starting aſide, avoided his firſt Stroke,
With a ſlight Hurt; and as the Lion turn'd,
Thruſt Gantlet, Arm, and all, into his Throat:
Then with *Herculean* Force, tore forth by th' Roots,
The foaming bloody Tongue; and while the Savage,
Faint with the Loſs, ſunk to the bluſhing Earth,
To plough it with his Teeth, your conqu'ring Soldier
Leap'd on his Back, and daſh'd his Skull to Pieces.

Lee's Alex.

L O O K S.

A LOOK ſo ſweet,
 As might difarm even Death. *Den. Iphig.*
 SEE! what a Grace was ſeated on his Brow!
Hyperion's Curls, the Front of *Jove* himſelf;
 An Eye, like *Mars*, to threaten, or command:
 A Station, like the Herald *Mercury*,
 New-lighted on a Heaven-kiffing Hill:
 A Combination, and a Form indeed,
 Where every God did ſeem to ſet his Seal,
 To give the World Assurance of a Man.

Shak. Ham.

READ o'er the Volume of his lovely Face,
 And find Delight writ there with Beauty's Pen:
 Examine every ſeveral Lineament,
 And what obſcur'd in this fair Volume lies,
 Find written in the Margin of his Eyes.

Shak. Rom. & Jul.

HE has I know not what,
 Of Greatneſs in his Looks, and of high Fate,
 That almoſt aywes me. *Dr. Mar. A-la-mode.*

SEE! where ſhe comes! with that high Air and
 Mien,

Which marks, in Bonds, the Greatneſs of a Queen!

Dr. Tyr. Lov.

HADST thou thy ſelf been by, and but beheld
 him,

Thou would'ſt have thought, ſuch was his Majeſty,
 That the Gods lighten'd from his awful Eyes,
 And thunder'd from his Tongue. *Lee's L. J. Brut.*

A VENERABLE Aſpect!

Age ſits with decent Grace upon his Viſage,
And worthily becomes his ſilver Locks :
He wears the Marks of many Years well-ſpent,
Of Virtue, Truth well-try'd, and wiſe Experience.

Rowe's J. Shore.

IN his Looks appears

A mild diſtracted Fierceneſs : I can read
Some dreadful Purpoſe in his Face.
Sometimes his Anger breaks thro' all Diſguiſes,
And ſpares, nor Gods, nor Men : And then he ſeems
Jealous of all the World ; ſuſpects, and ſtarts,
And looks behind him.

Denb. Sophy.

My Heart quakes in me : In your ſettled Face,
And clouded Brow, methinks, I ſee my Fate.

Orw. Orph.

READ'ST thou not ſomething in my Face, that
ſpeaks

Wonderful Change, and Horror from within me.

Ibid.

HER Looks grow black, as a tempeſtuous Wind,
Some raging Thoughts are rolling in her Mind.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

NE'ER think to fright me with your mighty
Looks :

Know, I dare ſtem that Tempeſt in your Brow,
And daſh it back upon you.

Dr. Sec. Love.

WHAT brutal Miſchief ſits upon his Brow !
He may be honeſt, but he looks Damnation.

Dr. Don Seb.

SEE, the King reddens :

The Fear which ſeiz'd him at *Alphonſo's* Sight
Is vaniſh'd now ;

And a new Tide returns upon his Cheeks,
And Rage, and Vengeance ſparkle in his Eyes.

Dr. Love Tr.

By *Jupiter*, he looks ſo terrible,
I'm half afraid to praiſe him. *Shak. Troil. Crefſ.*

SEE, where he comes, all penſive, and alone:
A gloomy Fury has o'erſpread his Face.

Dr. Conq. Gran.

WHY doſt thou ſhake thy Brows with that ſtern
Look?

Speak; for to me thy Face is as the Heavens,
And when thou ſmil'ſt, I cannot fear a Storm:
But now thy gather'd Brows prognosticate
Ill Weather; Light'ning ſparkles from thy Eyes:
Speak too, tho' Thunder follow. *Lee's Caſ. Borg.*

ON your Brow,

A thouſand Deaths fit menacing my Soul.

Lee's Maſſ. of Paris.

So fiery fierce, that thoſe who ſee him nearly,
May ſee his haughty Soul ſtill mounting in his Face.

Lee's Theod.

EACH Vaſſal has a wild diſtracted Face,
And looks as full of Buſineſs, as a Blockhead
In Times of Danger.

Otw. Orph.

WHY dwells that buſy Cloud upon thy Face?

Otw Ven. Pr:ſ.

YET Sorrow on his Brow majeſtick ſits,
And ſhews, that from no common Cauſe it ſprings:
His Mien ſeems earneſt, and his Looks profound,
Like one upon important Buſineſs bent.

Den. Iphig.

MARK but how terrible his Eyes appear!
And yet there's ſomething roughly noble there,

Which

Which in unfashion'd Nature looks divine,
And like a Gem, does in the Quarry ſhine.

Dr. Conq. Gran.

HE looks

As if ſome mighty Secret work'd within him,
And labour'd for a Vent. *Lee's Theod.*

AN awful Gloom

Spreads o'er his Face, and gnawing Cares of Love
Indent his furrow'd Brows. *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

THOU haſt a grim Appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in it: 'Tho' thy Tackle's torn,
Thou ſhew'ſt a noble Veſſel. *Shak. Coriol.*

FOR his late Diſgrace,
His conſcious Virtue rages in his Face.

Sed. Anth. & Cleop.

WHAT Diſorder?

What ſad Fate's that that bodes upon your Brow?
I ſee your Face
Pale, as the Cherubims at *Adam's* Fall.

Dr. D. of Guiſe.

HE wears Affliction in his Aſpect,
And the black Cloud that lowrs upon his Brow,
Seems to declare ſtrange Wretchedneſs of Sorrow.

Den. Iphig.

METHOUGHT, I ſaw Love, Anger, and Deſpair,
All combating at once upon her Face.

Dr. M. Queen.

WHY are thoſe graceful Sorrows on that Brow?
Why frown thoſe Looks, by Nature form'd to ſmile?

Hig. Gen. Conq.

I HAVE obſerv'd of late, thy Looks are fallen;
O'ercaſt with gloomy Care, and Diſcontent.

Add. Cato.

L 5

MY

MY Form, alas! has long forgot to pleaſe:
 The Scene of Beauty and Delight is chang'd:
 No Roſes bloom upon my fading Cheeks,
 No laughing Graces wanton in my Eyes;
 But haggard Grief, lean-looking, fallow Care:
 And pining Diſcontent, a rueful Train,
 Dwell on my Brow all hideous, and forlorn.

Rowe's J. Shore.

WHOM would not that majeſtic Mien deceive?
 And his Friends, godlike Eyes that look Divinity?
 Why ſhould the ſacred Character of Virtue
 Shine on a Villain's Countenance? Ye Powers!
 Why fix'd you not a Brand on Treason's Front?
 That we might know t' avoid perfidious Mortals.

Den. Iphig.

O SERPENT Heart! hid with a flow'ring Face!
 Did ever Dragons keep ſo fair a Cave?
 O deſpis'd Substance of divineſt Shew!
 Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt!
 O Nature! what hadſt thou to do in Hell,
 When thou didſt bower the Spirit of a Fiend,
 In mortal Paradife of ſuch ſweet Fleſh?
 Was ever Book, containing ſuch vile Matter,
 So fairly bound? Oh! that Deceit ſhould dwell
 In ſuch a gorgeous Palace! *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

ALL thy Deformity of Mind breaks out
 Upon thy cruel Face, and blaſts my Eyes.

Den. Ap. & Vir.

I GUESS you're pleas'd, by a malicious Joy,
 Whoſe red and fiery Beams caſt thro' your Viſage
 A glowing Pleaſure: Sure you ſmile Revenge.

Dr. Oed.

BUT

BUT who art thou, whose heavy Looks foretell
Some dreadful Story hanging on thy Tongue?

Shak. Hen. VI.

WHAT means this wild Confusion in thy Looks?
As if thou wert at Variance with thy self;
Madness and Reason combating within thee;
And thou wert doubtful which should get the better.

Rowe's Fair Pen.

THERE is no Art
To find the Mind's Construction in her Face.

'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts,
Or carry Smiles and Sun-shine in my Face,
When Discontent sits heavy at my Heart.

Add Cato.

BIG was he made, and tall; his Port was fierce,
Erect his Countenance: Manly Majesty
Sat in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
Commanding all he view'd.

Dr. Oed.

WHAT's he? who with contracted Brow,
And sullen Port, glooms downwards with his Eyes,
At once regardless of his Chains, or Liberty?
He shuns my Kindness;
And, with a haughty Mien, and stern Civility,
Dumbly declines all Office. If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a Word; as he was born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk,
At least to talk, where he must not command.

Cong. M. Bride.

THAT gloomy Outside, like a rusty Chest,
Contains the shining Treasure of a Soul
Resolv'd and brave.

Dr. Don Seb.

HE looks secure of Death: Superior Greatness;
Like *Jove*, when he made Fate, and said, Thou art
The Slave of my Creation, He

He looks as Man was made, with Face erect,
 That ſcorns his brittle Corps, and ſeems aſham'd
 He's not all Spirit: His Eyes with a dumb Pride,
 Accuſing Fortune, that he fell not warm;
 Yet now diſdains to live. *Ibid.*

By his warlike Port,
 His fierce Demeanour, and erected Look,
 He's of no vulgar Note. *Dr. All for Love.*

METHINKS, you breathe
 Another Soul; your Looks are more divine;
 You ſpeak a Hero, and you move a God. *Ibid.*

HIS Prefence bears the Shew of manly Virtue.
Otw. Ven. Pref.

L O V E.

LET the Fools
 Who follow Fortune; live upon her Smiles;
 All our Proſperity is plac'd in Love:
 We have enough of that to make us happy.
South. Oron.

To be in Love, where Scorn is bought with
 Groans:

Coy Looks, with Heart-fore Sighs: One fading Mo-
 ment's Mirth,

With twenty watchful weary tedious Nights;

If haply won, perhaps, a hapleſs Gain:

If loſt, why then a grievous Labour won;

However, but a Folly bought with Wit,

Or elſe a Wit by Folly vanquiſh'd.

Shak. Two Gent. of Ver.

To

To love like her's a Task too hard for you;
Love me, as ſhe did? Why, each Thought ſhe had
Of me, was ſuch might make an Angel glad:
For Crowns, tho' Emp'ror of the World I were,
I'd turn a Beggar, to recover her.
O Madam! tempt no further, all's but vain;
I ne'er can have a Thought of Love again.

Otw. Alcib.

Love's a greater King,
Nay, a Tyrant, a Devil, that poſſeſſes me;
He tunes the Organs of my Voice, and ſpeaks
Unknown to me within me; puſhes me,
And drives me on by Force.

Dr. Don Seb.

THERE is no Woman's Sides
Can 'bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a Paſſion
As Love doth give my Heart: No Woman's Heart
So big to hold ſo much; they lack Retention:
Alas! their Love may be call'd Appetite:
No Motion of the Liver, but the Palate,
That ſuffers Surfeit, Cloyment, and Revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digeſt as much; make no Compare
Between that Love a Woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Shak. Twelfth Night.

WHAT Sacrifice of Thanks, what Age of Service;
What Danger of more dreadful Look than Death?
What willing Martyrdom to crown me conſtant,
May merit ſuch a Goodneſs, ſuch a Sweetneſs?
A Love ſo nobly great no Power can ruin.

Beaum. Cuſtom Country.

Love, fair Maid, is an extream Deſire,
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd:

To

To ask the Reason, why thou art in Love;
 Or, what might be the nobleſt End in Love;
 Would overthrow that kindly riſing Warmth,
 That many Times ſlides gently o'er the Heart:
 'Twould make thee grave and ſtaid, thy Thoughts
 would be

Like a thrice-married Widow, full of Ends,
 And void of all Compaffions; and to fright thee
 From ſuch Enquiries: Whereas thou art now,
 Living in Ignorance, mild, freſh, and ſweet,
 And but ſixteen; the knowing what Love is,
 Would make thee ſix and forty. *Beau. Coxcomb.*

To what ſcurvy Things this Love converts us?
 What ſtinking Things, and how ſweetly they become
 us?

Murder's a moral Virtue with theſe Lovers,
 A ſpecial Piece of Divinity I take it:
 I may be mad, or violently drunk,
 Which is a Whelp of that Litter; or I may be co-
 vetous,

And learn to murder Mens Eſtates too; that's baſe
 too;

Or proud, but that's a Paradife to this;
 Or envious, and fit eating of my ſelf,
 At other's Fortunes: I may lye, and damnably,
 Beyond the Patience of an honeſt Hearer:
 Cozen, cut Purſes, ſit i' the Stocks for Apples:
 But when I am a Lover, Lord have Mercy!
 Theſe are poor polting Sins, or rather Plagues,
 Love and Ambition, draw the Devil's Coach.

Beaum. Iſland Princeſs.

LOVE is a Child, that talks in broken Language,
 Yet then he ſpeaks moſt plain. *Dr. Troil. & Creſſ.*

LOVE

LOVE rais'd his noble Thoughts to brave Atchievements:

For Love's the Steel that strikes upon the Flint;
Gives Coldneſs Heat, exerts the hidden Flame,
And ſpreads the Sparkles round, to warm the World.

Dr. L. Triumph.

LOVE! that does all that's noble here below!

Dr. Don Seb.

YE niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long;
You fill them with Diſeaſes, Wants, and Woes;
And only daſh 'em with a little Love;
Sprinkled by Fits, and with a ſparing Hand.

Dr. Amph.

LIFE without Love's a Load, and Time ſtands ſtill:

What we reſuſe to him, to Death we give;
And then, then only, when we love we live.

Cong. M. Bride.

LOVE's an heroic Paſſion, which can find
No Room in any baſe degenerate Mind:
It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,
To make the Lover worthy his Deſire.

Dr. Conq. Gran.

LOVE is not Sin, but where 'tis ſinful Love:
Mine is a Flame ſo holy, and ſo clear,
That the white Taper leaves no Soot behind,
No Smoke of Luſt.

Dr. Don Seb.

LOVE gives Eſteem, and then he gives Deſert;
He either finds Equality, or makes it:
Like Death, he knows no Difference in Degrees,
But plains and levels all.

Dr. Mar. A-la-mode.

I KNEW 'twere Madneſs to declare this Truth,
And yet 'twere Baſeneſs to deny my Love:

'Tis

'Tis true, my Hopes are vaniſhing as Clouds,
 Lighter than Children's Bubbles blown by Winds:
 My Merit, but the raſh Reſult of Chance!
 My Birth unequal! All the Stars againſt me;
 Power, Promiſe, Choice, the Living, and the Dead;
 Mankind my Foes, and only Love to friend me!
 But ſuch a Love kept at ſuch awful Diſtance,
 As what it loudly dares to tell a Rival,
 Shall fear to whiſper there! Queens may be lov'd,
 And ſo may Gods; elſe why are Altars rais'd?
 Why ſhines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
 But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
 'Tis but to weep, and cloſe our Eyes in Darkneſs.

Dr. Span. Friar.

LOVE various Minds does variously inſpire;
 He ſtirſ in gentle Nature's gentle Fires,
 Like that of Incenſe on the Altars laid;
 But raging Flames tempeſtuous Souls invade:
 A Fire, which every windy Paſſion blows,
 With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows.

Dr. Tyr. Love.

THE Fate of Love is ſuch,
 That ſtill it ſees too little, or too much.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

LOVE is that Madneſs which all Lovers have;
 But yet it's ſweet and pleaſing ſo to rave:
 'Tis an Enchantment where the Reaſon's bound;
 But Paradife is in th' enchanted Ground:
 A Palace void of Envy, Cares, and Strife,
 Where gentle Hours delude ſo much of Life;
 To take thoſe Charms away, and ſet me free,
 Is but to ſend me into Miſery:

And

And Prudence, of whose Care you so much boast,
Restores the Pains which that sweet Folly lost.

Dr. Conq. Gran.

I HAVE no Reason left that can assist me,
And none would have. My Love's a noble Madness,
Which shews the Cause deserves it. Moderate Sorrow
Fits vulgar Love, and for a vulgar Man;
But I have lov'd with such transcendent Passion,
I soar'd, at first, quite out of Reason's View,
And now am lost above it.

Dr. All for Love.

IN Love what Use of Prudence can there be?
More perfect I, and yet more powerful She!
One Look of her's my Resolution breaks,
Reason it self turns Folly when she speaks;
And aw'd by her, whom it was made to sway,
Flatters her Power, and does its own betray.

Dr. State Inn.

DOES the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?
He knows him not his Executioner.
Oh! she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love!
Led him in golden Bands to gaudy Slaughter,
And made Perdition pleasing.

Dr. All for Love.

WITNESS, ye Powers!

How much I suffer'd, and how much I strove:
But mighty Love, who Prudence does despise
For Reason, shew'd me *Indamora's* Eyes:
What would ye more? my Crime I sadly view,
Acknowledge, am ashamed, and yet pursue.

Dr. Auren.

BUT I must rouse my self, and give a Stop
To all those Ills by headlong Passion caus'd:
In Minds resolv'd, weak Love is put to Flight,
And only conquers, when we dare not fight:

But

But we indulge our Harms, and while he gains
An Entrance, pleaſe our ſelves into our Pains.

Dr. Sec. Lov.

ROUZE to the Combat,
And thou art ſure to conquer: Wars ſhall reſtore thee:
The Sound of Arms ſhall wake thy Martial Ardor,
And cure this amorous Sickneſs of thy Soul,
Begot by Sloth, and nurs'd by too much Eaſe.
The idle God of Love ſupinely dreams
Amidſt inglorious Shades and purling Streams;
In roſy Fetters, and fantaſtic Chains,
He binds deluded Maids, and ſimple Swains;
With ſoft Enjoyments, wooes them to forget
The hardy Toils, and Labours of the Great:
But, if the warlike Trumpet's loud Alarms
To virtuous Acts excite, and manly Arms;
The Coward Boy avows his abject Fear,
On ſilken Wings ſubline he cuts the Air;
Scar'd at the noble Noiſe and Thunder of the War.

Rowe's Tam.

AWAY, thou feeble God,
I baniſh thee my Boſom: Hence, I ſay,
Be gone; or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,
And ſtab thee in my Heart. The War's come on:
By Heaven, I'll drown thy laughing Deity
In Blood, and drive thee with my brandiſh'd Sword.

Lee's Mith.

YES! I will ſhake this *Cupid* from my Arms,
If all the Rages of the Earth can fright him;
Drown him in the deep Bowl of *Hercules*;
Make the World drunk, and then, like *Æolus*,
When he gave Paſſage to the ſtruggling Winds,
I'll ſtick my Spear into the reeling Globe,

To let it Blood; ſet *Babylon* in a Blaze,
And drive this God of Flames with more conſuming
Fire. *Lee's Alex.*

LOVE is that Paſſion, which refines the Soul;
Firſt made Men Heroes, and thoſe Heroes Gods:
Its genial Fires inform the ſluggiſh Maſs;
The Rugged ſoften, and the Tim'rous warm;
Gives Wit to Fools, and Manners to the Clown:
The reſt of Life is an ignoble Calm;
The Soul unmov'd by Love's inſpiring Breath,
Like lazy Waters ſtagnates and corrupts.

Hig. Gen. Conq.

It enters at the Eyes,
And to the Heart like ſubtil Light'ning flies.

Sed. Anth. & Cleop.

LOVE, like a Meteor, ſhews a ſhort-liv'd Blaze;
Or treads thro' various Skies a wand'ring Maze:
Begot by Fancy, and by Fancy led;
Here in a Moment, in a Moment fled:
But fix'd by Obligations, it will laſt;
For Gratitude's the Charm that binds it faſt.

Lanſd. Jew of Venice.

O LOVE! thou Bane of the moſt generous Souls!
Thou doubtful Pleaſure, and thou certain Pain!
What Magic's thine that melts the hardeſt Hearts?
That fools the wiſeſt Minds? *Lanſd. Her. Love.*

O LOVE! how hard a Fate is thine!
Obtain'd with Trouble, and with Pain preſerv'd;
Never at Reſt. *Ibid.*

LOVE is a blind and fooliſh Paſſion;
Pleaſ'd, and diſguſted with it knows not what.

Add. Cato.

WHEN

WHEN Love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a Fault to love:
The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wife,
Sink in the ſoft Captivity together. *Ibid.*

Oh! ſhun that Paſſion, as thou would'ſt thy Bane;
The deadlieſt Foe to human Happineſs,
That poiſons all our Joys, deſtroys our Quiet.
Love, like a beauteous Field at firſt appears,
Whoſe pleaſing Verdor raviſhes the Sight:
But all within the hollow treacherous Ground,
Is nought but Caverns of Perdition. *Hig. Gen. Conq.*

SORROW and Joy in Love alternate reign;
Sweet is the Bleiſ, diſtracting is the Pain.

Smith's Ph. Hyp.

TRUE Love is never happy but by Halves;
An *April* Sunshine, that by ! its appears;
It ſmiles by Moments, but it mourns by Years.

Dr. K. Arthur.

To Providence and Chance commit the reſt;
Let us but love enough, and we are bleſt. *Dr. Con. Gran.*

WE of our ſelves can neither love, nor hate;
Heaven ſtill reſerves the Power to guide our Fate.

Eth. Love in a Tub.

THERE is a Fate in Love, as well as War:
Some, tho' leſs careful, more ſucceſſful are. *Ibid.*

LOVE's Force is ſhewn in Countries cak'd with Ice,
Where the pale Pole-Star in the North of Heav'n
Sits high, and on the frozy Winter broods,
Ev'n there Love reigns:
There the proud God diſdaining Winter's Bounds,
O'er-leaps the Fences of eternal Snow;
And with his Warmth ſupplies the diſtant Sun.

Dr. K. Arthur.

LOVE

LOVE is a Subject to himſelf alone,
And knows no other Empire than his own.

Lanf. Brit. Ench.

LOVE is the nobleſt Frailty of the Mind.

Dr. Ind. Emp.

LOVE is a Paſſion,
Which kindles Honour into noble Acts.

Dr. Rival Lad.

O ARTLESS Love! where the Soul moves the
Tongue,
And only Nature ſpeaks what Nature thinks.

Dr. K. Arthur.

LOVE is the brighteſt Jewel of a Crown;
It fires Ambition, and adorns Renown. *Lee's Soph.*

WITH Love and with Glory at once I burn;
I feel th' inſpiring Heat, and abſent God return.

Dr. Auren.

SMALL Hope attends my mighty Care;
But of all Paſſions, Love does laſt deſpair.

Dr. Tyr. Love.

A LOVE ſo pure,
As will the Teſt of Heav'n it ſelf endure:
A Love, which never knew a hot Deſire;
But flam'd as harmleſs as a lambent Fire:
A Love which pure, from Soul to Soul might paſs,
As Light tranſmitted thro' a Chryſtal Glaſs. *Ibid.*

BUT Love neglected will convert to Rage.

Dr. Auren.

WE lov'd, without tranſgreſſing Virtue's Bounds,
We fix'd the Limits of our tendereſt Thoughts;
Came to the Verge of Honour, and there ſtopp'd:
We warm'd us by the Fire, but were not ſcorch'd:
If this be Sin, Angels might love with more,

And

And mingle Rays of Minds leſs pure than ours:
Our Souls enjoy'd, but to their holy Feaſts;
Bodies on both Sides were forbidden Gueſts.

Dr. Love Triumph.

BELIEVE me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer Love,
'Tis eaſy to direct, and break its Force:
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond Miſtreſs,
Light up another Flame, or put out this. *Add. Cato.*

IF it be hopeleſs Love, uſe gen'rous Means;
And lay a kinder Beauty to the Wound:
Take in a new Infection to the Heart,
And the rank Poiſon of the old will die. *Otw. Ca. Ma.*

ALL Love may be expell'd by other Love,
As Poiſons are by Poiſons. *Dr. All for Love.*

LOVE's an ignoble Joy below your Care:
Glory ſhall make Amends with Fame in War.
Honour's the nobleſt Choice, purſue that Game;
And recompence the Loſs of Life with Fame:
If ſtill againſt ſuch Aids your Love prevails;
Yet Abſence is a Cure that ſeldom fails. *Lauf. Br. Inch.*

AND Love once paſs'd, is at the beſt forgotten,
But oftner ſows to Hate. *Dr. Span. Friar.*

LET Honour go, or ſtay,
There's more Religion in my Love than Fame.

Dr. Troil. & Cress.

O PORTIUS! didſt thou taſte but half the Griefs
That wring my tortur'd Soul, thou could'ſt not talk
thus coldly:

Paſſion unpity'd, and ſucceſſleſs Love,
Plant Daggers in my Heart, and aggravate
My other Griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind! *Ad. Cato.*

O ORGILLUS! didſt thou but know, as I do,
The Pangs, the Tortures of a ſlighted Love,

Thou

Thou would'ſt not wonder at this ſudden Change:
For when ill treated, it turns all to Hate,
And the then Darling of our Soul's Revenge.

Pow. Treach. Bro.

Fie! fie! how wayward is this fooliſh Love!
That, like a teſty Babe, will ſcratch the Nurſe,
And preſently all humbl'd, kiſs the Rod?
How churliſhly I chid *Lucella* hence?
When willingly I would have had her here?
How angerly I taught my Brow to frown,
When inward Joy enforc'd my Heart to ſmile.

Shak. Two Gent. of Verona.

Oh! how this Spring of Love reſembleth
Th' uncertain Glory of an *April Day*!
Which now ſhews all the Beauty of the Sun,
And by-and-by a Cloud takes all away.

Ibid.

Love can tranſpoſe to Form and Dignity!
Love looks not with the Eyes, but with the Mind!
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind:
Nor hath Love's Mind of any Judgment Taſte;
Wings, and no Eyes, Figure, unheedy Haſte:
And therefore is Love ſaid to be a Child,
Be cauſe in Choice he often is beguil'd.
As waggiſh Boys themſelves, in Game forſwear,
So the Boy Love is perjur'd every where.

Shak. Midſ. Night's Dream.

LOVER and MISTRESS

I CANNOT bear
To owe the Sweets of Love, which I have taſted,
To the ſubmiſſive Duty of a Wife:

I would

I would owe nothing to a Name ſo dull,
As Husband is, but to a Lover all.

My Tenderneſs

Surpaſſes that of Husbands for their Wives :
Oh ! that you lov'd like me ! then you would find
A thouſand, thouſand Niceties in Love :
The common Love of Sex to Sex is brutal ;
But Love refin'd will fancy to it ſelf
Millions of gentle Cares, and ſweet Diſquiets.
The being happy is not half the Joy ;
The Manner of the Happineſs is all !
In me, my charming Miſtreſs, you behold
A Lover, that diſdains a lawful Title ;
Such as of Monarchs to ſucceſſive Thrones :
The generous Lover holds by Force of Arms,
And claims his Crown by Conqueſt.

The very Name of Wife and Marriage
Is Poiſon to the deareſt Sweets of Love :
To pleaſe my Niceneſs, you muſt ſeparate
The Lover from his mortal Foe, the Husband :
Give to the yawning Husband your cold Virtue ;
But all your vigorous Warmth, your melting Sighs,
Your am'rous Murmurs be your Lover's Part.

Dr. Amphit.

In her, who to a Husband is ſo kind,
What Raptures might a Lover hope to find ?

Roch. Val.

The End of the Firſt Volume.



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